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ADVANCED

READINGS AND RECITATIONS

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P R E F A C E .

THIS compilation has been made for the purpose of supplying what has long been a great need, namely, a Reader and Speaker suited to the requirements of advanced classes in colleges, post-graduate schools, and elsewhere.

Particular care has been exercised to furnish selections which will serve to develop the student's powers of expression as well as to present pieces of intrinsic literary merit. Nothing has been admitted, therefore, because it was the work of a great author, nor has anything been taken to increase the size of the volume; the difficulty has been rather to know what to exclude in order that the book might not be too large for convenient use.

Every selection has been fully tried in the class-room, and is of known value.

As many find it difficult to express certain feelings, emotions, and passions, or to successfully present particular lines of thought, especial attention has been given in making selections that will be of direct assistance in this regard. This, it is believed, will be found to be a distinctive feature of this book, and that it will greatly assist the large majority of readers out of the dull monotony of common speech to that which is more expres-

PREFACE.

sive and refined. Opportunity is also given for the exercise of the most difficult as well as the simplest forms of gesture and action.

The constant practice of the examples given in the Elocutionary Introduction will be of great value in helping pupils to a mastery of the elements of expression therein presented. The popular fallacy of ignoring the past and attempting to supply the student with the best selections from the literature of the day merely, has been carefully guarded against. The purpose has been rather to draw from the vast storehouse of accumulated eloquence and wisdom some of the gems which have so long received the approval of the best minds as to give full assurance that there is within them that which will continue to delight and instruct readers of the present and the future.

The writer would here acknowledge his indebtedness to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and to Messrs. Harper and Brothers for permission to make selections from the copyright editions of their publications ; also to the indulgence of his publishers, Messrs. Lee and Shepard, and particularly to the living authors whose works are herein represented, for their kind assistance and helpful suggestions.

A. B. F.

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CONTENTS.

PROSE.

A CURTAIN LECTURE OF MRS. CAUDLE.	<i>Douglas Jerrold.</i>	383
AGAINST WHIPPING IN THE NAVY.	<i>Commodore Stockton.</i>	66
AMERICAN BATTLE-FLAGS.	<i>Carl Schurz.</i>	9
AMERICAN LABORERS.	<i>Naylor.</i>	98
AN APPEAL TO ARMS.	<i>Patrick Henry.</i>	135
APPEAL FOR STARVING IRELAND.	<i>S. S. Prentiss.</i>	146
A TRIBUTE TO OUR HONORED DEAD.	<i>H. W. Beecher.</i>	289
BROTHER WATKINS.	<i>John B. Gough.</i>	229
BRUTUS ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.	<i>Shakespeare.</i>	110
BURR AND BLENNERHASSETT.	<i>William Wirt.</i>	103
CHARITY.	<i>Bible.</i>	309
CRIME ITS OWN DETECTER.	<i>Webster.</i>	394
DEDICATION OF GETTYSBURG CEME- TERY.	<i>Abraham Lincoln.</i>	245
DESTRUCTION OF THE CARNATIC.	<i>Burke.</i>	307
ELOQUENCE.	<i>Lewis Cass.</i>	305
EULOGY ON AMERICA.	<i>Charles Phillips.</i>	154
“ “ LAFAYETTE.	<i>Charles Sprague.</i>	161
“ “ O’CONNELL.	<i>W. H. Seward.</i>	117
EXTRACT FROM EMMET’S SPEECH.	<i>Robert Emmet.</i>	149
GALILEO.	<i>Edward Everett.</i>	386
GOOD READING THE GREATEST ACCOM- PLISHMENT.	<i>John S. Hart.</i>	344
HAMLET’S INSTRUCTIONS TO THE PLAYERS.	<i>Shakespeare.</i>	74
HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES.	<i>J. G. Whittier.</i>	179
INVECTIVE AGAINST MR. FLOOD.	<i>H. Grattan.</i>	170
IRISH ALIENS AND ENGLISH VICTORIES.	<i>R. L. Shiel.</i>	402

JIMMY BUTLER AND THE OWL.	<i>Anonymous</i>	248
LABOR AND GENIUS.	<i>Sydney Smith</i>	413
LAST CHARGE OF NEY.	<i>J. T. Headley</i>	257
LAST HOURS OF WEBSTER.	<i>Edward Everett</i>	333
LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.	<i>Webster</i>	419
LIBERTY AND UNION.	<i>Webster</i>	80
LOSS OF THE ARCTIC.	<i>H. W. Beecher</i>	218
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.	<i>Charles Phillips</i>	194
ORATION AGAINST CATILINE.	<i>Cicero</i>	272
PATRIOTISM.	<i>T. F. Meagher</i>	408
PAUL CLIFFORD'S DEFENCE.	<i>Bulwer-Lytton</i>	84
PAUL'S DEFENCE BEFORE AGRIPPA. . .	<i>Bible</i>	20
PERORATION OF OPENING SPEECH AGAINST WARREN HASTINGS.	<i>Burke</i>	352
REPLY OF PITT TO WALPOLE.	<i>Lord Chatham</i>	206
ROME AND CARTHAGE.	<i>Victor Hugo</i>	17
SAM WELLER'S VALENTINE.	<i>Dickens</i>	37
SCENE FROM THE RIVALS.	<i>R. B. Sheridan</i>	50
SOUTH CAROLINA AND MASSACHU- SETTS.	<i>Webster</i>	210
SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS. . . .	<i>Kellogg</i>	436
SPEECH ON THE AMERICAN WAR. . . .	<i>Lord Chatham</i>	45
SUFFERINGS AND DESTINY OF THE PILGRIMS.	<i>Edward Everett</i>	201
SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS. .	<i>Webster</i>	124
TACT AND TALENT.	<i>London Atlas</i>	285
THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.	<i>Victor Hugo</i>	372
THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.	<i>Dickens</i>	360
THE DEFEAT OF WATERLOO.	<i>Victor Hugo</i>	373
THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.	<i>Newman Hall</i>	57
THE IRISH DISTURBANCE BILL.	<i>Daniel O'Connell</i>	48
THE MARCH OF MIND.	<i>John Loffland</i>	29
THE MINUTE MEN OF '76.	<i>G. W. Curtis</i>	411
THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS. .	<i>T. B. Macauley</i>	349
THE TRUE USE OF WEALTH.	<i>John Ruskin</i>	70
THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.	<i>Bible</i>	336
THE VOYAGE.	<i>Washington Irving</i>	265
TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.	<i>Wendell Phillips</i>	234
TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN.	<i>Emilio Castelar</i>	430
TWO VIEWS OF CHRISTMAS.	<i>Dickens</i>	90

VOICES OF THE DEAD.	<i>Cumming.</i>	63
WASHINGTON'S GENIUS.	<i>E. P. Whipple.</i> . . .	317
ZENOBLA'S AMBITION.	<i>William Ware.</i> . . .	280

POETRY.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.	<i>Leigh Hunt.</i>	44
A LEGEND OF BREGENZ.	<i>Adelaide A. Proctor.</i> .	99
A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT. . . .	<i>Robert Burns.</i>	68
A MOTHER'S PORTRAIT.	<i>Cowper.</i>	83
AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE.	<i>Alice Cary.</i>	92
ANTONY'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMAN'S.	<i>Shakespeare.</i>	111
APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.	<i>Byron.</i>	246
A PSALM OF LIFE.	<i>Longfellow.</i>	78
AUX ITALIENS.	<i>Bulwer-Lytton.</i>	366
BARBARA FRIETCHIE.	<i>Whittier.</i>	143
BAY BILLY.	<i>Frank H. Gassaway.</i> .	426
BINGEN ON THE RHINE.	<i>Mrs. Norton.</i>	434
BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.	<i>Tennyson.</i>	218
BUGLE SONG.	<i>Tennyson.</i>	243
CARDINAL WOLSEY, ON BEING CUT OFF BY KING HENRY VIII.	<i>Shakespeare.</i>	443
CATILINE'S DEFIANCE.	<i>George Croly.</i>	274
CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE. . .	<i>Tennyson.</i>	243
CHARLIE MACHREE.	<i>William J. Hoppin.</i> .	147
DARIUS GREEN AND HIS FLYING MACHINE.	<i>J. T. Trowbridge.</i> . .	290
DRIVING HOME THE COWS.	<i>Kate Putnam Osgood</i>	424
EACH AND ALL.	<i>R. W. Emerson.</i>	153
ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.	<i>Thomas Gray.</i>	106
EXTRACT FROM SNOW-BOUND. . . .	<i>Whittier.</i>	114
FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON	<i>Robert Burns.</i>	152
FROM THE ANCIENT MARINER. . . .	<i>S. T. Coleridge.</i> . . .	446
GOODY BLAKE AND HARRY GILL. . .	<i>Wordsworth.</i>	163
GRIFFITH'S DESCRIPTION OF CARDI- NAL WOLSEY.	<i>Shakespeare.</i>	134

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.	<i>Shakespeare</i>	160
HENRY V. TO HIS TROOPS.	<i>Shakespeare</i>	82
HOTSPUR'S DEFENCE.	<i>Shakespeare</i>	324
HOW HE SAVED ST. MICHAEL'S.	<i>M. A. P. Stansbury</i>	156
INDEPENDENCE BELL—JULY 4, 1776.		431
IN SCHOOL DAYS.	<i>Whittier</i>	172
INSTIGATION SCENE. JULIUS CÆSAR.	<i>Shakespeare</i>	167
JOHN ANDERSON, MY JOE, JOHN.	<i>Robert Burns</i>	181
JOHN BURNS OF GETTYSBURG.	<i>Bret Harte</i>	75
KING ROBERT OF SICILY.	<i>Longfellow</i>	182
LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.	<i>Tennyson</i>	120
LOCHINVAR'S RIDE.	<i>Walter Scott</i>	449
MAGDALENA, OR THE SPANISH DUEL.	<i>J. F. Waller</i>	221
MARMION AND DOUGLAS.	<i>Walter Scott</i>	122
MARULLUS TO THE ROMAN POPULACE.	<i>Shakespeare</i>	251
MAUD MULLER.	<i>Whittier</i>	254
MIDSUMMER.	<i>J. T. Trowbridge</i>	409
MONT BLANC BEFORE SUNRISE.	<i>S. T. Coleridge</i>	188
MOTHER AND POET.	<i>Mrs. Browning</i>	191
ODE FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.	<i>Dryden</i>	397
ON THE SHORES OF TENNESSEE.	<i>E. S. Beers</i>	13
OPENING SOLILOQUY OF RICHARD III.	<i>Shakespeare</i>	423
OTHELLO'S DEFENCE.	<i>Shakespeare</i>	131
OVER THE RIVER.	<i>N. A. W. Priest</i>	252
PARRHASIUS AND THE CAPTIVE.	<i>N. P. Willis</i>	174
PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.	<i>Longfellow</i>	196
POLONIUS' ADVICE TO LAERTES.	<i>Shakespeare</i>	200
PORTIA'S SPEECH ON MERCY.	<i>Shakespeare</i>	445
PRESS ON.	<i>Park Benjamin</i>	15
QUEEN CATHERINE TO HENRY VIII.	<i>Shakespeare</i>	311
QUEEN MAB.	<i>Shakespeare</i>	203
RELIEVING GUARD.	<i>Bret Harte</i>	22
RESIGNATION.	<i>Longfellow</i>	276
ROBERT OF LINCOLN.	<i>W. C. Bryant</i>	204
ROCK ME TO SLEEP.	<i>Elizabeth Akers Allen</i>	269
RICHELIEU'S VINDICATION.	<i>Bulwer-Lytton</i>	47
SCENE FROM HAMLET.	<i>Shakespeare</i>	236
SCENE FROM KING HENRY IV.	<i>Shakespeare</i>	342

SCENES FROM MACBETH.	<i>Shakespeare.</i>	298
SEVEN AGES OF MAN.	<i>Shakespeare.</i>	208
SHAMUS O'BRIEN.	<i>J. S. Lefann.</i>	23
SHERIDAN'S RIDE.	<i>Thomas B. Read.</i>	270
SHYLOCK'S SOLILOQUY, AND HIS AD- DRESS TO ANTONIO.	<i>Shakespeare.</i>	18
SPEECH OF HENRY V. BEFORE THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.	<i>Shakespeare.</i>	212
TELL'S APOSTROPHE TO LIBERTY.	<i>Sheridan Knowles.</i>	96
THANATOPSIS.	<i>Bryant.</i>	61
THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.	<i>Longfellow.</i>	132
THE BALLAD OF BABIE BELL.	<i>T. B. Aldrich.</i>	346
THE BATTLE OF IVRY.	<i>T. B. Macaulay.</i>	41
THE BELLS.	<i>Edgar A. Poe.</i>	380
THE BELLS OF SHANDON.	<i>Francis Mahony.</i>	387
THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.	<i>F. M. Finch.</i>	316
THE BRIDES OF ENDERBY; OR, THE HIGH TIDE.	<i>Jean Ingelow.</i>	259
THE BRIDGE.	<i>Longfellow.</i>	128
THE BROOK.	<i>Tennyson.</i>	59
THE BURIAL OF MOSES.	<i>C. F. Alexander.</i>	421
THE CHARCOAL MAN.	<i>J. T. Trowbridge.</i>	358
THE CLOSET SCENE FROM HAMLET. .	<i>Shakespeare.</i>	138
THE DESERTED VILLAGE.	<i>Goldsmith.</i>	231
THE DIVER.	<i>Schiller.</i>	389
THE DREAM OF CLARENCE.	<i>Shakespeare.</i>	35
THE EVE BEFORE WATERLOO.	<i>Byron.</i>	370
THE FACE AGAINST THE PANE.	<i>T. B. Aldrich.</i>	416
THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.	<i>Samuel Ferguson.</i>	282
THE KEEPING OF THE BRIDGE.	<i>T. B. Macaulay.</i>	362
THE LAUNCHING OF THE SHIP.	<i>Longfellow.</i>	355
THE LOST CHORD.	<i>Adelaide A. Proctor.</i>	130
THE NEW CHURCH ORGAN.	<i>Will Carleton.</i>	330
THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.	<i>Longfellow.</i>	334
THE PHANTOM SHIP.	<i>S. T. Coleridge.</i>	417
THE POLISH BOY.	<i>Ann S. Stephens.</i>	214
THE RAVEN.	<i>Edgar A. Poe.</i>	325
THE REVOLUTIONARY RISING.	<i>Thomas B. Read.</i>	286
THE RIDE OF JENNIE M'NEAL.	<i>Will Carleton.</i>	319
THE TEAR OF REPENTANCE.	<i>Thomas Moore.</i>	405
THE TENT SCENE BETWEEN BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.	<i>Shakespeare.</i>	53
THE VAGABONDS.	<i>J. T. Trowbridge.</i>	439

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.	<i>Goldsmith</i>	88
THE WATER-MILL.	<i>D. C. McCullum</i>	209
THE WITCH'S DAUGHTER.	<i>J. G. Whittier</i>	337
THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SHAY."	<i>O. W. Holmes</i>	399
THOSE EVENING BELLS.	<i>Thomas Moore</i>	264
TO A SKYLARK.	<i>Shelley</i>	33
UNION AND LIBERTY.	<i>O. W. Holmes</i>	233
WAITING BY THE GATE.	<i>W. C. Bryant</i>	310
WAX WORK.	<i>Anonymous</i>	277
WILLIAM TELL AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.	<i>Sheridan Knowles</i>	95
WOLSEY TO CROMWELL.	<i>Shakespeare</i>	444

LIST OF AUTHORS.

ALDRICH, T. B.	346, 416
ALEXANDER, C. F.	421
ALLEN, ELIZABETH AKERS	269
ANONYMOUS	248, 277
ATLAS, LONDON	285
BEECHER, HENRY WARD	218, 289
BEERS, E. S.	13
BENJAMIN, PARK	15
BIBLE	20, 309, 336
BROWNING, MRS.	191
BRYANT	61, 204, 310
BULWER-LYTTON	47, 84, 366
BURKE	307, 352
BURNS	68, 152, 181
BYRON	246, 370
CARLETON, WILL	319, 330
CASTELAR, EMILIO	430
CARY, ALICE	92
CASS, LEWIS	305
CICERO	272
COLERIDGE, S. T.	188, 446, 447
COWPER	83
CROLY, GEORGE	274
CUMMING	63
CURTIS, G. W.	411

DICKENS, CHARLES	37, 90, 360
DRYDEN	397
EMERSON	153
EMMET, ROBERT	149
EVERETT, EDWARD	201, 333, 386
FERGUSON, SAMUEL	282
FINCH, F. M.	316
GASSAWAY, FRANK H.	426
GOLDSMITH	88, 231
GOUGH, JOHN B.	229
GRATTAN, H.	170
GRAY, THOMAS	106
HALL, NEWMAN	57
HARTE, BRET	22, 75
HART, J. S.	344
HEADLEY, J. T.	259
HENRY, PATRICK	135
HOLMES, O. W.	233, 399
HOPPIN, WILLIAM J.	147
HUGO, VICTOR	17, 372, 375
HUNT, LEIGH	44
INGELOW, JEAN	259
IRVING, WASHINGTON	265
JERROLD, DOUGLAS	383
KELLOGG, ELIJAH	436
KNOWLES, SHERIDAN	95, 96
LINCOLN, ABRAHAM	245
LOFFLAND, JOHN	29
LONGFELLOW	78, 128, 132, 182, 196, 276, 334, 355
LORD CHATHAM	45, 206
LEFANN, J. S.	23
MACAULAY, T. B.	41, 349, 362
MAHONEY, FRANCIS	387
MCCULLUM, D. C.	209
MEAGHER, T. F.	408
MOORE, THOMAS	264, 405
NAYLOR	98
NORTON, MRS.	434
O'CONNELL, DANIEL	48
OSGOOD, KATE PUTNAM	424

PHILLIPS, CHARLES	154, 194
PHILLIPS, WENDELL	234
POE, EDGAR A.	325, 380
PRENTISS, S. S.	146
PRIEST, N. A. W.	252
PROCTOR, ADELAIDE A.	99, 130
READ, THOMAS BUCHANAN	270, 286
RUSKIN	70
SCHILLER	389
SCHURZ, CARL	9
SCOTT	122, 449
SEWARD, W. H.	117
SHAKESPEARE	18, 35, 53, 74, 82, 110, 111, 131, 134, 138, 160, 167, 200, 203, 208, 212, 236, 251, 298, 311, 324, 342, 423, 443, 444, 445
SHELLEY	33
SHERIDAN, R. B.	50
SHIEL, R. L.	402
SMITH, SYDNEY	413
SPRAGUE, CHARLES	161
STANSBURY, M. A. P.	156
STEPHENS, ANN S.	214
STOCKTON, COMMODORE	66
TENNYSON, ALFRED	59, 120, 218, 243
TROWBRIDGE, J. T.	290, 358, 409, 439
WALLER, J. F.	221
WARE, WILLIAM	280
WEBSTER	80, 124, 210, 394, 416
WHIPPLE, E. P.	317
WHITTIER	114, 143, 172, 179, 254, 337
WILLIS, N. P.	174
WIRT, WILLIAM	103
WORDSWORTH	163

ELOCUTIONARY INTRODUCTION.

ARTICULATION.

ARTICULATION is the correct and distinct utterance of the elementary sounds in syllables and words.

A correct and elegant articulation is attained chiefly through the free and elastic movement of the jaw, tongue, and lips.

If the following exercises are practised slowly, syllable by syllable, it will be found excellent discipline both for articulation and for correcting common faults in pronunciation :

The hours pass slowly by,— nine, ten, eleven,— how solemnly the last stroke of the clock floats out upon the still air. It dies gently away, swells out again in the distance, and seems to be caught up by spirit-voices of departed years, until the air is filled with melancholy strains. It is the requiem of the dying year.

BROOKS.

Small service is true service while it lasts ;
Of friends, however humble, spurn not one ;
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun.

WORDSWORTH.

Self-denial and discipline are the foundation of all good character, the source of all true enjoyment, the means of all just distinction. This is the invariable law of our nature. Excellence of every sort is a prize, and a reward for virtuous, patient, and well-directed exertion, and abstinence from whatever may encumber, enfeeble, or delay us in our course.

The approach to its lofty abode is rightly represented as steep and rugged. He who would reach it, must task his powers. But it is a noble task, for, besides the eminence it leads to, it nourishes a just ambition, subdues and casts off vicious propensities, and strengthens the powers employed in its service, so as to render them continually capable of higher and higher attainments.

JOHN SARGEANT.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore ;
There is society where none intrudes
By the deep sea and music in its roar.
I love not man the less but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

BYRON.

The high and the low, the rich and the poor, approach, in point of real enjoyment, much nearer to each other than is commonly imagined. Providence never intended that any state here should be either completely happy, or entirely miserable. If the feelings of pleasure are more numerous and more lively in the higher departments of life, such also are those of pain. If greatness flatters our vanity, it multiplies our dangers. If opulence increases our gratifications, it increases, in the same proportion, our desires and demands. If the poor are confined to a more narrow circle, yet within that circle lie most of those natural satisfactions, which, after all the refinements of art, are found to be the most genuine and true.

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich ;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.

What! is the jay more precious than the lark,
 Because his feathers are more beautiful?
 Or is the adder better than the eel,
 Because his painted skin contents the eyes?
 Oh no, good friend: neither art thou the worse
 For this poor furniture and mean array.

SHAKESPEARE.

He who ascends to monntain-tops shall find
 The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;—
 He who surpasses or subdues mankind
 Must look down on the hate of those below.
 Though high above the sun of glory glow,
 And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
 Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
 Contending tempests on his naked head;
 And thus reward the toils which to those summits led.

BYRON.

Let the young remember there is nothing derogatory in any employment which ministers to the well-being of the race. It is the spirit that is carried into an employment that elevates or degrades it. The ploughman that turns the clod may be a Cincinnatus or a Washington, or he may be brother to the clod he turns.

No matter what may be the fortunes or the expectations of a young man, he has no right to live a life of idleness. In a world so full as this of incitements to exertion, and of rewards for achievement, idleness is the most absurd of absurdities, and the most shameful of shames. In such a world as ours, the idle man is not so much a biped as a bivalve; and the wealth which breeds idleness — of which the English peerage is an example, and of which we are beginning to abound in specimens in this country — is only a sort of human oyster-bed, where heirs and heiresses are planted, to spend a contemptible life of slothfulness in growing plump and succulent for the grave-worm's banquet.

HORACE MANN.

QUALITY.

QUALITY, or *Timbre*, of the voice is that peculiar property by which we distinguish the speech of one person from that of another, or by which the same person expresses different emotions.

Pure tone is that quality which should be used in common conversation, and in the expression of pleasing emotions.

Whispering expresses secrecy, awe, excessive fear, and suppressed anger, or restrained emotion. The practice of whispering should not be continued long at a time, but it will be found an excellent exercise for improving both the articulation and respiration.

The Half-Whisper, or Aspirated Tone, is used in the expression of the same emotions as the whisper, but when they are less intense.

The Orotund is an enlarged, pure tone, and is used in the expression of feelings of reverence, grandeur, or sublimity.

The Aspirated Orotund is used to express mixed feelings of fear and grandeur, awe and sublimity.

WHISPERING.

Soldiers ! You are now within a few steps of the enemy's outpost. Our scouts report them as slumbering in parties around their watch-fires, and utterly unprepared for our approach. A swift and noiseless advance around that projecting rock, and we are upon them,— we capture them without the possibility of resistance. One disorderly noise or motion may leave us at the mercy of their advanced guard. Let every man keep the strictest silence, under pain of instant death !

Pray you tread softly,— that the blind mole may not
Hear a footfall ; we are now near his cell,

Speak softly.

All's hushed as midnight yet.

See'st thou here?

This is the mouth o' the cell ! no noise ! and enter !

SHAKESPEARE.

Hark ! I hear the bugles of the enemy ! They are on their march along the bank of the river. We must retreat instantly, or be cut off from our boats. I see the head of their column already rising over the height. Our only safety is in the screen of this hedge. Keep close to it ; be silent ; and stoop as you run. For the boats ! Forward !

Ha ! who comes here ?

I think it is the weakness of mine eyes

That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me. Art thou anything ?

Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,

That makes my blood cold, and my hair to stare ?

Speak to me what thou art."

SHAKESPEARE.

HALF-WHISPER — ASPIRATION.

Now o'er the one half world
 Nature seems dead ; and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtained sleep ; now witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings ; and withered murder
 Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
 Towards his design
 Moves like a ghost. — Thou sure and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk ; for fear
 The very stones prate of my whereabout,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it.

SHAKESPEARE.

Oh, I have passed a miserable night,
 So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams
 That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
 I would not spend another such a night,
 Though t'were to buy a world of happy days,
 So full of dismal terror was the time.

SHAKESPEARE.

And once behind a rick of barley
 Thus looking out, did Harry stand,
 The moon was full, and shining clearly
 And crisp with frost the stubble land.
 He hears a noise — he's all awake —
 Again ! On tip-toe down the hill
 He softly creeps. 'Tis Goody Blake,
 She's at the hedge of Harry Gill.

WORDSWORTH.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary,
 Over many a quaint and curious . . . volume of forgotten lore,
 While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
 As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door ;
 " 'Tis some visitor," I muttered, " tapping at my chamber door ;
 Only this and nothing more."

Ah ! distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
 And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor ;
 Eagerly I wished the morrow : vainly I had tried to borrow,
 From my books, surcease of sorrow, sorrow for the lost Lenore,
 For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels named Lenore,
 Nameless here for evermore.

POE.

PURE TONE.

TO A SKYLARK.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit, —
 Bird thou never wert, —
 That from heaven, or near it,
 Pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
 From the earth thou springest ;
 Like a cloud of fire,
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

SHELLEY.

And what is so rare as a day in June ?
 Then, if ever, come perfect days ;
 Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
 And over it softly her warm ear lays :
 Whether we look, or whether we listen,
 We hear life murmur, or see it glisten,
 Every clod feels a stir of might,
 An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
 And, groping blindly above it for light,
 Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers ;
 The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
 Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
 And lets his illumined being o'errun
 With the deluge of summer it receives.

LOWELL.

The splendor falls on castle walls,
 And snowy summits old in story ;
 The long light shakes across the lakes,
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
 Blow, bugle, blow ! set the wild echoes flying ;
 Blow, bugle ; answer echoes, — dying, dying, dying !

O hark ! O hear ! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther going !
 O sweet and far from cliff and scar,
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !
 Blow ! let us hear the purple glens replying :
 Blow, bugle ; answer echoes—dying, dying, dying !

TENNYSON.

If we look to what the waters produce, shoals of the fry of fish frequent the margins of rivers, of lakes, and of the sea itself. These are so happy, that they know not what to do with themselves. Their attitudes, their vivacity, their leaps out of the water, their frolics in it, all conduce to show their excess of spirits, and are simply the effects of that excess.

PALEY

Have you not heard the poets tell
 How came the dainty Babie Bell
 Into this world of ours ?

The gates of heaven were left ajar :
 With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
 Wandering out of Paradise,
 She saw this planet, like a star,
 Hung in the glittering depths of even,
 Its bridges running to and fro,
 O'er which the white-winged angels go,
 Bearing the holy dead to heaven.

She touched a bridge of flowers, those feet,
 So light they did not bend the bells
 Of the celestial asphodels !
 They fell like dew upon the flowers,
 Then all the air grew strangely sweet ;
 And thus came dainty Babie Bell
 Into this world of ours. T. B. ALDRICH.

OROTUND.

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years ;
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
 Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
 The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

ADDISON.

The eulogium pronounced by the honorable gentleman on the character of the State of South Carolina, for her Revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge that the honorable member goes before me in regard for whatever of distinguished talent, or distinguished character South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor, I partake in the pride, of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all,—the Laurenses, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumters, the Marions,—Americans all, whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by State lines, than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits.

WEBSTER.

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
 In his steep course ? So long he seems to pause
 On thy bald awful head, O sovereign Blanc !
 The Arv  and Arveiron at thy base
 Rave ceaselessly ; but thou, most awful form,
 Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
 How silently !

Around thee, and above,
 Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
 An ebon mass ; methinks thou piercest it
 As with a wedge. But when I look again
 It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
 Thy habitation from eternity.

COLERIDGE.

I have read that in some hard battle, when the tide was running against him, and his ranks were breaking, some one in the agony of a need of generalship exclaimed, ' Oh for an hour of Dundee ! ' So say I, ' Oh for an hour of Webster now ! Oh for one more roll of that thunder inimitable ! One more peal of that clarion ! One more grave and bold counsel for moderation ! One more throb of American feeling ! One more Farewell Address ! And then might he ascend unhindered to the bosom of his Father and his God.

CHOATE.

The great flood of time will roll on until the Aborigines are swept from the face of the earth forever. Ere long, not one lone trace of them will remain, save the mausoleum of the warrior, and the page on which his exploits are recorded. The last child of the forest will soon climb his native mountain to view the setting sun of Indian glory. And there shall he bow his knee, the last time, to the sun as he sinks behind his lonely cottage, and worship the Great Spirit of the waters, and the genius of storm and darkness.

JOHN LOFFLAND.

ASPIRATED OROTUND.

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away.

But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combin'd locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine;

But this eternal blazon must not be
 To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O, list !
 If thou didst ever thy dear father love —
 Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

SHAKESPEARE.

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
 When church-yards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
 Contagion to this world ; now could I drink hot blood,
 And do such bitter business as the day
 Would quake to look on.

SHAKESPEARE.

INFLECTION.

INFLECTION is the bending of the voice or changing of the pitch upon a sound or word.

Inflection is divided into two classes. Major, used in common discourse in expressions of pleasure, strength, and anger. Minor, used in expressions of horror, pity, pathos, and weakness.

There are two simple inflections, the falling and rising, and when these are united, they give the circumflex, which takes its name from its ending.

The falling (') is used to express the will or knowledge of the speaker, and denotes decision, positiveness, or completeness.

The rising (/) expresses the will or knowledge of the hearer, and asks for information, denotes incompleteness, indecision, doubt, or timidity.

The circumflex (\wedge) is used to express mixed feeling, irony, sarcasm, or raillery.

The monotone (—) is used in expressing feelings of grandeur, vastness, or power. The monotone may be of any pitch, but should vary its slide as little as possible.

FALLING.

Let your companions be select ; let them be such as you can love for their good qualities, and whose virtues you are desirous to emulate.

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not ; he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.

SHAKESPEARE.

Stand up erect ! Thou hast the form
And likeness of thy God ! who more ?
A soul as dauntless mid the storm
Of daily life, a heart as warm
And pure, as breast e'er wore.

Hence ! home, you idle creatures, get you home.
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things !
Be gone !
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

SHAKESPEARE.

Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog ! March on ! he said.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced ; the old flag met his sight.
“ Halt ! ” — the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
“ Fire ! ” out blazed the rifle-blast ;
It shivered the window, pane and sash ;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

WHITTIER.

Fight, gentlemen of England ! fìght, bold yeòmen !
 Dràw, archers, dràw your arrows to the hèad :
 Spur your proud horses hàrd, and ride in blòod ;
 Amaze the wèlkin with your broken stàves. —
 A thòusand hearts are great within my bòsom :
 Advance our stàndards, set upon our fòes !
 Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
 Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dràgons !
 Upòn them ! Victory sits on our hèlms.

SHAKESPEARE.

RISING.

Must I give wáy and róom to your rash chóler ?
 Shall I be fríghted when a mál mán stáres ?

SHAKESPEARE.

And do you now put on your best attíre ?
 And do you now cull out a hóliday ?
 And do you now strew flòwers in his way,
 That comes in tríumph over Pompey's blóod ?

SHAKESPEARE.

Hast thou not knówn, hast thou not héard, that the ever-lasting Gód, the Lórd, the Créator of the ends of the éarth, fainteth not, neither is wéary ?

But why pause hére ? Is so much ambition práiseworthy and more críminal ? Is it fixed in nature that the limits of this empire should be Égypt on the one hand, the Héllespont and Eúxine on the other ? Were not Súez and Arménia more náatural limits ? Or hath empire no natural limit, but is broad as the génius that can devíse, and the power that can win ?

WILLIAM WARE.

Hath not a Jew éyes ? hath not a Jew hánds, órgans, di-ménsions, sénses, afféctions, pássions ? fed with the same

fóod, hurt with the same wéapons, subject to the same dis-éases, healed by the same méans, warmed and cooled by the same wínter and súmmer, as a Chrístian is? If you príck us, do we not bléed? if you tickle us, do we not láugh? if you poíson us, do we not díe? and, if you wróngh us, shall we not revénge?

SHAKESPEARE.

RISING AND FALLING.

Cas. When Caèsar lived, he durst not thus have móved me.

Bru. Peáce, peáce! you durst not so have témpted him.

Cas. I dúrst not!

Bru. Nò.

Cas. Whát! Dúrst not témpt him?

Bru. For your lïfe you dúrst not.

SHAKESPEARE.

Richelieu. Young mán, be blithe — for — note me — from the hour

I grasp that pàcket — think your guiding star
Rains fòrtune on you.

François. If I fáil —

Rich. Fáil — fáil?

In the lexicon of youth, which Fate reserves
For a bright manhood, there is no such wòrd
As — fáil!

BULWER.

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their sòuls;
Who steals my púrse steals tràsh; 'tis sómething, nòthing;
'Twas míne, 'tis his, and has been slàve to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good nàme,
Robs me of that which not enríches him,
And makes me pòor indèed.

SHAKESPEARE.

Hamlet. Hold you the watch to-níght?

Mar. and Ber. We dò, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say yóu?

Mar. and Ber. Arm'd, my lòrd.

Ham. From top to tóe?

Mar. and Ber. My lord, from héad to foòt.

Ham. Then saw you not his sáce?

Hor. Oh, yès, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, looked he frówningly?

Hor. A countenance more in sòrrow than in ànger.

Ham. Pále or rèd?

Hor. Nay, very pále.

Ham. And fixed his éyes upon you?

Hor. Most cònstantly.

Ham. I would I had been thère.

Hor. It would have much amázed you.

Ham. Very like, very like. Stay'd it lóng?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hùndred.

Mar. and Ber. Lònger, lònger.

Ham. His head was grízzl'd? — Nò?

Hor. It was as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.

Ham. I'll watch to-níght;

Perchance 'twill walk agàin.

Hor. I wàrrant it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll spèak to it, though héll itself should gape
And bid me hold my pèace.

SHAKESPEARE.

MINOR RISING.

Oh, my lord,
Must I then léave you? must I needs forego
So góod, so nóbile, and so trúe a master?

SHAKESPEARE.

Could you come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
 In the old likeness that I knew,
 I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
 Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.
 Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas,
 Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew ;
 As I lay my hand on your dead heart, Douglas,
 Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

MISS MULOCK.

Alas, sir,
 In what have I offended you? what cause
 Hath my behavior given to your displeasure,
 That thus you should proceed to put me off,
 And take your good grace from me?

Whén was the hour
 I ever contradícted your desire,
 Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
 Have I not stróve to love, although I knew
 He were mine enemy? what friend of mine
 That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
 Continue in my líking?

SHAKESPEARE.

MINOR FALLING.

“ Ò my son Absalom ! my sòn, my son Absalom !
 Would Gòd I had died for thèe, Ò Absalom, my sòn, my
 sòn ! ”

Who can look down upon the grave, even of an enemy,
 and not feel a compunctions thròb that he should ever have
 wàrred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering
 before him ?

ADDISON.

This was the most unkìdest cùt of all !
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingràtitude more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vànquished him ! Then bùrst his mighty heàrt ;
 And, in his màntle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pòmpey's stàtue,
 Which all the while ran blòod, great Cæsar fèll.

SHAKESPEARE.

Oh, I have sùffered
 With those that I saw sùffer ! a brave vessel
 Who had, no doubt, some nòble creatures in her,
 Dashed all to pièces. Oh, the cry did knòck
 Against my very heàrt ! Poor soùls ! they pèrished.
 Had I been any god of power, I would
 Have sunk the sea within the eàrth, or ere
 It should the good ship so have swàllowed, and
 The frightening sòuls within her.

SHAKESPEARE.

CIRCUMFLEX.

What should I sày to you ? Should I not say,
 Hath a dög móney ? Is it possible,
 A cùr can lend three thousand ducats ?

SHAKESPEARE.

Let any man resolve to do right nòw, leaving thèn to do
 as it can : and if he were to live to the age of Methuselah,
 he would never do wrong. — But the common error is to
 resolve to act right àfter bréakfast, or àfter dinner, or to-
 mòrrow mórnинг, or nèxt time. But nòw, just, nòw, this
 ônce, we must go on the same as ever.

JANE TAYLOR.

None dared withstand him to his fäce,
 But one sly maiden spake aside :
 “ The little witch is èvil-eyed !

Her móther only killed a cōw,
Or witched a chûrn or dâiry-pan ;
But shě, forsooth, must charm a mân ! ”

WHITTIER.

If to dō were as easy as to knōw what were gōod to do,
chäpels had been chûches, and poor men’s cõttages princes’
pälaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instruc-
tions. I can easier těach twenty what were good to be done,
than to be one of the twenty to fôllow mine own teaching.
The brain may devîse laws for the blood ; but a hot těmper
leaps over a cold decrêe.

SHAKESPEARE.

Marullus. You, sir ; what trade are you ?

2d Citizen. Truly, sir, in respect of a fîne workman, I
am but, as you would say, a cõbblér.

Mar. But what trâde art thou ? Answer me dirèctly.

2d Cit. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe
conscience ; which is, indeed, sir, a měnder of bad sôles.

Mar. What trâde, thou knâve ? thou naughty knave, what
trâde ?

2d Cit. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not ȏut with me : yet,
if you bě out, sir, I can měnd you.

Mar. What mean’st thou by thàt ? Měnd me, thou saucy
fellow ?

2d Cit. Why, sir, cõbble you.

Flavius. Thou art a cõbblér, árt thou ?

2d Cit. Truly, sir, ȏll that I live by is with the ȏawl.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shôp to-day ? Why
dost thou lead these men about the streêts ?

2d Cit. Truly, sir, to wear ȏut their shôes, to get myself
into móre work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see
Cæsar, and to rejoice in his trïumph.

SHAKESPEARE.

MONOTONE.

The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherit shall dissolve,
 And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a rack behind.

SHAKESPEARE.

Father of earth and heaven, I call thy name !

Round me the smoke and shout of battle roll ;
 My eyes are dazzled with the rustling flame ;

Father sustain an untried soldier's soul,
 Or life or death, whatever be the goal,

That crowns or closes round this struggling hour ;
 Thou know'st, if ever from my spirit stole

One deeper prayer, 'twas that no cloud might lower
 On my young fame, oh hear, God of eternal power.

KÖRNER.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean — roll !

Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
 Man marks the earth with ruin — his control

Stops with the shore ; — upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain

A shadow of man's ravage save his own,
 When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

BYRON.

MOVEMENT.

THE rate of utterance is an outward indication of the state of the speakers feelings.

Rapid movement is used to express joy, animation, excitement.

Moderate movement is used in unimpassioned discourse.

Slow movement is used to express grief, power, vastness,

solemnity, and in great exhaustion, or in giving explicit directions.

Very slow movement is used in the expression of profound reverence, adoration, deep contemplation.

RAPID MOVEMENT.

And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height,
 A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
 He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
 But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
 A second lamp in the belfry burns!
 A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
 A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
 And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
 Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet.

LONGFELLOW.

Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din
 Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring
 culverin!

The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,
 With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
 Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
 Charge for the golden lilies now,—upon them with the
 lance!

A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
 A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-
 white crest,
 And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding
 star,
 Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

MACAULAY.

So farre, so fast the eygre drove,
 The heart had hardly time to beat,
 Before a shallow, seething wave
 Sobbed in the grasses at our feet!

The feet had hardly time to flee
 Before it brake against the knee,
 And all the world was in the sea.

INGELOW

He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
 Of sacred rights to be secured ;
 Then from his patriot tongue of flame
 The startling words for Freedom came.
 The stirring sentences he spake
 Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
 And rising on his theme's broad wing,
 And grasping in his nervous hand
 The imaginary battle-brand,
 In face of death he dared to fling
 Defiance to a tyrant king.

T. B. READ.

MODERATE.

I had come to Stratford on a poetical pilgrimage. My first visit was to the house where Shakespeare was born, and where, according to tradition, he was brought up to his father's craft of wool-combing. It is a small, mean-looking edifice of wood and plaster, a true nestling-place of genius, which seems to delight in hatching its offspring in by-corners.

IRVING.

And so beside the Silent Sea
 I wait the muffled oar ;
 No harm from Him can come to me
 On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
 Their fronded palms in air ;
 I only know I cannot drift
 Beyond His love and care.

WHITTIER.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre. GRAY.

The effect of the devotion of elegant minds to rural occupations has been wonderful on the face of the country. A great part of the island is rather level, and would be monotonous, were it not for the charms of culture ; but it is studded and gemmed, as it were, with castles and palaces, and embroidered with parks and gardens. It does not abound in grand and sublime prospects, but rather in little homescenes of rural repose and sheltered quiet.

Every antique farm-house, and moss-grown cottage, is a picture ; and as the roads are continually winding, and the view is shut in by groves and hedges, the eye is delighted by a continued succession of small landscapes of captivating loveliness. IRVING.

If when I meet my brother man
Adrift on life's uncertain sea,
To him I give what 'er I can,
The honor's not to me.

For God to me has freely given
From out His bounteous store,
So give I of the all I have
And only wish t'were more.

And as I leave with tearful eyes,
My brother who to me was sent,
I feel that God has, in disguise,
Another blessing to me lent.

SLOW.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me. GRAY.

Heavy and solemn,
 A cloudy column,
 Through the green plain they marching come
 Measureless spread, like a table dread,
 For the wild grim dice of the iron game.
 Looks are bent on the shaking ground,
 Hearts beat low with a knelling sound. SCHILLER.

O mother State! the winds of March
 Blew chill o'er Auburn's Field of God,
 Where, slow, beneath a leaden arch
 Of sky, thy mourning children trod.

And once again the organ swells,
 Once more the flag is half-way hung,
 And yet again the mournful bells
 In all thy steeple-towers are rung. WHITTIER.

The Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want.
 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
 He leadeth me beside the still waters.
 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the
 Paths of righteousness for His name's sake.
 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the
 Shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou
 Art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
 On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;
 And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is
 dreaming,
 And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow
 on the floor;
 And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the
 floor
 Shall be lifted — nevermore !

POE.

And when, to guard old Bregenz,
 By gateway, street, and tower,
 The warder paces all night long
 And calls each passing hour;
 “Nine,” “ten,” “eleven,” he cries aloud,
 And then (O crown of fame !)
 When midnight pauses in the skies,
 He calls the maiden’s name !

ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

—
VERY SLOW.

Hear the tolling of the bells, —
 Iron bells !
 What a world of solemn thought their monody
 compels !
 In the silence of the night,
 How we shiver with affright
 At the melancholy menace of their tone !
 For every sound that floats
 From the rust within their throats
 Is a groan.
 And the people, — ah, the people, —
 They that dwell up in the steeple,
 All alone,

And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
 Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone.—

POE.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame, fresh and gory :
 We carved not a line ; we raised not a stone,
 But we left him alone in his glory.

WOLFE.

Break, break, break,
 On thy cold gray stones, O sea !
 And I would that my tongue could utter
 The thoughts that arise in me.

Break, break, break,
 At the foot of thy crags, O sea !
 But the tender grace of a day that is dead
 Will never come back to me.

TENNYSON.

FORCE.

FORCE is the degree of loudness or softness which is given to the voice, and depends upon the intensity of the feelings or emotions of the speaker. True Force is given to speech by intense rather than loud or noisy utterance.

Gentle force is used in the expression of tenderness, pathos, subdued feeling, and calm emotion.

Moderate is used in simple narration and description, and in animated conversation.

Loud is used in excited utterance, calling, &c.

Very loud is used in shouting, cheering, anger, defiance, &c.

GENTLE.

The heights by great men gained and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight ;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upwards in the light.

LONGFELLOW.

The smallest bark on life's tumultuous ocean
Will leave a track behind for evermore ;
The lightest wave of influence, set in motion,
Extends and widens to the eternal shore.
We should be wary, then, who go before
A myriad yet to be, and we should take
Our bearing carefully where breakers roar
And fearful tempests gather : one mistake
May wreck unnumbered barks that follow in our wake.

MRS. S. T. BOLTON.

Life is a bubble which any breath may dissolve ; wealth or power a snowflake, melting momently into the treacherous deep across whose waves we are floated on to our unseen destiny ; but to have lived so that one less orphan shall be called to choose between starvation and infamy, to have lived so that some eyes of those whom Fame shall never know are brightened, and others suffused at the name of the beloved one, — so that the few who knew him truly shall recognize him as a bright, warm, cheering presence, which was here for a season and left the world no worse for his stay in it, — this, surely, is to have really lived, — and not wholly in vain

HORACE GREELEY.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise ;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,
 Far mark'd with the courses of clear winding rills ;
 There daily I wander as noon rises high,
 My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

BURNS.

The little I have seen of the world, and known of the history of mankind, teaches me to look on the errors of others in sorrow, and not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through ; vicissitudes of hope and fear ; the pressure of want ; the desertion of friends ; the scorn of a world that has little charity ; the desolation of the mind's sanctuary ; the threatening voices within it ; health gone ; happiness gone ; even hope, that remains the longest, gone, — I would fain lay the erring soul of my fellow-man tenderly in His hand from whom it came.

LONGFELLOW.

It is interesting to notice how some minds seem almost to create themselves, springing up under every disadvantage, and working their solitary but irresistible way through a thousand obstacles. Nature seems to delight in disappointing the assiduities of art, with which it would rear dulness to maturity, and to glory in the vigor and luxuriance of her chance productions. She scatters the seeds of genius to the winds, and though some may perish among the stony places of the world, and some may be choked by the thorns and brambles of earthly adversity, yet others will now and then strike root even in the clefts of the rock, struggle bravely up into sunshine, and spread over their sterile birthplace all the beauties of vegetation.

IRVING.

Heaven is not gained in a single bound ;
 But we build the ladder by which we rise
 From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
 And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by things that are 'neath our feet ;
By what we have mastered of good and gain ;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

J. G. HOLLAND.

The crown and glory of life is character. It is the noblest possession of a man, constituting a rank in itself, and an estate in the general good-will ; dignifying every station, and exalting every position in society. It exercises a greater power than wealth, and secures all the honor without the jealousies of fame. It carries with it an influence which always tells, — for it is the result of proud honor, rectitude, and consistency, — qualities which, perhaps, more than any other, command the general confidence and respect of mankind.

SAMUEL SMILES.

MODERATE.

I am charged with ambition. The charge is true, and I glory in its truth. Who ever achieved anything great in letters, arts, or arms, who was not ambitious? Cæsar was not more ambitious than Cicero. It was but in another way. All greatness is born of ambition. Let the ambition be a noble one, and who shall blame it? WILLIAM WARE.

Once more : speak clearly, if you speak at all ;
Carve every word before you let it fall ;
Don't, like a lecturer or dramatic star,
Try over hard to roll the British R ;

Do put your accents in the proper spot;
 Don't — let me beg you — don't say "How?" for "What?"
 And when you stick on conversation's burs,
 Don't strew the pathway with those dreadful *urs*.

HOLMES.

Our little lives are kept in equipoise
 By opposite attractions and desires ;
 The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,
 And the more noble instinct that aspires.

LONGFELLOW.

There lies upon the other side of the wide Atlantic a beautiful island, famous in story and in song. Its area is not so great as that of the State of Louisiana, while its population is almost half that of the Union. It has given to the world more than its share of genius and of greatness. It has been prolific in statesmen, warriors, and poets. Its brave and generous sons have fought successfully all battles but their own. In wit and humor it has no equal ; while its harp, like its history, moves to tears by its sweet but melancholy pathos.

S. S. PRENTISS.

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue ; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus ; but use all gently : for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. Oh, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings ; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows, and noise. I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant ; it out-herods Herod. Pray you, avoid it.

SHAKESPEARE.

Sometimes a distant sail gliding along the edge of the ocean would be another theme of idle speculation. How interesting this fragment of a world hastening to rejoin the great mass of existence! What a glorious monument of human invention, that has thus triumphed over wind and wave; has brought the ends of the earth in communion; has established an interchange of blessings, pouring into the sterile regions of the north all the luxuries of the south; diffused the light of knowledge and the charities of cultivated life; and has thus bound together those scattered portions of the human race, between which nature seemed to have thrown an insurmountable barrier!

IRVING.

Shall I be left, forgotten in the dust,
 When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive?
 Shall Nature's voice, to Man alone unjust,
 Bid him, though doomed to perish, hope to live?
 Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
 With disappointment, penury, and pain?
 No! Heaven's immortal Spring shall yet arrive,
 And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
 Bright through the eternal year of Love's triumphant reign.

BEATTIE.

LOUD.

Next, Anger rushed, his eyes on fire,
 In lightnings owned his secret stings;
 In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
 And swept, with hurried hands, the strings.

COLLINS.

But, my lords, who is the man, that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage? — to call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman inhabitant of the woods? — to delegate to the

merciless Indian, the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment.

LORD CHATHAM.

Out of the North the wild news came,
 Far flashing on its wings of flame,
 Swift as the boreal light which flies
 At midnight through the startled skies.
 And there was tumult in the air,
 The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
 And through the wide land everywhere
 The answering tread of hurrying feet ;
 While the first oath of Freedom's gun
 Came on the blast from Lexington ;
 And, Concord, roused, no longer tame,
 Forgot her old baptismal name,
 Made bare her patriot arm of power,
 And swelled the discord of the hour.

T. B. READ.

The war is actually begun! The next gale, that sweeps from the north, will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have?—Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God!—I know not what course others may take; but as for me—give me liberty, or give me death!

PATRICK HENRY.

Age thou art shamed!
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was famed with more than with one man?
 Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
 When there is in it but one only man.

Oh, you and I have heard our fathers say
 There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
 Th' eternal Devil to keep his state in Rome
 As easily as a king!

SHAKESPEARE.

VERY LOUD.

And now before the open door —
 The warrior priest had ordered so —
 The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
 Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er.

Its long reverberating blow,
 So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
 Of dusty death must wake and hear.
 And there the startling drum and fife
 Fired the living with fiercer life ;
 While overhead, with wild increase,
 Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
 The great bell swung as ne'er before.
 It seemed as it would never cease ;
 And every word its ardor flung
 From off its jubilant iron tongue

Was, “WAR! WAR! WAR!” T. B. READ.

Richelieu. Ay, is it so?
 Then wakes the power which in the age of iron
 Bursts forth to curb the great, and raise the low.
 Mark, where she stands — around her form I draw
 The awful circle of our solemn church !
 Set but a foot within that holy ground,
 And on thy head — yea, though it wore a crown —
 I launch the curse of Rome.

BULWER

On, on, you noblest English,
 Whose blood is fetched from fathers of war proof !
 Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,

Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
 And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
 Follow your spirits, and, upon this charge,
 Cry, — Heaven for Harry! England! and St. George!

SHAKESPEARE.

PITCH.

PITCH is the elevation given to the voice. High pitch being used in the expressions of acute feelings of joy and grief, pain, fear, delight, and astonishment.

Middle pitch should be used in the expression of moderate emotion and unimpassioned language, simple narration, &c.

Low pitch is used in expressing awe, reverence, sublimity, deep and settled feeling.

Very low is employed in expressions of deep solemnity, grandeur, vastness, &c.

HIGH.

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
 Near to the nest of his little dame,
 Over the mountain-side or mead,
 Robert of Lincoln is telling his name :
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink ;
 Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
 Hidden among the summer flowers.
 Chee, chee, chee.

BRYANT.

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
 I make a sudden sally,
 And sparkle out among the fern,
 To bicker down a valley.

I chatter over stony ways,
 In little sharps and trebles,
 I bubble into eddying bays,
 I babble on the pebbles.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
 To join the brimming river ;
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on forever.

TENNYSON.

Hear the sledges with the bells, —
 Silver bells, —

What a world of merriment their melody foretells,
 How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle
 In the icy air of night !

While the stars that oversprinkle
 All the heavens seem to twinkle
 With a crystalline delight ;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, —
 From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

POE.

Oh ! Then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
 She comes,

In shape no bigger than an agate stone
 On the forefinger of an alderman,
 Drawn with a team of little atomies
 Athwart men's noses, as they lie asleep ;
 Her wagon-spokes made of long spinner's legs ;
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;
 The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;
 The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams ;
 Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of film ;
 Her wagoner, a small gray-coated gnat :

Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.

SHAKESPEARE.

MIDDLE.

The books which help you most are those which make you think most. The hardest way of learning is by easy reading ; but a great book that comes from a great thinker, is a ship of thought, deep freighted with truth and with beauty.

THEO. PARKER.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

GRAY

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries :
On such a full sea are we now afloat
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our venture.

SHAKESPEARE.

I mourn no more my vanished years :
Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears
My heart is young again.

The west-winds blow, and, singing low
I hear the glad streams run,
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.

WHITTIER.

It is a pleasing sight of a Sunday morning, when the bell is sending its sober melody across the quiet fields, to behold the peasantry in their best finery, with ruddy faces and modest cheerfulness, thronging tranquilly along the green lanes to church ; but it is still more pleasing to see them in the evenings, gathering about their cottage doors, and appearing to exult in the humble comforts and embellishments which their own hands have spread around them. IRVING

When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me ; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out ; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion ; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them,— when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes,— I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together. ADDISON.

Low.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
 The innumerable caravan that moves
 To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
 Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

BRYANT.

Down the dark future, through long generations,
 The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease ;
 And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
 I hear once more the voice of Christ say, " Peace ! "

Peace ! and no longer from its brazen portals
 The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies !
 But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
 The holy melodies of love arise.

LONGFELLOW.

Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it ! and I leave off as I begun, that live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment, independence now, and independence forever.

WEBSTER.

"Farewell ! farewell ! base world, farewell !"
 In touching tones exclaimed a bell ;
 "Life is a boon, to mortals given,
 To fit the soul for bliss in Heaven ;
 Do not invoke the avenging rod,
 Come here and learn the way to God ;
 Say to the world, Farewell ! farewell !"
 Pealed forth the Presbyterian bell.

BUNGAY.

I call upon that right reverend, and this most learned bench, to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn ; — upon the judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honor of your lordships to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and maintain your own, I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character.

LORD CHATHAM.

VERY Low.

O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty: the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave.

OSSIAN.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze or gale or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee! thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

BYRON.

Hark! on the winds,
The bell's deep tones are swelling: 'tis the knell
Of the departed year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest,
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud,
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand,—
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
And Winter with his aged locks,—and breathe,
In mournful cadences that come abroad
Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,
Gone from the earth forever.

GEO. D. PRENTICE.

ADVANCED READINGS AND RECITATIONS.

AMERICAN BATTLE-FLAGS.

FROM Europe Mr. Sumner returned late in the fall of 1872, much strengthened, but far from being well. At the opening of the session he reintroduced two measures, which, as he thought, should complete the record of his political life. One was his civil-rights bill, which had failed in the last Congress; and the other, a resolution providing that the names of the battles won over fellow-citizens in the war of the Rebellion should be removed from the regimental colors of the army, and from the army register.

It was in substance only a repetition of a resolution which he had introduced ten years before, in 1862, during the war, when the first names of victories were put on American battle-flags. This resolution called forth a new storm against him. It was denounced as an insult to the heroic soldiers of the Union, and a degradation of their victories and well-earned laurels. It was condemned as an unpatriotic act.

Charles Sumner insult the soldiers who had spilled their blood in a war for human rights! Charles Sumner degrade victories, and deprecate laurels, won for the cause of universal freedom! — how strange an imputation!

Let the dead man have a hearing. This was his thought: No civilized nation, from the republics of antiquity down to our days, ever thought it wise or patriotic to preserve in conspicuous and durable form the mementos of victories won over fellow-citizens in civil war. Why not? Because

every citizen should feel himself with all others as the child of a common country, and not as a defeated foe. All civilized governments of our days have instinctively followed the same dictate of wisdom and patriotism.

The Irishman, when fighting for old England at Waterloo, was not to behold on the red cross floating above him the name of the Boyne. The Scotch Highlander, when standing in the trenches of Sebastopol, was not by the colors of his regiment to be reminded of Culloden. No French soldier at Austerlitz or Solferino had to read upon the tricolor any reminiscence of the Vendee. No Hungarian at Sadowa was taunted by any Austrian banner with the surrender of Villagos. No German regiment from Saxony or Hanover charging under the iron hail of Gravelot, was made to remember, by words written on a Prussian standard, that the black eagle had conquered them at Koniggratz and Langensalza.

Should the son of South Carolina, when at some future day defending the Republic against some foreign foe, be reminded, by an inscription on the colors floating over him, that under this flag the gun was fired that killed his father at Gettysburg? Should this great and enlightened Republic, proud of standing in the front of human progress, be less wise, less large-hearted, than the ancients were two thousand years ago, and the kingly governments of Europe are to-day?

Let the battle-flags of the brave volunteers, which they brought home from the war with the glorious record of their victories, be preserved intact as a proud ornament of our State Houses and armories, but let the colors of the army, under which the sons of all the States are to meet and mingle in common patriotism, speak of nothing but union,—not a union of conquerors and conquered, but a union which is the mother of all, equally tender to all, knowing of nothing but equality, peace, and love among her children.

Do you want conspicuous mementos of your victories? They are written upon the dusky brow of every freeman

who was once a slave; they are written on the gate-posts of a restored Union; and the most glorious of all will be written on the faces of a contented people, reunited in common national pride.

Such were the sentiments which inspired that resolution. Such were the sentiments which called forth a storm of obloquy. Such were the sentiments for which the Legislature of Massachusetts passed a solemn resolution of censure upon Charles Sumner,—Massachusetts, his own Massachusetts, whom he loved so ardently with a filial love, of whom he was so proud, who had honored him so much in days gone by, and whom he had so long and so faithfully labored to serve and to honor.

Oh! those were evil days, that winter; days sad and dark, when he sat there in his lonesome chamber, unable to leave it, the world moving around him, and in it so much that was hostile, and he—prostrated by the tormenting disease, which had returned with fresh violence—unable to defend himself, and with this bitter arrow in his heart. Why was that resolution held up to scorn and vituperation as an insult to the brave, and an unpatriotic act? Why was he not attacked and condemned for it when he first offered it, ten years before, and when he was in the fulness of manhood and power? If not then, why now? Why now?

I shall never forget the melancholy hours I sat with him, seeking to lift him up with cheering words, and he—his frame for hours racked with excruciating pain, and then exhausted with suffering—gloomily brooding over the thought that he might die so.

How thankful I am, how thankful every human soul in Massachusetts, how thankful every American must be, that he did not die then!—and, indeed, more than once death seemed to be knocking at his door,—how thankful that he was spared to see the day, when the people, by striking developments, were convinced that those who had acted as he did had after all not been impelled by mere whims of vanity, or reckless ambition, or sinister designs, but had

good and patriotic reasons for what they did ; when the heart of Massachusetts came back to him full of the old love and confidence, assuring him that he would again be her chosen son for her representative seat in the House of States ; when the lawgivers of the old Commonwealth, obeying an irresistible impulse of justice, wiped away from the records of the Legislature, and from the fair name of the State, that resolution of censure which had stung him so deeply ; and when returning vigor lifted him up, and a new sunburst of hope illumined his life ! How thankful we all are that he lived that one year longer !

And yet,—have you thought of it?—if he had died in those dark days, when so many clouds hung over him, would not then the much-villified man have been the same Charles Sumner, whose death but one year later afflicted millions of hearts with a pang of bereavement, whose praise is now on every lip for the purity of his life, for his fidelity to great principles, and for the loftiness of his patriotism?

Was he not a year ago the same,—the same in purpose, the same in principle, the same in character? What had he done then that so many who praise him to-day should have then disowned him? See what he had done. He had simply been true to his convictions of duty. He had approved and urged what he thought right; he had attacked and opposed what he thought wrong.

To his convictions of duty he had sacrificed political associations most dear to him, the security of his position of which he was proud. For his convictions of duty he had stood up against those more powerful than he ; he had exposed himself to reproach, obloquy, and persecution. Had he not done so, he would not have been the man you praise to-day ; and yet for doing so he was cried down but yesterday.

He had lived up to the great word he spoke when he entered the Senate,—“ The slave of principle, I call no party master.” That declaration was greeted with applause ; and when, true to his word, he refused to call a party master, the act was covered with reproach.

ON THE SHORES OF TENNESSEE.

“MOVE my arm-chair, faithful Pompey,

In the sunshine bright and strong,

For this world is fading, Pompey,—

Massa won’t be with you long ;

And I fain would hear the south wind

Bring once more the sound to me

Of the wavelets softly breaking

On the shores of Tennessee.

“Mournful though the ripples murmur,

As they still the story tell,

How no vessels float the banner

That I’ve loved so long and well,

I shall listen to their music,

Dreaming that again I see

Stars and Stripes on sloop and shallop,

Sailing up the Tennessee.

“And, Pompey, while old Massa’s waiting

For Death’s last despatch to come,

If that exiled starry banner

Should come proudly sailing home,

You shall greet it, slave no longer,—

Voice and hand shall both be free,—

That shout and point to Union colors,

On the waves of Tennessee.”

“Massa’s berry kind to Pompey ;

But ole darky’s happy here,

Where he’s tended corn and cotton

For ’ese many a long-gone year.

Over yonder Missis’s sleeping, —

No one tends her grave like me ;

Mebbe she would miss the flowers

She used to love in Tennessee.

“ ‘Pears like she was watching, Massa,
If Pompey should beside him stay ;
Mebbe she’d remember better
How for him she used to pray ;
Telling him that way up yonder
White as snow his soul would be,
If he served the Lord of heaven
While he lived in Tennessee.”

Silently the tears were rolling
Down the poor old dusky face,
As he stepped behind his master,
In his long-accustomed place.
Then a silence fell around them,
As they gazed on rock and tree,
Pictured in the placid waters
Of the rolling Tennessee ; —

Master, dreaming of the battle
Where he fought by Marion’s side,
When he bid the haughty Tarleton
Stoop his lordly crest of pride ;
Man, remembering how yon sleeper
Once he held upon his knee,
Ere she loved the gallant soldier,
Ralph Vervair, of Tennessee.

Still the south wind fondly lingers
'Mid the veteran’s silvery hair ;
Still the bondman, close beside him,
Stands behind the old arm-chair.
With his dark-hued hand uplifted,
Shading eyes, he bends to see
Where the woodland, boldly jutting,
Turns aside the Tennessee.

Thus he watches cloud-born shadows
Glide from tree to mountain crest,
Softly creeping, aye and ever,
To the river’s yielding breast.

Ha ! above the foliage yonder
 Something flutters wild and free !
 " Massa ! Massa ! hallelujuah !
 The flag 's come back to Tennessee ! "

" Pompey, hold me on your shoulder,
 Help me stand on foot once more,
 That I may salute the colors
 As they pass my cabin door.
 Here 's the paper signed that frees you ;
 Give a freeman's shout with me —
 ' God and Union ! ' be our watchword
 Evermore in Tennessee."

Then the trembling voice grew fainter,
 And the limbs refused to stand ;
 One prayer to Jesus — and the soldier
 Glided to that better land.
 When the flag went down the river,
 Man and master both were free,
 While the ring-dove's note was mingled
 With the rippling Tennessee.

E. S. BEERS.

PRESS ON.

PRESS ON ; there's no such word as fail ;
 Press nobly on ! the goal is near, —
 Ascend the mountain ! breast the gale !
 Look upward, onward, — never fear !
 Why should'st thou faint ? Heaven smiles above
 Though storm and vapor intervene ;
 That sun shines on, whose name is Love,
 Serenely o'er life's shadowed scene.

Press on ! surmount the rocky steeps,
 Climb boldly o'er the torrents' arch ;
 He fails alone who feebly creeps ;
 He wins who dares the hero's march.

Be thou a hero ! let thy might
 Tramp on eternal snows its way,
 And through the ebon walls of night,
 Hew down a passage unto day.

Press on ! if once, and twice thy feet
 Slip back and stumble, harder try ;
 From him who never dreads to meet
 Danger and death, they're sure to fly.
 To coward ranks the bullet speeds ;
 While on their breasts who never quail,
 Gleams, guardian of chivalric deeds,
 Bright courage like a coat of mail.

Press on ! if fortune play thee false
 To-day, to-morrow she'll be true ;
 Whom now she sinks, she now exalts,
 Taking old gifts and granting new.
 The wisdom of the present hour,
 Makes up for follies past and gone ;
 To weakness strength succeeds, and power
 From frailty springs — Press on ! press on !

Press on ! what though upon the ground
 Thy love has been poured out like rain ?
 That happiness is always found
 The sweetest that is born of pain.
 Oft 'mid the forest's deepest glooms,
 A bird sings from some blighted tree ;
 And in the dreariest desert, blooms
 A never dying rose for thee.

Therefore press on ! and reach the goal,
And gain the prize, and wear the crown ;
Faint not ! for to the steadfast soul,
Come wealth and honor and renown.
To thine own self be true, and keep
Thy mind from sloth, thy heart from soil ;
Press on ! and thou shalt surely reap
A heavenly harvest for thy toil.

PARK BENJAMIN.

ROME AND CARTHAGE.

ROME and Carthage !— behold them drawing near for the struggle that is to shake the world ! Carthage, the metropolis of Africa, is the mistress of oceans, of kingdoms, and of nations ; a magnificent city, burdened with opulence, radiant with the strange arts and trophies of the East. She is at the acme of her civilization. She can mount no higher. Any change now must be a decline. Rome is comparatively poor. She has seized all within her grasp, but rather from the lust of conquest than to fill her own coffers. She is demi-barbarous, and has her education and her fortune both to make. All is before her, — nothing behind. For a time these two nations exist in view of each other. The one reposes in the noon tide of her splendor ; the other waxes strong in the shade. But, little by little, air and space are wanting to each, for her development. Rome begins to perplex Carthage, and Carthage is an eyesore to Rome. Seated on opposite banks of the Mediterranean, the two cities look each other in the face. The sea no longer keeps them apart. Europe and Africa weigh upon each other. Like two clouds surcharged with electricity, they impend. With their contact must come the thunder-shock.

The catastrophe of this stupendous drama is at hand

What actors are met! Two races,—that of merchants and mariners, that of laborers and soldiers; two Nations,—the one dominant by gold, the other by steel; two Republics,—the one theocratic, the other aristocratic. Rome and Carthage! Rome with her army, Carthage with her fleet; Carthage, old, rich, and crafty,—Rome, young, poor, and robust; the past, and the future; the spirit of discovery, and the spirit of conquest; the genius of commerce, the demon of war; the East and the South on one side, the West and the North on the other; in short, two worlds,—the civilization of Africa, and the civilization of Europe. They measure each other from head to foot. They gather all their forces. Gradually the war kindles. The world takes fire. These colossal powers are locked in deadly strife. Carthage has crossed the Alps; Rome, the seas. The two Nations, personified in two men, Hannibal and Scipio, close with each other, wrestle, and grow infuriate. The duel is desperate. It is a struggle for life. Rome wavers. She utters that cry of anguish—*Hannibal at the gates!* But she rallies,—collects all her strength for one last, appalling effort,—throws herself upon Carthage, and sweeps her from the face of the earth!

VICTOR HUGO.

SHYLOCK'S SOLILOQUY, AND HIS ADDRESS TO ANTONIO.

How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him; for he is a Christian:
But more for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,

On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him !

Signior Antonio, many a time, and oft
In the Rialto, you have rated me
About my moneys, and my usances :
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug ;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me — misbeliever, cut-throat, dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gabardine, —
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well, then, it now appears, you need my help :
Go to, then ; you come to me, and you say,
“ Shylock, we would have moneys ; ” you say so, —
You that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold : moneys is your suit.

What shall I say to you ? Shall I not say,
“ Hath a dog money ? Is it possible,
A cur can lend three thousand ducats ? ” Or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman’s key,
With bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this : —
“ Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last ;
You spurned me such a day ; another time
You called me — dog ; and for these courtesies
I’ll lend you thus much moneys ? ” —
Why, look you, how you storm !
I would be friends with you, and have your love ;
Forget the shames that you have stained me with ;
Supply your wants and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys ; and you’ll not hear me.
This is kind I ofter ; and this kindness will I show
Go with me to a notary ; seal me there
Your single bond ; and, in merry sport,

If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are
Expressed in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off' and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.
Meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond;
And I will go and purse the ducats straight,
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave, and presently be with you.

SHAKESPEARE.

PAUL'S DEFENCE BEFORE AGRIPPA.

THEN Agrippa said unto Paul, Thou art permitted to speak for thyself. Then Paul stretched forth the hand, and answered for himself: I think myself happy, King Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day before thee touching all the things whereof I am accused of the Jews: especially because I know thee to be expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews: wherefore I beseech thee to hear me patiently.

My manner of life from my youth, which was at the first among mine own nation at Jerusalem, know all the Jews; which knew me from the beginning, if they would testify, that after the most straitest sect of our religion I lived a Pharisee. And now I stand and am judged for the hope of the promise made of God unto our fathers: unto which promise our twelve tribes, instantly serving God day and night, hope to come. For which hope's sake, King Agrippa, I am accused of the Jews.

Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead? I verily thought with myself, that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth. Which thing I also did in Jerusalem:

and many of the saints did I shut up in prison, having received authority from the chief priests ; and when they were put to death, I gave my voice against them. And I punished them oft in every synagogue, and compelled them to blaspheme ; and being exceedingly mad against them, I persecuted them even unto strange cities.

Wereupon as I went to Damascus with authority and commission from the chief priests, at mid-day, O king, I saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me and them which journeyed with me. And when we were all fallen to the earth, I heard a voice speaking unto me, and saying in the Hebrew tongue, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me ? it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks. And I said, Who art thou, Lord ? And he said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. But rise, and stand upon thy feet : for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make the a minister and a witness both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee ; delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentiles, unto whom now I send thee, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me.

Whereupon, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision : but showed first unto them of Damascus, and at Jerusalem, and throughout all the coasts of Judea, and then to the Gentiles, that they should repent and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance. For these causes the Jews caught me in the temple, and went about to kill me. Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come : that Christ should suffer, and that he should be the first that should rise from the dead, and should show light unto the people, and to the Gentiles.

And as he thus spake for himself, Festus said with a loud

voice, Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad.

But he said, I am not mad, most noble Festus; but speak forth the words of truth and soberness. For the king knoweth of these things, before whom also I speak freely: for I am persuaded that none of these things are hidden from him; for this thing was not done in a corner. King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest. Then Agrippa said unto Paul, Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian. And Paul said, I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am, except these bonds.

And when he had thus spoken, the king rose up, and the governor, and Bernice, and they that sat with them: and when they were gone aside, they talked between themselves, saying, This man doeth nothing worthy of death or of bonds. Then said Agrippa unto Festus, This man might have been set at liberty, if he had not appealed unto Cæsar.

BIBLE.

RELIEVING GUARD.

CAME the relief, "What, sentry, ho!

How passed the night through thy long waking?"
 "Cold, cheerless, dark,—as may befit
 The hour before the dawn is breaking."

"No sight? no sound?" "No; nothing save
 The plover from the marshes calling.
 And in yon western sky, about
 An hour ago, a star was falling."

"A star? There's nothing strange in that."
 "No, nothing; but, above the thicket,
 Somehow it seemed to me that God
 Somewhere had just relieved a picket."

BRET HARTE

SHAMUS O'BRIEN

Jist afther the war, in the year '98,
As soon as the boys wor all scattered and bate,
'Twas the custom, whenever a pisant was got,
To hang him by thrial — barrin' sich as was shot.
There was trial by jury goin' on by daylight,
And the martial law hangin' the lavins by night.
It's them was hard times for an honest gosson :
If he missed in the judges — he'd meet a dragoon ;
An' whether the sodgers or judges gev sentence,
The devil a much time they allowed for repentance.
An' it's many's the fine boy was then on his keepin'
Wid small share iv restin', or atin', or sleepin',
An' because they loved Erin, an' scorned to sell it,
A prey for the bloodhound, a mark for the bullet —
Unsheltered by night, and unrested by day,
With the heath for their barrack, revenge for their pay ;
An' the bravest an' hardiest boy iv them all
Was Shamus O'Brien, from the town iv Glingall.
His limbs were well set, an' his body was light,
An' the keen-fanged hound had not teeth half so white ;
But his face was as pale as the face of the dead,
And his cheek never warmed with the blush of the red ;
An' for all that he wasn't an ugly young bye,
For the devil himself couldn't blaze with his eye
So droll an' so wicked, so dark and so bright,
Like a fire-flash that crosses the depth of the night !
An' he was the best mower that ever has been,
An' the illigantest hurler that ever was seen.
An' his dancin' was sich that the men used to stare,
An' the women turn crazy, he done it so quare ;
An' by gorra, the whole world gev it into him there.
An' it's he was the boy that was hard to be caught,
An' it's often he run, an' it's often he fought,

An' it's many the one can remember right well
 The quare things he done ; an' it's often I heerd tell
 How he lathered the yeomen, himself agin four,
 An' stretched the two strongest on old Galtimore.
 But the fox must sleep sometimes, the wild deer must rest,
 An' treachery prey on the blood iv the best ;
 Afther many a brave action of power and pride,
 An' many a hard night on the mountain's bleak side,
 An' a thousand great dangers and toils overpast,
 In the darkness of night he was taken at last.

Now, Shamus, look back on the beautiful moon,
 For the door of the prison must close on you soon,
 An' take your last look at her dim lovely light,
 That falls on the mountain and valley this night ;
 One look at the village, one look at the flood,
 An' one at the sheltering, far-distant wood ;
 Farewell to the forest, farewell to the hill,
 An' farewell to the friends that will think of you still ;
 Farewell to the pattern, the hurlin' an' wake,
 An' farewell to the girl that would die for your sake.
 An' twelve sodgers brought him to Maryborough jail,
 An', the turnkey resaved him, refusin' all bail ;
 The fleet limbs wor chained, and the sthrong hands wor
 bound,
 A'n he laid down his length on the cowld prison ground.
 An' the dreams of his childhood kem over him there
 As gentle an' soft as the sweet summer air ;
 An' happy remembrances crowding on ever,
 As fast as the foam-flakes dhrift down on the river,
 Bringing fresh to his heart merry days long gone by,
 Till the tears gathered heavy and thick in his eye.
 But the tears didn't fall, for the pride of his heart
 Would not suffer one drop down his pale cheek to start ;
 An' he sprang to his feet in the dark prison cave,
 An' he swore with the fierceness that misery gave,
 By the hopes of the good, an' the cause of the brave,
 That when he was mouldering in the cold grave

His enemies never should have it to boast
His scorn of their vengeance one moment was lost ;
His bosom might bleed, but his cheek should be dhry,
For, undaunted he lived, and undaunted he'd die.

Well, as soon as a few weeks was over and gone,
The terrible day iv the thrial kem on,
There was sich a crowd there was scarce room to stand,
An' sodgers on guard, an' dhragoons sword-in-hand ;
An' the court-house so full that the people were bothered,
An' attorneys and criers on the point iv bein' smothered ;
An' counsellors almost gev over for dead,
An' the jury sittin' up in their box overhead ;
An' the judge settled out so detarminded an' big,
With his gown on his back, and an illegant new wig ;
An' silence was called, an' the minute it was said
The court was as still as the heart of the dead,
An' they heard but the openin' of one prison lock,
An' Shamus O'Brien kem into the dock.
For one minute he turned his eye round on the throng,
An' he looked at the bars, so firm and so strong,
An' he saw that he had not a hope nor a friend,
A chance to escape, nor a word to defend ;
An' he folded his arms as he stood there alone,
As calm and as cold as a statue of stone ;
And they read a big writin', a yard long at laste,
An' JIM didn't understand it nor mind it a taste,
An' the judge took a big pinch iv snuff', and he says,
" Are you guilty or not, Jim O'Brien, av you plaze ? "

An' all held their breath in the silence of dhread,
An' Shamus O'Brien made answer and said :
" My lord, if you ask me, if in my life-time
I thought any treason, or did any crime
That should call to my cheek, as I stand alone here,
The hot blush of shame, or the coldness of fear,
Though I stood by the grave to receive my death-blow
Before God and the world I would answer you, no !

But if you would ask me, as I think it like,
If in the rebellion I carried a pike,
An' fought for ould Ireland from the first to the close,
An' shed the heart's blood of her bitterest foes,
I answer you, yes ; and I tell you again,
Though I stand here to perish, it's my glory that then
In her cause I was willing my veins should run dhry,
An' that now for her sake I am ready to die."

Then the silence was great, and the jury smiled bright,
An' the judge wasn't sorry the job was made light ;
By my sowl, it's himself was the crabbed ould chap !
In a twinklin' he pulled on his ugly black cap.
Then Shamus's mother in the crowd standin' by,
Called out to the judge with a pitiful cry :
" O judge ! darlin', don't, Oh, don't say the word !
The crathur is young, have mercy, my lord ;
He was foolish, he didn't know what he was doin' ;
You don't know him, my lord, — Oh, don't give him to ruin !
He's the kindliest crathur, the tendherest hearted ;
Don't part us forever, we that's so long parted.
Judge, mavourneen, forgive him, forgive him, my lord,
An' God will forgive you — Oh, don't say the word !"
That was the first minute that O'Brien was shaken,
When he saw that he was not quite forgot or forsaken ;
An' down his pale cheeks, at the word of his mother,
The big tears wor runnin' fast, one afther th' other ;
An' two or three times he endeavored to speake,
But the sthrong, manly voice used to falther and break ;
But at last, by the strength of his high-mounting pride,
He conquered and masthered his grief's swelling tide,
" An'," says he, " mother, darlin', don't break your poor
heart.
For, sooner or later, the dearest must part ;
An' God knows it's betther than wandering in fear
On the bleak, trackless mountain, among the wild deer,
To lie in the grave, where the head, heart, and breast,
From thought, labor, and sorrow, forever shall rest.

Then, mother, my darlin', don't cry any more,
 Don't make me seem broken, in this, my last hour ;
 For I wish, when my head's lyin' undher the raven,
 No thrue man can say that I died like a craven ! ”
 Then towards the judge Shamus bent down his head,
 An' that minute the solemn death-sentince was said.

The mornin' was bright, an' the mists rose on high,
 An' the lark whistled merrily in the clear sky ;
 But why are the men standin' idle so late ?
 An' why do the crowds gather fast in the street ?
 What come they to talk of ? what come they to see ?
 An' why does the long rope hang from the cross-tree ?
 O, Shamus O'Brien ! pray fervent and fast,
 May the saint's take your soul, for this day is your last ;
 Pray fast an' pray strhong, for the moment is nigh,
 When, strhong, proud, an' great as you are, you must die.
 An' fasther an' fasther, the crowd gathered there,
 Boys, horses, and gingerbread, just like a fair ;
 An' whiskey was sellin' an' cussamuck too,
 An' ould men and young women enjoying the view.
 An' ould Tim Mulvany, he med the remark,
 There wasn't sich a sight since the time of Noah's ark,
 An' be gorry 'twas thrue for him, for divil sich a scruge,
 Sich divarsion and crowds, was known since the deluge,
 For thousands were gathered there, if there was one,
 Waitin' till such time as the hangin' 'id come on.

At last they threw open the big prison-gate,
 An' out came the sheriffs and sodgers in state,
 An' a cart in the middle, an' Shamus was in it,
 Not paler, but prouder than ever, that minute.
 An' as soon as the people saw Shamus O'Brien,
 Wid prayin' and blessin', and all the girls cryin',
 A wild wailin' sound kem on by degrees,
 Like the sound of the loncsome wind blowin' through trees

On, on to the gallows the sheriffs are gone,
An' the cart an' the sodgers go steadily on ;
An' at every side swellin' around of the cart,
A wild sorrowful sound, that id open your heart.
Now under the gallows the cart takes its stand,
An' the hangman gets up with the rope in his hand ;
An' the priest, havin' blest him, goes down on the ground,
An' Shamus O'Brien throws one last look round.
Then the hangman dhrew near, an' the people grew still,
Young faces turned sickly, and warm hearts turn chill ;
An' the rope bein' ready, his neck was made bare,
For the gripe iv the life-strangling cord to prepare ;
An' the good priest has left him, havin' said his last prayer.
But the good priest done more, for his hands he unbound,
And with one daring spring Jim has leaped on the ground ;
Bang ! bang ! goes the carbines, and clash goes the sabres !
He's not down ! he's alive still ! now stand to him neigh-
bors !

Through the smoke and the horses he's into the crowd, —
By the heavens, he's free ! — than thunder more loud,
By one shout from the people the heavens were shaken —
One shout that the dead of the world might awaken.
The sodgers ran this way, the sheriffs ran that,
An' Father Malone lost his new Sunday hat ;
To-night he'll be sleepin' in Aherloe glin,
An' the devil's in the dice if you catch him ag'in.
Your swords they may glitter, your carbines go bang,
But if you want hangin', it's yourself you must hang.

He has mounted his horse, and soon he will be
In America, darlint, the land of the free.

J. S. LEFANN.

THE MARCH OF MIND.

"Look down, immortal Homer, from the skies,
And view another Greece in glory rise."

WRAPPED in the mantle of imagination the traveller stands, in gloomy meditation, amid the ruins of ancient Greece. He looks down the tempestuous tide of time and views the wrecks of ages and of empires. He stands, with indescribable emotions, upon the crumbling fragments of grandeur where the hall of wisdom once stood, and the thunders of eloquence were heard. There, arose the sun of science on Athens' lofty towers; and there, the sidereal orbs of learning illuminated the world.

It was in Greece that the human mind emerged from the night of mental darkness, and severed the galling chain of tyrannical ignorance. Liberty is the daughter of light; she came forth in all her glory in the gardens of Greece. She flourished, and mankind stood astonished at the sublimity of her career. But where now is the glory of Greece? Where now is the land of science and of song? Where now are her brave warriors; her illustrious statesmen; her immortal poets? They have gone down the rapid tide of time, and have ceased to exist but on the scroll of fame. The lamp of learning has been extinguished, and mental darkness rests upon the bosom of her land. Gothic ignorance now dwells upon the ruins of Oriental greatness.

In the march of mind, Rome rose on the ruins of Greece, to wave her sceptre over the subjugated world. There Virgil strung his lyre to sing *Æneas'* fame; and there, Cicero shook the forum with the thunders of his eloquence, and struck terror to the hearts of tyrants. Rome, then, was the mistress of the world, and on her walls waved the flags of all nations. The mighty Hannibal listed his arm against her, but she crushed it; and Carthage, so long victorious, fell before her.

Cæsar then lived; his path was conquest, and dreadful

was the fate of that warrior who dared the vengeance of his arm. But where now is Cæsar? — and where is Cicero? Alas, they have been murdered! And where now is mighty Rome? She has been thrown over the precipice of faction and lost in the whirlpool of anarchy. A barbarian torrent has overrun the blooming gardens of Italy; the Goth and the Vandal have prostrated her glory forever. The brilliant sun of science, that rose on the gardens of Greece, was destined to shine on the ruins of Rome, and then to go down in the night of time to arise in another hemisphere.

In the march of mind, France, plunging into the vortex of a bloody revolution, arrests the attention. Napoleon rose, like a giant from his slumber, and seated himself on the throne of the Bourbons. He pointed the thunder of his artillery at Italy, and she fell before him. He levelled his lightning at Spain and she trembled. He sounded the knell of vengeance on the plains of Austerlitz, and all Europe was at his feet. He was greater than Cæsar; he was greater than Alexander. But where now is the French Emperor? Where now is Napoleon Bonaparte? He has fallen from the throne of the Czars, on which he seated himself in Moscow. The tremendous military drama has closed, and the great tragedian has left the stage forever. His race was short, but it was brilliant — like the bright meteor that flames along the horizon for a moment, and then disappears. The Lion of England triumphed over the fallen Tiger of Corsica, but his fame is immortal.

The march of mind is now advancing on the shores of America. On the ruins of an Indian empire a great republic has arisen to illuminate the world. But where are the aborigines of the western world? A pilgrim bark, deeply freighted from the East, came darkening on their shores. They yielded not their empire tamely, but they could not stand against the sons of light. With slow and solitary steps they took up their mournful march to the West, and yielded, with a broken heart, their native hills to another race. Before the victorious march of mind, they have been

driven from their native haunts, to the margin of the great Pacific.

The great flood of time will roll on until the aborigines are swept from the face of the earth forever. Ere long, not one lone trace of them will remain, save the mausoleum of the warrior, and the page on which his exploits are recorded. The last child of the forest will soon climb his native mountain to view the setting sun of Indian glory. And there shall he bow his knee, the last time, to the sun as he sinks behind his lonely cottage, and worship the Great Spirit of the waters, and the genius of storm and darkness.

Where the council-fires blazed, the tall temple, dedicated to God, now glitters in the setting sun ; and the river, once unrippled but by the Indian canoe, is now white with the sails of commerce. The ploughshare hath passed over the bones of the Red' Man's ancestors, and the golden harvest waves over their tombs. The march of mind hath been to them the march to the grave. When ages shall have rolled away, and some youth shall ask his aged sire where the wig-wam stood, he shall point to some flourishing city on the banks of the stream where once the Indian hunter bathed and viewed his manly limbs.

By wisdom, industry, and valor, the Republic of the United States has arisen to stand against the world. The forest has fallen before her hardy sons ; the yelling savage has been tamed, and the Lion of England driven from her shores. Her government is superior to any in the world, and her country suffers not in comparison with any on the globe. The gardens of America are richly diversified with hills and dales, mountains and valleys, where Spring walks to strew the earth with flowers, romantic and beautifully sublime. Here are beautiful rivers, smoothly gliding through green meadows or pastoral elegance, where the shepherd hums to his fair one the song of liberty. Here, sparkling fountains roll down the flowery mountain side, and spread a thousand rainbows to the setting sun. Here, the roar of the headlong cataract is heard dashing its foaming billows

down the rocks, like the crash of clouds, and stunning the ear with its clamors more tremendous than the roar of whirlwinds and storm.

It was in these scenes of poetry and romance that the Indian hunter once stood and gazed at his image. It was in these scenes that he heard the Great Spirit in the tempest, and saw him in the clouds. It was on the banks of the lonely stream that he bowed down in adoration before the sinking sun. Alas! it was here that he read his doom in the evening skies, and dropped a tear upon his country's tomb. But the council-fire has been extinguished, and the war-dance no longer echoes along the hills. In those beautiful scenes of poetry, the Indian lover no longer bows down and woes his dusky mate. They have retired before the march of mind, as the shades of night before the brilliant luminary of day.

Liberty has walked forth in her sky-blue cap to charm mankind, and the rays of science and philosophy are shed abroad in the land. The day is rapidly approaching when the glory and grandeur of Greece will be revived in the western world; when America, thrice happy America, shall be denominated the land of science and of song! The idea is irresistible, that this land will yet be illuminated by a lamp of learning not inferior to those which shone on Greece and Rome. Another Homer may arise in the West, to sing the fame of his country, and immortalize himself; and our history may ere long be as romantic as that of Greece and Rome.

There is a tide in human affairs, and there is a tide of empire. It flows in rivers of prosperity until it is full; but when it ebbs, it ebbs forever. It would seem to the contemplative mind, as if there is a certain height to which republics shall aspire, and then be hurled into midnight darkness. The march of mind seems to attain a certain extent, and then return again to barbarism. The sun of science sets on one shore to rise in a happier clime. But, my country, ere thou shalt lay prostrate beneath the foot of tyranny and

ignorance, this hand shall have mouldered into dust, and these eyes, which have seen thy glory, closed forever! The warlike sons of Indian glory sleep in their country's tomb, but that fate is not decreed to those who now tread where the wigwam stood and the council-fire blazed. American glory has but just dawned.

JOHN LOFFLAND.

TO A SKYLARK.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit,
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven or near it
 Pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
 From the earth thou springest,
 Like a cloud of fire
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

The pale, purple even
 Melts around thy flight ;
 Like a star of heaven,
 In the broad daylight
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud ;
 As, when night is bare,
 From one lonely cloud
 The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed

What thou art we know not ;
 What is most like thee ?

From rainbow clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see,
 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
 Singing hymns unbidden,
 Till the world is wrought
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine ;
 I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hyménéal,
 Or triumphal chant,
 Matched with thine would be all
 But an empty vaunt,
 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

With thy clear, keen joyance
 Languor cannot be ;
 Shadow of annoyance
 Never came near thee :
 Thou lovest ; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
 Thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep
 Than we mortals dream,
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream ?

We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not ;
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught ;
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell the saddest thought.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground.

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

SHELLEY.

THE DREAM OF CLARENCE.

Brakenbury. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

Clarence. Oh, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian, faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you tell
me.

Clar. Methought, that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy,
And, in my company, my brother Gloster:
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches, thence we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befallen us. As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought, that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.

O Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea:
Some lay in dead men's skulls: and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes,) reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought I had, and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awaked you not with this sore agony?

Clar. O no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
Oh, then began the tempest to my soul!
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.

The first that there did greet my stranger soul
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,
Who cried aloud, — *What scourge for perjury*
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?
And so he vanish'd: Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair,
Dabbl'd in blood: and he shriek'd out aloud, —
Clarence is come, — false, fleeting, perjured Clarence, —
That stabb'd me in the field of Tewksbury; —
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments! —

With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howl'd in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling waked, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell.
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. Oh, Brakenbury, I have done these things,—
That now give evidence against my soul,—
For Edward's sake, and, see, how he requites me;—
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone;
Oh, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children;
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

SHAKESPEARE.

SAM WELLER'S VALENTINE.

“I’VE done now,” said Sam, with slight embarrassment;
“I’ve been a writin’.”

“So I see,” replied Mr. Weller. “Not to any young
’oman, I hope, Sammy.”

“Why, it’s no use a sayin’ it ain’t,” replied Sam. “It’s
a walentine.”

“A what?” exclaimed Mr. Weller, apparently horror-
stricken by the word.

“A walentine,” replied Sam.

“Samivel, Samivel,” said Mr. Weller, in reproachful
accents, “I didn’t think you’d ha’ done it. Arter the warn-
in’ you’ve had o’ your father’s wicious propensities; arter
all I’ve said to you upon this here wery subject; arter acti-
wally seein’ and bein’ in the company o’ your own mother-

in law, vich I should ha' thought was a moral lesson as no man could ever ha' forgotten to his dyin' day! I didn't think you'd ha' done it, Sammy, I didn't think you'd ha' done it." These reflections were too much for the good old man; he raised Sam's tumbler to his lips and drank off the contents.

"Wot's the matter now?" said Sam.

"Nev'r mind, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, "it'll be a wery agonizin' trial to me at my time o' life, but I'm pretty tough, that's vun consolation, as the wery old turkey remarked ven the farmer said he vos afeerd he should be obliged to kill him for the London market."

"Wot'll be a trial?" inquired Sam.

"To see you married, Sammy; to see you a deluded wictim, and thinkin' in your innocence that it's all wery capital," replied Mr. Weller. "It's a dreadful trial to a father's feelin's, that 'ere, Sammy."

"Nonsense," said Sam; "I ain't agoin' to get married, don't you fret yourself about that. I know you're a judge o' these things. Order in your pipe, and I'll read you the letter,—there!"

Sam dipped his pen into the ink to be ready for any corrections, and began with a very theatrical air:

"'Lovely—'"

"Stop," said Mr. Weller, ringing the bell. "A double glass o' the invariable, my dear."

"Very well, sir," replied the girl, who with great quickness appeared, vanished, returned, and *disappeared*.

"They seem to know your ways here," observed Sam.

"Yes," replied his father, "I've been here before, in my time. Go on, Sammy."

"'Lovely creetur,'" repeated Sam.

"'Tain't in poetry, is it?" interposed the father.

"No, no," replied Sam.

"Wery glad to hear it," said Mr. Weller. "Poetry's unnat'ral. No man ever talked in poetry 'cept a beadle on boxin' day, or Warren's blackin' or Rowland's oil, or some

o' them low fellows. Never you let yourself down to talk poetry, my boy. Begin again, Sammy."

Mr. Weller resumed his pipe with critical solemnity, and Sam once more commenced, and read as follows:

" 'Lovely creetur' i feel myself a damned —'"

"That ain't proper," said Mr. Weller, taking his pipe from his mouth.

"No: it ain't damned," observed Sam, holding the letter up to the light, "it's 'shamed,' there's a blot there; 'i feel myself ashamed.'

"Very good," said Mr. Weller. "Go on."

"Feel myself ashamed, and completely cir—' I forget wot this 'ere word is," said Sam, scratching his head with the pen, in vain attempts to remember.

"Why don't you look at it, then?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"So I *am* a lookin' at it," replied Sam, "but there's another blot: here's a *c*, and a *i*, and a *d*."

"Circumwented, p'rhaps," suggested Mr. Weller.

"No, it ain't that," said Sam: "'circumscribed,' that's it."

"That ain't as good a word as circumwented, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, gravely.

"Think not?" said Sam.

"Nothin' like it," replied his father.

"But don't you think it means more?" inquired Sam.

"Vell, p'rhaps it's a more tenderer word," said Mr. Weller, after a few moments' reflection. "Go on, Sammy."

"Feel myself ashamed and completely circumscribed in a dressin' of you, for you *are* a nice gal and nothin' but it."

"That's a very pretty sentiment," said the elder Mr. Weller, removing his pipe to make way for the remark.

"Yes, I think it's rayther good," observed Sam, highly flattered.

"Wot I like in that 'ere style of writin'," said the elder Mr. Weller, "is, that there ain't no callin' names in it,—no Wenuses, nor nothin' o' that kind; wot's the good o' callin' a young 'ooman a Venus or a angel, Sammy?"

"Ah! what indeed?" replied Sam.

"You might just as well call her a griffin, or a unicorn, or a king's arms at once, which is very well known to be a collection o' fabulous animals," added Mr. Weller.

"Just as well," replied Sam.

"Drive on, Sammy," said Mr. Weller.

Sam complied with the request, and proceeded as follows; his father continuing to smoke with a mixed expression of wisdom and complacency, which was particularly edifying:

"'Afore i see you i thought all women was alike.'"

"So they are," observed the elder Mr. Weller, parenthetically.

"'But now,'" continued Sam, "'now i find what a regular soft-headed, ink-red'lous turnip i must ha' been, for there ain't nobody like you, though *i* like you better than nothin' at all.' I thought it best to make that rayther strong," said Sam, looking up.

Mr. Weller nodded approvingly, and Sam resumed.

"'So i take the privilidge of the day, Mary, my dear,—as the gen'lem'n in difficulties did, ven he walked out of a Sunday,—to tell you that the first and only time i see you your likeness wos took on my hart in much quicker time and brighter colors than ever a likeness wos taken by the profeel macheen (wich p'rhaps' you may have heerd on Mary my dear), altho' it *does* finish a portrait and put the frame and glass on complete with a hook at the end to hang it up by, and all in two minutes and a quarter.'"

"I am afeerd that werges on the poetical, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, dubiously.

"No it don't," replied Sam, reading on very quickly to avoid contesting the point.

"'Except of me Mary my dear as your walentine, and think over what I've said. My dear Mary I will now conclude.' That's all," said Sam.

"That's rayther a sudden pull up, ain't it, Sammy?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"Not a bit on it," said Sam: she'll vish there wos more, and that's the great art o' letter-writin'."

"Well," said Mr. Weller, "there's somethin' in that; and I wish your mother-in-law 'ud only conduct her conver-sation on the same gen-teel principle. Ain't you agoin' to sign it?"

"That's the difficulty," said Sam; "I don't know what to sign it."

"Sign it — Veller," said the oldest surviving proprietor of that name.

"Won't do," said Sam. "Never sign a walentine with your own name."

"Sign it Pickwick, then," said Mr. Weller; "it's a wery good name, and a easy one to spell."

"The wery thing," said Sam. "I *could* end with a werce: what do you think?"

"I don't like it, Sam," rejoined Mr. Weller. "I never know'd a respectable coachman as wrote poetry, 'cept one as made an affectin' copy o' wersed the night afore he wos hung for a highway robbery, and *he* wos only a Cambervell man, so even that's no rule."

But Sam was not to be dissuaded from the poetical idea that had occurred to him, so he signed the letter —

"Your love-sick
Pickwick."

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE BATTLE OF IVRY.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are !
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre !
Now let there be the merry sound of music and the dance,
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vales, O pleasant
land of France !

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the
waters,

Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daugh-
ters ;

As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold and stiff and still are they who wrought thy walls
annoy.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! a single field hath turned the chance of
war.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! for Ivry and King Henry of Navarre !
Oh, how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array ;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish
spears !

There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our
land !

And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his
hand ;

And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled
flood,

And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood ;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of
war,

To fight for His own holy Name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King has come to marshal us, in all his armor drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant
crest.

He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye ;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and
high.

Right graciously, he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to
wing,

Down all our line, in deafening shout, "God save our lord,
the King ! "

"And if my standard-bearer fall,—as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,—
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amid the ranks
of war,

And be your oriflamme, to-day, the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah ! the foes are moving ! Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring
culverin !

The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies now,— upon them with the
lance !

A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in
rest,

A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white
crest,

And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding
star,

Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours ! Mayenne hath
turned his rein,

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter—the Flemish Count is
slain :

Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay
gale ;

The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and
cloven mail.

And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,
“ Remember St. Bartholomew ! ” was passed from man to
man ;

But out spake gentle Henry, then,—“ No Frenchman is my
foe ;

Down, down with every foreigner ! but let your brethren
go.”

Oh, was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre ?

Ho ! maidens of Vienna ! Ho ! matrons of Lucerne !

Weep, weep and rend your hair for those who never shall
return !

Ho ! Philip, send for charity thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spear-
men's souls.

Ho ! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be
bright !

Ho ! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-
night !

For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised
the slave,

And mocked the counsel of the wise and the valor of the
brave.

Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are !
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre !

T. B. MACAULAY.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

ABOU BEN ADHEM — may his tribe increase —
Awoke one night from a sweet dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
“ What writest thou ? ” The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered, “ The names of those who love the Lord.”
“ And is mine one ? ” said Abou. “ Nay, not so,”
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still ; and said, “ I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.”

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest ;
And lo ! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT.

SPEECH ON THE AMERICAN WAR.

I CANNOT, my lords, I will not, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment. It is not a time for adulation. The smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the illusion and the darkness which envelop it, and display, in its full danger and genuine colors, the ruin which is brought to our doors.

Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can Parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty, as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them! Measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to ruin and contempt! But yesterday, and England might have stood against the world; now, none so poor as to do her reverence.

The people whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against us; supplied with every military store, their interest consulted and their ambassadors entertained by our inveterate enemy! — and ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honors the English troops than I do; I know their virtues and their valor; I know they can achieve anything but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America *is an impossibility.*

You cannot, my lords, *you cannot conquer America.* What is your present situation there? We do not know the *worst*; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot: your attempts will be

forever vain and impotent—doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—*never, never, never!*

But, my lords, who is the man that, in addition to the disgrace and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the *tomahawk* and *scalping-knife* of the savage?—to call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman inhabitants of the woods?—to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment.

But, my lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality; “for it is perfectly allowable,” says Lord Suffolk, “to use all the means which God and Nature have put into our hands.” I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed; to hear them avowed in this House, or in this country!

My lords, I did not intend to encroach so much upon your attention, but I cannot repress my indignation. I feel myself impelled to speak. My lords, we are called upon as members of this House, as men, as Christian men, to protest against such horrible barbarity. “That God and Nature have put into our hands!” What ideas of God and Nature that noble lord may entertain, I know not; but I know that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity.

What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and Nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife!—to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such notions shock

every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honor. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation.

I call upon that right reverend, and this most learned bench, to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn ; — upon the judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honor of your lordships to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country to vindicate the national character.

LORD CHATHAM.

RICHELIEU'S VINDICATION.

My liege, your anger can recall your trust,
Annul my office, spoil me of my lands,
Rifle my coffers ; but my name, my deeds,
Are royal in a land beyond your sceptre.
Pass sentence on me, if you will ; — from kings
Lo, I appeal to Time ! Be just, my liege.
I found your kingdom rent with heresies,
And bristling with rebellion ; — lawless nobles
And breadless serfs ; England fomenting discord ;
Austria, her clutch on your dominion ; Spain
Forging the prodigal gold of either Ind
To armed thunderbolts. The Arts lay dead ;
Trade rotted in your marts ; your armies mutinous,
Your treasury bankrupt. Would you now revoke
Your trust, so be it ! and I leave you, sole,
Supremest Monarch of the mightiest realm,
From Ganges to the icebergs. Look without, —
No foe not humbled ! Look within, — the Arts

Quit, for our schools, their old Hesperides,
 The golden Italy ! while throughout the veins
 Of your vast empire flows in strengthening tides
 Trade, the calm health of Nations ! Sire, I know
 That men have called me cruel ; —
 I am not ; — I am *just!* I found France rent asunder,
 The rich men despots, and the poor banditti ;
 Sloth in the mart, and schism within the temple ;
 Brawls festering to rebellion ; and weak laws
 Rotting away with rust in antique sheaths.
 I have re-created France ; and, from the ashes
 Of the old feudal and decrepit carcass,
 Civilization, on her luminous wings,
 Soars, phœnix-like, to Jove ! What was my art ? —
 Genius, some say ; — some, Fortune ; Witchcraft, some.
 Not so ; — my art was Justice. /

BULWER.

THE IRISH-DISTURBANCE BILL.

I DO not rise to fawn or cringe to this house. I do not rise to supplicate you to be merciful towards the nation to which I belong, — towards a nation which, though subject to England, yet is distinct from it. It is a distinct nation ; it has been treated as such by this country, as may be proved by history, and by seven hundred years of tyranny.

I call upon this house, as you value the liberty of England, not to allow the present nefarious bill to pass. In it are involved the liberties of England, the liberty of the press, and of every other institution dear to Englishmen.

Against the bill I protest in the name of this Irish people, and in the face of Heaven. I treat with scorn the puny and pitiful assertions that grievances are not to be complained of, that our redress is not to be agitated ! for, in such cases, remonstrances cannot be too strong, agitation

cannot be too violent, to show to the world with what injustice our fair claims are met, and under what tyranny the people suffer.

There are two frightful clauses in this bill. — The one which does away with trial by jury, and which I have called upon you to baptize: you call it a court-martial,—a mere nickname; I stigmatize it as a revolutionary tribunal. What, in the name of Heaven, is it, if it is not a revolutionary tribunal?

It annihilates the trial by jury; it drives the judge from his bench,—the man who, from experience, could weigh the nice and delicate points of a case; who could discriminate between the straightforward testimony and the suborned evidence; who could see, plainly and readily, the justice or injustice of the accusation.

It turns out this man who is free, unshackled, unprejudiced; who has no previous opinions to control the clear exercise of his duty. You do away with that which is more sacred than the throne itself,—that for which your king reigns, your lords deliberate, your commons assemble.

If ever I doubted before of the success of our agitation for repeal, this bill, this infamous bill, the way in which it has been received by the house, the manner in which its opponents have been treated, the personalities to which they have been subjected, the yells with which one of them has this night been greeted,—all these things dissipate my doubts, and tell me of its complete and early triumph.

Do you think those yells will be forgotten? Do you suppose their echo will not reach the plains of my injured and insulted country; that they will not be whispered in her green valleys, and heard from her lofty hills?

Oh, they will be heard there! Yes; and they will not be forgotten. The youth of Ireland will bound with indignation: they will say, “We are eight millions; and you treat us thus, as though we were no more to your country than the isle of Guernsey or of Jersey!”

I have done my duty; I stand acquitted to my con-

science and my country; I have opposed this measure throughout; and I now protest against it as harsh, oppressive, uncalled for, unjust,—as establishing an infamous precedent by retaliating crime against crime,—as tyrannous, cruelly and vindictively tyrannous.

DANIEL O'CONNELL

SCENE FROM THE RIVALS.

Captain Absolute. Sir, I am delighted to see you here, and looking so well! Your sudden arrival at Bath made me apprehensive for your health.

Sir Anthony. Very apprehensive, I dare say, Jack. What, you are recruiting here, hey?

Capt. A. Yes, sir; I am on duty.

Sir A. Well, Jack, I am glad to see you, though I did not expect it; for I was going to write to you on a little matter of business. Jack, I have been considering that I grow old and infirm, and shall probably not trouble you long.

Capt. A. Pardon me, sir, I never saw you look more strong and hearty; and I pray fervently that you may continue so.

Sir. A. I hope your prayers may be heard, with all my heart. Well, then, Jack, I have been considering that I am so strong and hearty, I may continue to plague you a long time. Now, Jack, I am sensible that the income of your commission, and what I have hitherto allowed you, is but a small pittance for a lad of your spirit.

Capt. A. Sir, you are very good.

Sir A. And it is my wish, while yet I live, to have my boy make some figure in the world. I have resolved, therefore, to fix you at once in a noble independence.

Capt. A. Sir, your kindness overpowers me. Such generosity makes the gratitude of reason more lively than the sensations even of filial affection.

Sir A. I am glad you are so sensible of my attention ; and you shall be master of a large estate in a few weeks.

Capt. A. Let my future life, sir, speak my gratitude. I cannot express the sense I have of your munificence. Yet, sir, I presume you would not wish me to quit the army.

Sir A. Oh, that shall be as your wife chooses.

Capt. A. My wife, sir !

Sir A. Ay, ay, settle that between you — settle that between you.

Capt. A. A wife, sir, did you say ?

Sir A. Ay, a wife — why, did not I mention her before ?

Capt. A. Not a word of her, sir.

Sir A. Upon my word, I mustn't forget *her*, though ! Yes, Jack, the independence I was talking of is by a marriage, — the fortune is saddled with a wife ; but I suppose that makes no difference ?

Capt. A. Sir, sir, you amaze me !

Sir A. What's the matter ? Just now you were all gratitude and duty.

Capt. A. I was, sir ; you talked to me of independence and a fortune, but not one word of a wife.

Sir A. Why, what difference does that make ? Sir, if you have the estate, you must take it with the live stock on it, as it stands.

Capt. A. If my happiness is to be the price, I must beg leave to decline the purchase. Pray, sir, who is the lady ?

Sir A. What's that to you, sir ? Come, give me your promise to love, and to marry her directly.

Capt. A. Sure, sir, that's not very reasonable, to summon my affections for a lady I know nothing of !

Sir A. I am sure, sir, 'tis more unreasonable in you to object to a lady you know nothing of.

Capt. A. You must excuse me, sir, if I tell you, once for all, that on this point I cannot obey you.

Sir A. Hark you, Jack ! I have heard you for some time with patience ; I have been cool — quite cool ; but take

care ; you know I am compliance itself, when I am not thwarted ; no one more easily led — when I have my own way ; but don't put me in a frenzy.

Capt. A. Sir, I must repeat it ; in this I cannot obey you.

Sir A. Now, shoot me, if ever I call you Jack again while I live !

Capt. A. Nay, sir, but hear me.

Sir A. Sir, I won't hear a word — not a word ! — not one word ! So, give me your promise by a nod ; and I'll tell you what, Jack, — I mean, you dog, — if you don't —

Capt. A. What, sir, promise to link myself to some mass of ugliness ; to —

Sir A. Sir, the lady shall be as ugly as I choose ; she shall have a hump on each shoulder ; she shall be as crooked as the crescent ; her one eye shall roll like the bull's in Cox's mu-se-um ; she shall have a skin like a mummy, and the beard of a Jew ; — she shall be all this, sir ! yet I'll make you ogle her all day, and sit up all night to write sonnets on her beauty !

Capt. A. This is reason and moderation, indeed !

Sir A. None of your sneering, puppy ! — no grinning, jackanapes !

Capt. A. Indeed, sir, I never was in a worse humor for mirth in my life.

Sir A. 'Tis false, sir ! I know you are laughing in your sleeve : I know you'll grin when I am gone, sir !

Capt. A. Sir, I hope I know my duty better.

Sir A. None of your passion, sir ! none of your violence, if you please ! It won't do with me, I promise you.

Capt. A. Indeed, sir, I never was cooler in my life.

Sir A. I know you are in a passion in your heart ; I know you are, you hypocritical young dog ! But it won't do !

Capt. A. Nay, sir, upon my word —

Sir A. So, you will fly out ? Can't you be cool, like me ? What good can passion do ? Passion is of no service,

the temple of religion, rear high their lofty fronts ; a forest of masts, gay with varied pennons, rises from the harbor ; representatives of far-off regions make it their resort ; Science enlists the elements of earth and heaven in its service ; Art, awakening, clothes its strength with beauty ; Civilization smiles ; Liberty is glad ; Humanity rejoices ; Piety exults ; for the voice of Industry and Gladness is heard on every side.

Working-men, walk worthy of your vocation ! You have a noble escutcheon ; disgrace it not. There is nothing really mean and low but sin. Stoop not from your lofty throne to defile yourselves by contamination with intemperance, licentiousness, or any form of evil. Labor, allied with virtue, may look up to Heaven and not blush, while all worldly dignities, prostituted to vice, will leave their owner without a corner of the universe in which to hide his shame. You will most successfully prove the honor of toil by illustrating in your own persons its alliance with a sober, righteous, and godly life. Be ye sure of this, that the man of toil, who works in a spirit of obedient, loving homage to God, does no less than cherubim and seraphim in their loftiest flights and holiest songs.

NEWMAN HALL.

THE BROOK.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges ;
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river ;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake,
Upon me, as I travel,
With many a silvery water-break
Above the golden gravel.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers,
I move the sweet foget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows ;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses,
I linger by my shingly bars,
I loiter round my cresses.

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THANATOPSIS.

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice,—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements;
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain

Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone — nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world,—with kings,
The powerful of the earth,—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun ; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between ;
The venerable woods ; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green ; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man ! The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings — yet the dead are there !
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep — the dead reign there alone !
So shalt thou rest ; and what if thou shalt fall
Unnoticed by the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure ? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom ; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come

And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The bowed with age, the infant in the smiles
And beauty of its innocent age cut off—
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes, to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon ; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

BRYANT.

VOICES OF THE DEAD.

WE die, but leave an influence behind us that survives. The echoes of our words are evermore repeated, and reflected along the ages. It is what man was that lives and acts after him. What he said sounds along the years like voices amid the mountain gorges ; and what he did is repeated after him in ever-multiplying and never-ceasing reverberations. Every man has left behind him influences, for good or for evil, that will never exhaust themselves. The sphere in which he acts may be small, or it may be great. It may be his fireside, or it may be a kingdom ; a village, or a great nation ; it may be a parish, or broad Europe ; but act he does, ceaselessly and forever. His friends, his family, his successors in office, his relatives are all receptive of an influence, a moral influence which he

has transmitted and bequeathed to mankind ; either a blessing, which will repeat itself in showers of benedictions, or a curse, which will multiply itself in ever accumulating evil.

Every man is a missionary, now and forever, for good or for evil, whether he intends and designs it, or not. He may be a blot, radiating his dark influence outward, to the very circumference of society, or he may be a blessing, spreading benedictions over the length and breadth of the world ; but a blank he cannot be. The seed sown in life springs up in harvests of blessings, or harvests of sorrow. Whether our influence be great or small, whether it be good or evil, it lasts, it lives somewhere, within some limit, and is operative wherever it is. The grave buries the dead dust, but the character walks the world, and distributes itself, as a benediction or a curse, among the families of mankind.

The sun sets beyond the western hills, but the trail of light he leaves behind him guides the pilgrim to his distant home. The tree falls in the forest ; but in the lapse of ages it is turned into coal, and our fires burn now the brighter, because it grew and fell. The coral insect dies, but the reef it raised breaks the surge on the shores of great continents, or has formed an isle in the bosom of the ocean, to wave with harvests for the good of man. We live and we die ; but the good or evil that we do lives after us, and is not "buried with our bones."

The babe that perished on the bosom of its mother, like a flower that bowed its head and drooped amid the death-frosts of time, — that babe, not only in its image, but in its influence, still lives and speaks in the chambers of the mother's heart.

The friend with whom we took sweet counsel is removed visibly from the outward eye ; but the lessons that he taught, the grand sentiments that he uttered, the holy deeds of generosity by which he was characterized, the moral lineaments and likeness of the man, still survive, and appear in the silence of eventide, and on the tablets of memory, and in

the light of morn, and noon, and dewy eve; and, being dead, he yet speaks eloquently, and in the midst of us.

Mahomet still lives in his practical and disastrous influence in the East. Napoleon still is France, and France is almost Napoleon. Martin Luther's dead dust sleeps at Wittenburg, but Martin Luther's accents still ring through the churches of Christendom. Shakespeare, Byron, and Milton, all live in their influence, for good or evil. The apostle from his chair, the minister from his pulpit, the martyr from his flame-shroud, the statesman from his cabinet, the soldier in the field, the sailor on the deck, who all have passed away to their graves, still live in the practical deeds that they did, in the lives they lived, and in the powerful lessons that they left behind them.

“None of us liveth to himself;” others are affected by that life; “or dieth to himself;” others are interested in that death. Our queen's crown may moulder, but she who wore it will act upon the ages which are yet to come. The noble's coronet may be reft in pieces, but the wearer of it is now doing what will be reflected by thousands who will be made and moulded by him. Dignity, and rank, and riches, are all corruptible and worthless; but moral character has an immortality that no sword-point can destroy; that ever walks the world and leaves lasting influences behind.

What we do is transacted on a stage of which all in the universe are spectators. What we say is transmitted in echoes that will never cease. What we are is influencing and acting on the rest of mankind. Neutral we cannot be. Living we act, and dead we speak; and the whole universe is the mighty company forever looking, forever listening, and all nature the tablets forever recording the words, the deeds, the thoughts, the passions, of mankind!

Monuments, and columns, and statues, erected to heroes, poets, orators, statesmen, are all influences that extend into the future ages. “The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle” still speaks. “The Mantuan bard still sings in every school. Shakespeare, the bard of Avon, is still translated

into every tongue. The philosophy of the Stagyrite is still felt in every academy. Whether these influences are beneficent or the reverse, they are influences fraught with power. How blest must be the recollection of those who, like the setting sun, have left a trail of light behind them by which others may see the way to that rest which remaineth with the people of God!

It is only the pure fountain that brings forth pure water. The good tree only will produce the good fruit. If the centre from which all proceeds is pure and holy, the radii of influence from it will be pure and holy also. Go forth, then, into the spheres that you occupy, the employments, the trades, the professions of social life; go forth into the high places or into the lowly places of the land; mix with the roaring cataracts of social convulsions, or mingle amid the eddies and streamlets of quiet and domestic life; whatever sphere you fill, carrying into it a holy heart, you will radiate around you life and power, and leave behind you holy and beneficent influences.

CUMMING.

AGAINST WHIPPING IN THE NAVY.

THERE is one broad proposition, Senators, upon which I stand. It is this,— that an American sailor is an American citizen, and that no American citizen shall, with my consent, be subjected to the infamous punishment of the lash. Placing myself upon this proposition, I am prepared for any consequences.

I love the navy. When I speak of the navy, I mean the sailor as well as the officer. They are all my fellow-citizens and yours; and come what may, my voice will ever be raised against a punishment which degrades my countrymen to the level of a brute, and destroys all that is worth living for,— personal honor and self-respect.

In many a bloody conflict has the superiority of Amer-

ican sailors decided the battle in our favor. I desire to secure and preserve that superiority. But can nobleness of sentiment or honorable pride of character dwell with one whose every muscle has been made to quiver under the lash? Can he long continue to love a country whose laws crush out all the dignity of manhood and rouse all the exasperation of hate in his breast?

Look to your history, — that part of it which the world knows by heart, — and you will find on its brightest page the glorious achievements of the American sailor. Whatever his country has done to disgrace him and break his spirits, he has never disgraced her. Man for man, he asks no odds, and he cares for no odds, when the cause of humanity or the glory of his country calls him to the fight.

Who, in the darkest days of our Revolution, carried your flag into the very chops of the British Channel, bearded the lion in his den, and awoke the echo of old Albion's hills by the thunder of his cannon, and the shouts of his triumph? It was the American sailor; and the names of John Paul Jones and the Bon Homme Richard will go down the annals of time forever.

Who struck the first blow that humbled the Barbary flag, — which, for a hundred years, had been the terror of Christendom, — drove it from the Mediterranean, and put an end to the infamous tribute it had been accustomed to exact? It was the American sailor; and the names of Decatur and his gallant companions will be as lasting as monumental brass.

In your war of 1812, when your arms on shore were covered by disaster, — when Winchester had been defeated, when the army of the Northwest had surrendered, and when the gloom of despondency hung like a cloud over the land, — who first relit the fires of national glory, and made the welkin ring with the shouts of victory? It was the American sailor; and the names of Hull and the Constitution will be remembered as long as we have a country to love.

That one event was worth more to the Republic than

all the money which has ever been expended for a navy. Since that day, the navy has had no stain upon its national escutcheon, but has been cherished as your pride and glory; and the American sailor has established a reputation throughout the world, in peace and in war, in storm and in battle, for a heroism and prowess unsurpassed.

The great climax of Cicero in his speech against Verres is, that, though a Roman citizen, his client had been scourged. Will this more than Roman Senate long debate whether an American citizen, sailor though he be, shall be robbed of his rights? whether, freeman as he is, he shall be scourged like a slave?

Shall an American citizen be scourged? Forbid it, Heaven! Humanity forbid it! For myself, I would rather see the navy abolished, and the stars and the stripes buried, with their glory, in the depths of the ocean, than that those who won for it all its renown should be subjected to a punishment so brutal, to an ignominy so undeservd.

COMMODORE STOCKTON.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT, AN' A' THAT.

Is there, for honest poverty,
 That hangs his head, an' a' that?
 The coward slave we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that!
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Our toil 's obscure, an' a' that;
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man 's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hoddin gray, an' a' that;
 Gi'e fools their silks, an' knaves their wine,
 A man 's a man for a' that;

For a' that, an' a' that,
 Their tinsel show, an' a' that ;
 The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that ;
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that :
 For a' that, an' a' that ;
 His riband, star, an' a' that ;
 The man of independent mind,
 He looks an' laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak' a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, an' a' that ;
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Gude faith he mauna fa' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Their dignities, an' a' that ;
 The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that,
 That sense an' worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree, an' a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that,
 That man to man, the warld o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

BURNS.

THE TRUE USE OF WEALTH.

THERE is a saying, which is in all good men's mouths, namely, that they are stewards or ministers of whatever talents are entrusted to them. Only, is it not a strange thing that while we more or less accept the meaning of that saying, so long as it is considered metaphorical, we never accept its meaning in its own terms? You know the lesson is given us under the form of a story about money. Money was given to the servants to make use of: the unprofitable servant dug in the earth, and hid his Lord's money. Well, we in our poetical and spiritual application of this, say that of course money doesn't mean money — it means wit, it means intellect, it means influence in high quarters, it means everything in the world except itself.

And do you not see what a pretty and pleasant come-off there is for most of us in this spiritual application? Of course, if we had wit, we would use it for the good of our fellow-creatures; but we haven't wit. Of course, if we had influence with the bishops, we would use it for the good of the church; but we haven't any influence with the bishops. Of course, if we had political power, we would use it for the good of the nation; but we have no political power; we have no talents entrusted to *us* of any sort or kind. It is true we have a little money, but the parable can't possibly mean anything so vulgar as money; our money's our own.

I believe, if you think seriously of this matter, you will feel that the first and most literal application is just as necessary a one as any other — that the story does very specially mean what it says — plain money; and that the reason we don't at once believe it does so, is a sort of tacit idea that while thought, wit, and intellect, and all power of birth and position, are indeed given to us, and, therefore, to be laid out for the Giver, — our wealth has not been given to us; but we have worked for it, and have a right to spend it as

we choose. I think you will find that is the real substance of our understanding in this matter. Beauty, we say, is given by God — it is a talent; strength is given by God — it is a talent; but money is proper wages for our day's work — it is not a talent, it is a due. We may justly spend it on ourselves, if we have worked for it.

And there would be some shadow of excuse for this, were it not that the very power of making the money is itself only one of the applications of that intellect or strength which we confess to be talents. Why is one man richer than another? Because he is more industrious, more persevering, and more sagacious. Well, who made him more persevering and more sagacious than others? That power of endurance, that quickness of apprehension, that calmness of judgment, which enable him to seize opportunities that others lose, and persist in the lines of conduct in which others fail — are these not talents? — are they not, in the present state of the world, among the most distinguished and influential of mental gifts?

And is it not wonderful, that while we should be utterly ashamed to use a superiority of body in order to thrust our weaker companions aside from some place of advantage, we unhesitatingly use our superiorities of mind to thrust them back from whatever good that strength of mind can attain? You would be indignant if you saw a strong man walk into a theatre or a lecture-room, and, calmly choosing the best place, take his feeble neighbor by the shoulder, and turn him out of it into the back seats or the street. You would be equally indignant if you saw a stout fellow thrust himself up to a table where some hungry children are being fed, and reach his arm over their heads and take their bread from them.

But you are not the least indignant if when a man has stoutness of thought and swiftness of capacity, and, instead of being long-armed only, has the much greater gift of being long-headed — you think it perfectly just that he should use his intellect to take the bread out of the mouths

of all the other men in the town who are in the same trade with him ; or use his breadth and sweep of sight to gather some branch of the commerce of the country into one great cobweb, of which he is himself the central spider, making every thread vibrate with the points of his claws, and commanding every avenue with the facets of his eyes. You see no injustice in this.

But there is injustice ; and, let us trust, one of which honorable men will, at no very distant period, disdain to be guilty. In some degree, however, it is indeed not unjust ; in some degree it is necessary and intended. It is assuredly just that idleness should be surpassed by energy ; that the widest influence should be possessed by those who are best able to wield it ; and that a wise man, at the end of his career, should be better off than a fool. But for that reason, is the fool to be wretched, utterly crushed down, and left in all the suffering which his conduct and capacity naturally inflict ? Not so.

What do you suppose fools were made for ? That you might tread upon them, and starve them, and get the better of them in every possible way ? By no means. They were made that wise people might take care of them. That is the true and plain fact concerning the relations of every strong and wise man to the world about him. He has his strength given him, not that he may crush the weak, but that he may support and guide them. In his own household he is to be the guide and support of his children ; out of his household he is still to be the father, that is, the guide and support, of the weak and the poor ; not merely of the meritoriously weak and the innocently poor, but of the guiltily and punishable poor ; of the men who ought to have known better — of the poor who ought to be ashamed of themselves.

It is nothing to give pension and cottage to the widow who has lost her son ; it is nothing to give food and medicine to the workman who has broken his arm, or the decrepit woman wasting in sickness. But it is something to use your time and strength in war with the waywardness

and thoughtlessness of mankind ; to keep the erring workman in your service till you have made him an unerring one ; and to direct your fellow-merchant to the opportunity which his dulness would have lost.

This is much ; but it is yet more, when you have fully achieved the superiority which is due to you, and acquired the wealth which is the fitting reward of your sagacity, if you solemnly accept the responsibility of it, as it is the helm and guide of labor far and near. For you who have it in your hands, are in reality the pilots of the power and effort of the State. It is entrusted to you as an authority to be used for good or evil, just as completely as kingly authority was ever given to a prince, or military command to a captain. And according to the quantity of it you have in your hands, you are arbiters of the will and work of the nation ; and the whole issue, whether the work of the State shall suffice for the State or not, depends upon you.

You may stretch out your sceptre over the heads of the laborers, and say to them, as they stoop to its waving, "Subdue this obstacle that has baffled our fathers ; put away this plague that consumes our children ; water these dry places, plough these desert ones, carry this food to those who are in hunger ; carry this light to those who are in darkness ; carry this life to those who are in death ;" or on the other side you may say : "Here am I ; this power is in my hand ; come, build a mound here for me to be throned upon, high and wide ; come, make crowns for my head, that men may see them shine from far away ; come, weave tapestries for my feet, that I may tread softly on the silk and purple ; come, dance before me, that I may be gay ; and sing sweetly to me, that I may slumber ; so shall I live in joy, and die in honor." And better than such an honorable death it were, that the day had perished wherein we were born.

I trust that in a little while there will be few of our rich men who, through carelessness or covetousness, thus forfeit the glorious office which is intended for their hands.

I said, just now, that wealth, ill-used, was as the net of the spider, entangling and destroying ; but wealth, well-used, is as the net of the sacred Fisher who gathers souls of men out of the deep. A time will come—I do not think it is far from us—when this golden net of the world's wealth will be spread abroad as the flaming meshes of morning cloud over the sky ; bearing with them the joy of light and the dew of the morning, as well as the summons to honorable and peaceful toil.

JOHN RUSKIN.

HAMLET'S INSTRUCTION TO THE PLAYERS.

SPEAK the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you,—trippingly on the tongue ; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spake my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand thus, but use all gently ; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. Oh ! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters,—to very rags,—to split the ears of the groundlings ; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb show and noise. I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant : it out-herods Herod. Pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word ; the word to the action ; with this special observance—that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature : for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing ; whose end, both at the first and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature ;—to show virtue her own feature ; scorn her own image ; and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure.

Now this, overdone or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. Oh! there be players, that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, or man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well,—they imitated humanity so abominably!

SHAKESPEARE.

JOHN BURNS OF GETTYSBURG.

HAVE you heard the story the gossips tell
Of John Burns of Gettysburg?— No? Ah, well!
Brief is the glory that hero earns,
Briefer the story of poor John Burns;
He was the fellow who won renown—
The only man who didn't back down
When the rebels rode through his native town;
But held his own in the fight next day,
When all his townsfolk ran away.
That was in July, sixty-three,—
The very day that General Lee,
The flower of Southern chivalry,
Baffled and beaten, backward reeled
From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.

I might tell how, but the day before,
John Burns stood at his cottage-door,
Looking down the village street,
Where, in the shade of his peaceful vine,
He heard the low of his gathered kine,
And felt their breath with incense sweet;

Or, I might say, when the sunset burned
The old farm gable, he thought it turned
The milk that fell in a babbling flood
Into the milk-pail, red as blood ;
Or, how he fancied the hum of bees
Were bullets buzzing among the trees.

But all such fanciful thoughts as these
Were strange to a practical man like Burns,
Who minded only his own concerns,
Troubled no more by fancies fine
Than one of his calm-eyed, long-tailed kine —
Quite old-fashioned, and matter-of-fact,
Slow to argue, but quick to act.
That was the reason, as some folks say,
He fought so well on that terrible day.

And it was terrible. On the right
Raged for hours the heavy fight,
Thundered the battery's double bass —
Difficult music for men to face ;
While on the left — where now the graves
Undulate like the living waves
That all the day unceasing swept
Up to the pits the rebels kept —
Round shot ploughed the upland glades,
Sown with bullets, reaped with blades ;
Shattered fences here and there,
Tossed their splinters in the air ;
The very trees were stripped and bare ;
The barns that once held yellow grain
Were heaped with harvests of the slain ;
The cattle bellowed on the plain,
The turkeys screamed with might and main,
And brooding barn-fowl left their rest
With strange shells bursting in each nest.

Just where the tide of battle turns,
Erect and lonely, stood old John Burns.
How do you think the man was dressed?
He wore an ancient, long buff vest,
Yellow as saffron — but his best ;
And, buttoned over his manly breast
Was a bright blue coat with a rolling collar,
And large gilt buttons — size of a dollar —
With tails that country-folk called “swaller.”
He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat,
White as the locks on which it sat.
Never had such a sight been seen
For forty years on the village green,
Since John Burns was a country beau,
And went to the “quilting” long ago.

Close at his elbows, all that day,
Veterans of the Peninsula,
Sunburnt and bearded, charged away,
And striplings, downy of lip and chin, —
Clerks that the Home Guard mustered in, —
Glanced, as they passed, at the hat he wore,
Then at the rifle his right hand bore ;
And hailed him from out their youthful lore,
With scraps of a slangy *repertoire* :
“ How are you, White Hat ? ” “ Put her through ! ”
“ Your head’s level ! ” and, “ Bully for you ! ”
Called him “ Daddy,” — and begged he’d disclose
The name of the tailor who made his clothes,
And what was the value he set on those ;
While Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff,
Stood there picking the rebels off —
With his long, brown rifle and bell-crown hat,
And the swallow-tails they were laughing at.

’Twas but a moment, for that respect
Which clothes all courage their voices checked ;

And something the wildest could understand
 Spake in the old man's strong right hand,
 And his corded throat, and the lurking frown
 Of his eyebrows under his old bell-crown ;
 Until, as they gazed, there crept an awe
 Through the ranks in whispers, and some men saw,
 In the antique vestments and long white hair,
 The Past of the Nation in battle there.
 And some of the soldiers since declare,
 That the gleam of his old white hat afar,
 Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre,
 That day was their oriflamme of war.
 Thus raged the battle. You know the rest ;
 How the rebels, beaten, and backward pressed,
 Broke at the final charge, and ran.
 At which John Burns — a practical man —
 Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows,
 And then went back to his bees and cows.

This is the story of old John Burns ;
 This is the moral the reader learns :
 In fighting the battle, the question 's whether
 You'll show a hat that's white, or a feather.

BRET HARTE.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
 “ Life is but an empty dream ! ”
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
 And the grave is not its goal ;
 “ Dust thou art, to dust returnest,”
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act, that each to-morrow,
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating,
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !
Let the dead Past bury its dead !
Act,— act in the living Present !
Heart within, and God o'erhead.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

LONGFELLOW.

LIBERTY AND UNION.

MR. PRESIDENT: I have thus stated the reasons of my dissent to the doctrines which have been advanced and maintained. I am conscious of having detained you and the Senate much too long. I was drawn into the debate, with no previous deliberation, such as is suited to the discussion of so grave and important a subject. But it is a subject of which my heart is full, and I have not been willing to suppress the utterance of its spontaneous sentiments.

I cannot, even now, persuade myself to relinquish it, without expressing, once more, my deep conviction, that, since it respects nothing less than the Union of the States, it is of most vital and essential importance to the public happiness. I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity.

It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and, although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving

liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below ; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union might be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant, that, in my day at least, that curtain may not rise ! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind ! When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union ; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent ; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood !

Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold the gorgeous ensign of the Repnblic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, — bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as “ What is all this worth ? ” nor those other words of delusion and folly, “ Liberty first, and Union afterwards,” — but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, — dear to every true American heart, — **LIBERTY and UNION, now and forever, ONE AND INSEPARABLE !**

WEBSTER.

HENRY V. TO HIS TROOPS.

King Henry. Once more unto the breach, dear friends,
once more ;
Or close the wall up with our English dead !
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness and humility :
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger ;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favor'd rage,
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the brass cannon ; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide ;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height. — On, on you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof,
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonor not your mothers : now attest,
That those, whom you called fathers did beget you :
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war ! — and you good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture ; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not ,
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.

I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge,
Cry — God for Harry! England! and Saint George!

SHAKESPEARE.

A MOTHER'S PORTRAIT.

O THAT those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine, — thine own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
“ Grieve not, my child; chase all thy fears away! ”
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidd'st me honor with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.

I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian revery,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss, —
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers — Yes.

I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !
But was it such ? It was. Where thou art gone
Adieu and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more !

Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return :
What ardently I wished, I long believed,
And disappointed still, was still deceived ;
By expectation every day beguiled,
Duke of to-morrow, even from a child !
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned at last, submission to my lot ;
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

COWPER.

PAUL CLIFFORD'S DEFENCE.

MY LORD, I have little to say, and I may at once relieve the anxiety of my counsel, who now looks wistfully up to me, and add, that that little will scarcely embrace the object of defence. Why should I defend myself? Why should I endeavor to protract a life that a few days, more or less, will terminate, according to the ordinary calculations of chance? Such as it is, and has been, my life is vowed to the Law, and the Law will have the offering. Could I escape from this indictment, I know that seven others await me, and that by one or the other of these my conviction and my sentence must come. Life may be sweet to all of us, my Lord; and were it possible that mine could be spared yet a while, that continued life might make a better atonement for past actions

than a death which, abrupt and premature, calls for repentance while it forbids redress.

But, when the dark side of things is our only choice, it is useless to regard the bright; idle to fix our eyes upon life, when death is at hand; useless to speak of contrition, when we are denied its proof. It is the usual policy of prisoners in my situation, to address the feelings, and flatter the prejudices, of the jury; to descant on the excellence of our laws, while they endeavor to disarm them; to praise justice, yet demand mercy; to talk of expecting acquittal, yet boast of submitting without a murmur to condemnation. For me, to whom all earthly interests are dead, this policy is idle and superfluous. I hesitate not to tell you, my Lord Judge,—to proclaim to you, gentlemen of the jury, that the laws which I have broken through my life, I despise in death. Your laws are but of two classes: the one makes criminals, the other punishes them. I have suffered by the one—I am about to perish by the other.

My Lord, it was the turn of a straw which made me what I am. Four years ago I was sent to the House of Correction for an offence which I did not commit; I went thither a boy who had never infringed a single law,—I came forth in a few weeks a man who was prepared to break all laws! Whence was this change?—was it my fault, or that of my condemners? You had first wronged me by a punishment which I did not deserve,—you wronged me yet more deeply when (even had I been guilty of the first offence) I was sentenced to herd with hardened offenders and graduates in vice and vice's methods of support. The laws themselves caused me to break the laws! first, by implanting within me the goading sense of injustice; secondly, by submitting me to the corruption of example. Thus, I repeat,—and I trust my words will sink solemnly into the hearts of all present,—your legislation made me what I am! and it now *destroys me, as it has destroyed thousands, for being what it made me!* But for this, the first aggression on me, I might have been what the world terms honest,—I might have progressed

to old age and a peaceful grave, through the harmless cheat eries of trade, or the honored falsehoods of a profession. Nay, I might have supported the laws which I have now braved ; like the counsel opposed to me, I might have grown sleek on the vices of others, and advanced to honor by my ingenuity in hanging my fellow-creatures ! The canting and prejudging part of the press has affected to set before you the merits of "honest ability," or "laborious trade," in opposition to my offences. What, I bseech you, are the props of your "honest" exertion, — the profits of "trade"? Are there no bribes to menials? Is there no adulteration of goods? Are the rich never duped in the price they pay, — are the poor never wronged in the quality they receive? Is there honesty in the bread you eat, in a single necessity which clothes, or feeds, or warms you? Let those whom the law protects consider it a protector: when did it ever protect *me*? When did it ever protect the poor man? The government of a state, the institutions of law, profess to provide for all those who "obey." Mark ! a man hungers ! — do you feed him? He is naked ! — do you clothe him? If not, you break your covenant, you drive him back to the first law of Nature, and you hang him, not because he is guilty, but because you have left him naked and starving !

One thing only I will add, and that not to move your mercy. No, nor to invest my fate with an idle and momentary interest ; but because there are some persons in this world who have not known me as the criminal who stands before you, and whom the tidings of my fate may hereafter reach ; and I would not have those persons view me in blacker colors than I deserve. Among all the rumors, gentlemen, that have reached you, — through all the tales and fables kindled from my unhappy notoriety, and my approaching doom, I put it to you, if you have heard that I have committed one sanguinary action, or one ruinous and deliberat : fraud? You have heard that I have lived by the plunder of the rich, — I do not deny the charge. From the grinding of the poor, the habitual overreaching, or the systematic pilfer

ing of my neighbors, my conscience is as free as it is from the charge of cruelty and bloodshed. Those *errors* I leave to honest mediocrity or virtuous exertion! You may, perhaps, find too, that my life has not passed through a career of outrage without scattering some few benefits on the road. In destroying me, it is true that you will have the consolation to think, that among the benefits you derive from my sentence will be the salutary encouragement you give to other offenders, to offend to the *last* degree, and to divest outrage of no single aggravation! But if this does not seem to you any very powerful inducement, you may pause before you cut off from all amendment a man who seems neither wholly hardened nor utterly beyond atonement.

My Lord, my counsel would have wished to summon witnesses — some to bear testimony to redeeming points in my own character, others to invalidate the oath of the witness against me; a man whom I saved from destruction, in order that he might destroy me. I do not think either necessary. The public press has already said of me what little good does not shock the truth; and had I not possessed something of those qualities which society does not disesteem, you would not have beheld me here at this hour! If I had saved myself as well as my companions, I should have left this country, perhaps forever, and commenced a very different career abroad. I committed offences; I eluded you. I committed what, in my case, was an act of duty; I am seized, and I perish. But the weakness of my body destroys me, not the strength of your malice. Had I — had I but my wonted health, my wonted command over these limbs, and these veins, I would have asked no friend, no ally, to favor my escape. I tell you, engines and guardians of the law, that I would have mocked your chains, and defied your walls, as ye know that I have mocked and defied them before. But my blood creeps now only in drops through its courses, and the heart that I had of old stirs feebly and heavily within me.

Leaving, then, my own character to the ordeal of report,

I cannot, perhaps, do better than leave to the same criterion that of the witness against me. I will candidly own, that under other circumstances it might have been otherwise. I will candidly avow, that I might have then used such means as your law awards me to procure an acquittal, and to prolong my existence—though in a new scene! As it is, what matters the cause in which I receive my sentence? Nay, it is even better to suffer by the first, than to linger to the last. It is some consolation not again to stand where I now stand, to go through the humbling solemnities which I have this day endured; to see the smile of some, and retort the frown of others; to wrestle with the anxiety of the heart, and to depend on the caprice of the excited nerves. It is something to feel one part of the drama of disgrace is over, and that I may wait unmolested in my den, until, for one time only, I am again the butt of the unthinking, and the monster of the crowd.

My Lord, I have now done. To you, whom the law deems the prisoner's counsel,—to you, gentlemen of the jury, to whom it has delegated his fate, I leave the chances of my life.

BULWER.

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

NEAR yonder copse where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.

Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, or wished to change, his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.

His house was known to all the vagrant train ;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain ;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed ;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire and talked the night away, —
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.

Pleased with his guests the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side ;
But, in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all :
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man
With ready zeal each honest rustic ran ;
E'en children followed, with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed ;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed ;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

GOLDSMITH.

TWO VIEWS OF CHRISTMAS.

SCROOGE and his NEPHEW. *Scene.* — The Counting-Room of Scrooge.

Nephew. A merry Christmas, uncle ! God save you !

Scrooge. Bah ! humbug !

Neph. Christmas a humbug, uncle ! You don't mean that, I am sure ?

Scrooge. I do. Out upon merry Christmas ! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money ; a time for finding yourself a year older, and not an hour richer ; a time for balancing your books, and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you ? If I had my will, every idiot who goes about with "Merry Christmas" on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should !

Neph. Uncle !

Scrooge. Nephew, keep Christmas time in your own way, and let me keep it in mine.

Neph. Keep it ! But you don't keep it !

Scrooge. Let me leave it alone, then. Much good may it do you ! Much good it has ever done you !

Neph. There are many good things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say,

Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round,—apart from the veneration due to its sacred origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that,—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-travellers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it has done me good, and will do me good: and I say, God bless it! 

Scrooge. You're quite a powerful speaker, sir; I wonder you don't go into Parliament.

Neph. Don't be angry, uncle. Come! Dine with us to-morrow.

Scrooge. I'll see you hanged first.

Neph. But why, uncle? Why?

Scrooge. Why did you get married?

Neph. Because I fell in love.

Scrooge. Because you fell in love! — Good-afternoon!

Neph. Nay, uncle, but you never came to see me before that happened. Why give it as a reason for not coming now?

Scrooge. Good-afternoon!

Neph. I want nothing from you; I ask nothing of you; why cannot we be friends?

Scrooge. Good-afternoon!

Neph. I am sorry, with all my heart, to find you so resolute. We have never had any quarrel to which I have been a party. But I have made the trial in homage to Christmas, and I'll keep my Christmas humor to the last. So, A merry Christmas, uncle!

Scrooge. Good-afternoon!

Neph. And A happy New-Year!

Scrooge. Good-afternoon!

AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE.

O good painter, tell me true,
Has your hand the cunning to draw
Shapes of things that you never saw?
Ay? Well, here is an order for you.

Woods and cornfields, a little brown,—
The picture must not be over-bright,
Yet all in the golden and gracious light
Of a cloud, when the summer sun is down.
Alway and alway, night and morn,
Woods upon woods, with fields of corn
Lying between them, not quite sere,
And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,
When the wind can hardly find breathing-room
Under their tassels; — cattle near,
Biting shorter the short, green grass;
And a hedge of sumach and sassafras,
With bluebirds twittering all around,—
(Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound!)
These, and the house where I was born,
Low and little, and black and old,
With children, many as it can hold,
All at the windows, open wide,—
Heads and shoulders clear outside,
And fair young faces all ablush:
Perhaps you may have seen, some day,
Roses crowding the self-same way,
Out of a wilding, wayside bush.

Listen closer. When you have done
With woods and cornfields and grazing herds,
A lady, the loveliest ever the sun

Looked down upon, you must paint for me ;
Oh, if I only could make you see

The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul, and the angel's face,
That are beaming on me all the while,
I need not speak these foolish words :
Yet one word tells you all I would say, —
She is my mother : you will agree
That all the rest may be thrown away.

Two little urchins at her knee
You must paint, sir ; one like me,
The other with a clearer brow,
And the light of his adventurous eyes
Flashing with boldest enterprise :
At ten years old he went to sea, —

God knoweth if he be living now ;
He sailed in the good ship "Commodore," —
Nobody ever crossed her track
To bring us news, and she never came back.

Ah, 'tis twenty long years and more
Since that old ship went out of the bay
With my great-hearted brother on her deck :
I watched him till he shrank to a speck,
And his face was toward me all the way.
Bright his hair was, a golden brown,
The time we stood at our mother's knee :
That beauteous head, if it did go down,
Carried sunshine into the sea !

Out in the fields, one summer night,
We were together, half afraid
Of the corn-leaves' rustling, and of the shade
Of the high hills, stretching so still and far, —
Loitering till after the low little light
Of the candle shone through the open door,

And over the haystack's pointed top,
All of a tremble, and ready to drop.

The first half-hour, the great yellow star,
That we, with staring, ignorant eyes.
Had often and often watched to see
Propped and held in its place in the skies
By the fork of a tall red mulberry tree,

Which close in the edge of our flax-field grew, —
Dead at the top, — just one branch full
Of leaves, notched round, and lined with wool,
From which it tenderly shook the dew
Over our heads, when we came to play
In its handbreadth of shadow, day after day.

Afraid to go home, sir ; for one of us bore
A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs ;
The other, a bird, held fast by the legs,
Not so big as a straw of wheat :
The berries we gave her she wouldn't eat,
But cried and cried, till we held her bill,
So slim and shining, to keep her still.

At last we stood at our mother's knee.

Do you think, sir, if you try,
You can paint the look of a lie ?
If you can, pray have the grace
To put it solely in the face
Of the urchin that is likest me :

I think 'twas solely mine, indeed :
But that's no matter ; — paint it so :
The eyes of our mother — (take good heed) —
Looking not on the nestful of eggs,
Nor the fluttering bird, held so fast by the legs,
But straight through our faces down to our lies,
And oh, with such injured, reproachful surprise !

I felt my heart bleed where that glance went, as though
A sharp blade struck through it. You, sir, know
That you on the canvas are to repeat
Things that are fairest, things most sweet, —

Woods and cornfields and mulberry tree ;
 The mother ; the lads, with their bird, at her knee :
 But, oh, that look of reproachful woe !
 High as the heavens your name I'll shout,
 If you paint me the picture, and leave that out.

ALICE CARY.

WILLIAM TELL AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

YE crags and peaks, I'm with you once again !
 I hold to you the hands you first beheld, —
 To show they still are free ! Methinks I hear
 A spirit in your echoes answer me,
 And bid your tenant welcome home again. —
 O sacred forms, how fair, how proud you look !
 How high you lift your heads into the sky !
 How huge you are ! how mighty, and how free !

 Ye are the things that tower, that shine — whose smile
 Makes glad, whose frown is terrible ; whose forms,
 Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
 Of awe divine ! Ye guards of liberty,
 I'm with you once again ! I call to you
 With all my voice ! I hold my hands to you,
 To show they still are free. I rush to you
 As though I could embrace you !

Scaling yonder peak,
 I saw an eagle wheeling, near its brow,
 O'er the abyss. His broad expanded wings
 Lay calm and motionless upon the air,
 As if he floated there without their aid,
 By the sole act of his unlorded will,
 That buoyed him proudly up ! Instinctively
 I bent my bow ; yet wheeled he, heeding not
 The death that threatened him ! I could not shoot !
 'T was liberty ! I turned my bow aside,
 And let him soar away.

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

TELL'S APOSTROPHE TO LIBERTY.

ONCE more I breathe the mountain air ; once more I tread my own free hills ! My lofty soul Throws all its fetters off ; in its proud flight, 'Tis like the new-fledged eaglet, whose strong wing Soars to the sun it long has gazed upon With eye undazzled. Oh, ye mighty race That stand like frowning giants, fixed to guard My own proud land ! why did ye not hurl down The thundering avalanche, when at your feet The base usurper stood ? A touch, a breath, Nay, even the breath of prayer, ere now, has brought Destruction on the hunter's head ; and yet The tyrant passed in safety. God of heaven ! Where slept thy thunderbolts ?

O Liberty !

Thou choicest gift of Heaven, and wanting which Life is as nothing ; hast thou then forgot Thy native home ? Must the feet of slaves Pollute this glorious scene ? It cannot be. Even as the smile of Heaven can pierce the depths Of these dark caves, and bid the wild flowers bloom In spots where man has never dared to tread ; So thy sweet influence still is seen amid These beatling cliffs. Some hearts still beat for thee, And bow alone to Heaven ; thy spirit lives, Ay, — and shall live, when even the very name Of tyrant is forgot.

Lo ! while I gaze

Upon the mist that wreathes yon mountain's brow, The sunbeam touches it, and it becomes A crown of glory on his hoary head ; Oh, is not this a presage of the dawn

Of freedom o'er the world? Hear me, then, bright
 And beaming Heaven? while kneeling thus, I vow
 To live for Freedom, or with her to die!

Oh, with what pride I used
 To walk these hills, and look up to my God
 And bless him that it was so! It was free,—
 From end to end, from cliff to lake 'twas free,—
 Free as our torrents are, that leap our rocks,
 And plough our valleys, without asking leave;
 Or as our peaks, that wear their caps of snow,
 In very presence of the regal sun!
 How happy was I in it then! I loved
 Its very storms! Yes, I have sat and eyed
 The thunder breaking from His cloud, and smiled
 To see Him shake His lightnings o'er my head,
 And think I had no master save His own!

Ye know the jutting cliff, round which a track
 Up hither winds, whose base is but the brow
 To such another one, with scanty room
 For two abreast to pass? O'ertaken there
 By the mountain blast, I've laid me flat along,
 And while gust followed gust more furiously,
 As if to sweep me o'er the horrid brink,
 And I have thought of other lands, whose storms
 Are summer flaws to those of mine, and just
 Have wished me there,— the thought that mine was free,
 Has checked that wish, and I have raised my head,
 And cried in thraldom to that furious wind,
 Blow on! This is the Land of Liberty.

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

AMERICAN LABORERS.

THE gentleman, sir, has misconceived the spirit and tendency of northern institutions. He is ignorant of northern character. He has forgotten the history of his country. Preach insurrection to the northern laborers! Who are the northern laborers? The history of your country is their history. The renown of your country is their renown. The brightness of their doings is emblazoned on its every page. Blot from your annals the words and the doings of northern laborers, and the history of your country presents but a universal blank.

Sir, who was he that disarmed the Thunderer; wrested from his grasp the bolts of Jove; calmed the troubled ocean; became the central sun of the philosophical system of his age, shedding his brightness and effulgence on the whole civilized world; whom the great and mighty of the earth delighted to honor; who participated in the achievement of your independence, prominently assisted in moulding your free institutions, and the beneficial effects of whose wisdom will be felt to the last moment of "recorded time?" Who, sir, I ask, was he? A northern laborer,—a Yankee tallow-chandler's son,—a printer's runaway boy!

And who, let me ask the honorable gentleman, who was he that, in the days of our Revolution, led forth a northern army,—yes, an army of northern laborers,—and aided the chivalry of South Carolina in their defence against British aggression, drove the spoilers from their firesides, and redeemed her fair fields from foreign invaders? Who was he? A northern laborer, a Rhode Island blacksmith,—the gallant General Green,—who left his hammer and his forge, and went forth conquering and to conquer in the battle for our independence! And will you preach insurrection to men like these?

Sir, our country is full of the achievements of northern laborers? Where is Concord, and Lexington, and Prince-

ton, and Trenton, and Saratoga, and Bunker Hill, but in the north? And what, sir, has shed an imperishable renown on the never-dying names of those hallowed spots, but the blood and the struggles, the high daring, and patriotism, and sublime courage, of northern laborers? The whole north is an everlasting monument of the freedom, virtue, intelligence, and indomitable independence, of northern laborers! Go, sir, go preach insurrection to men like these!

The fortitude of the men of the north, under intense suffering for liberty's sake, has been almost godlike! History has so recorded it. Who comprised the gallant army, without food, without pay, shelterless, shoeless, penniless, and almost naked, in that dreadful winter,—the midnight of our Revolution,—whose wanderings could be traced by their blood-tracks in the snow; whom no arts could seduce, no appeal lead astray, no sufferings disaffect; but who, true to their country and its holy cause, continued to fight the good fight of liberty, until it finally triumphed? Who, sir, were these men? Why, northern laborers!—yes, sir, northern laborers! Who, sir, were Roger Sherman and—but it is idle to enumerate. To name the northern laborers who have distinguished themselves, and illustrated the history of their country, would require days of the time of this House. Nor is it necessary. Posterity will do them justice. Their deeds have been recorded in characters of fire.

NAYLOR.

A LEGEND OF BREGENZ.

GIRT round with rugged mountains the fair Lake Constance lies;

In her blue heart reflected, shine back the starry skies: And watching each white cloudlet float silently and slow, You think a piece of heaven lies on our earth below!

Midnight is there : and silence enthroned in heaven, looks down

Upon her own calm mirror, upon a sleeping town :
For Bregenz, that quaint city upon the Tyrol shore,
Has stood above Lake Constance, a thousand years and more.

Her battlements and towers, upon their rocky steep,
Have cast their trembling shadows for ages on the deep ;
Mountain, and lake, and valley, a sacred legend know,
Of how the town was saved one night, three hundred years ago.

Far from her home and kindred, a Tyrol maid had fled,
To serve in the Swiss valleys, and toil for daily bread ;
And every year that fleeted so silently and fast,
Seemed to bear farther from her the memory of the past.

She served kind, gentle masters, nor asked for rest or change ;
Her friends seemed no more new ones, their speech seemed no more strange ;

And when she led her cattle to pasture every day,
She ceased to look and wonder on which side Bregenz lay.

She spoke no more of Bregenz, with longing and with tears ;
Her Tyrol home seemed faded in a deep mist of years ;
She heeded not the rumors of Austrian war or strife ;
Each day she rose contented, to the calm toils of life.

Yet, when her master's children would clustering round her stand,

She sang them the old ballads of her own native land ;
And when at morn and evening she knelt before God's throne,

The accents of her childhood rose to her lips alone.

And so she dwelt : the valley more peaceful year by year ;
When suddenly strange portents of some great deed seemed near.

The golden corn was bending upon its fragile stalk,
While farmers, heedless of their fields, paced up and down
in talk.

The men seemed stern and altered, with looks cast on the
ground;

With anxious faces, one by one, the women gathered round;
All talk of flax, or spinning, or work, was put away;
The very children seemed afraid to go alone to play.

One day, out in the meadow with strangers from the town,
Some secret plan discussing, the men walked up and down.
Yet now and then seemed watching a strange uncertain
gleam,

That looked like lances 'mid the trees that stood below the
stream.

At eve they all assembled, all care and doubt were fled;
With jovial laugh they feasted, the board was nobly spread.
The elder of the village rose up, his glass in hand,
And cried, "We drink the downfall of an accursed land!"

"The night is growing darker, ere one more day is flown,
Bregenz, our foemen's stronghold, Bregenz shall be our
own!"

The women shrank in terror, (yet pride, too, had her part,)
But one poor Tyrol maiden felt death within her heart.

Before her, stood fair Bregenz, once more her towers arose;
What were the friends beside her? Only her country's foes!
The faces of her kinsfolk, the days of childhood flown,
The echoes of her mountains reclaimed her as their own!

Nothing she heard around her, (though shouts rang forth
again.)

Gone were the green Swiss valleys, the pasture, and the
plain;

Before her eyes one vision, and in her heart one cry,
That said, " Go forth, save Bregenz, and then if need be,
die ! "

With trembling haste and breathless, with noiseless step she
sped ;

Horses and weary cattle were standing in the shed ;
She loosed the strong white charger, that fed from out her
hand,
She mounted, and she turned his head toward her native
land.

Out — out into the darkness — faster, and still more fast ;
The smooth grass flies behind her, the chestnut wood is
passed ;

She looks up ; clouds are heavy : why is her steed so slow ? —
Scarcely the wind beside them can pass them as they go.

" Faster ! " she cries, " Oh, faster ! " Eleven the church-bells
chime ;

" O God," she cries, " help Bregenz, and bring me there in
time ! "

But louder than bells' ringing, or lowing of the kine,
Grows nearer in the midnight the rushing of the Rhine.

Shall not the roaring waters their headlong gallop check ?
The steed draws back in terror, she leans above his neck
To watch the flowing darkness, the bank is high and steep ;
One pause — he staggers forward, and plunges in the deep.

She strives to pierce the blackness, and looser throws the rein ;
Her steed must breast the waters that dash above his mane.
How gallantly, how nobly, he struggles through the foam,
And see — in the far distance, shine out the lights of home !

Up the steep bank he bears her, and now they rush again
Towards the heights of Bregenz, that tower above the plain.
They reach the gate of Bregenz, just as the midnight rings,
And out come serf and soldier to meet the news she brings.

Bregenz is saved ! Ere daylight her battlements are manned ;
Defiance greets the army that marches on the land.
And if to deeds heroic should endless fame be paid,
Bregenz does well to honor the noble Tyrol maid.

Three hundred years are vanished, and yet upon the hill
An old stone gateway rises, to do her honor still.
And there, when Bregenz women sit spinning in the shade,
They see in quaint old carving the charger and the maid.

And when, to guard old Bregenz, by gateway, street, and
tower,
The warder paces all night long, and calls each passing hour ;
“ Nine,” “ ten,” “ eleven,” he cries aloud, and then, (O crown
of fame !)
When midnight pauses in the skies he calls the maiden’s
name.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

BURR AND BLENNERHASSETT.

A PLAIN man, who knew nothing of the curious transmutations which the wit of man can work, would be very apt to wonder by what kind of legerdemain Aaron Burr had contrived to shuffle himself down to the bottom of the pack, as an accessory, and turn up poor Blennerhassett as principal, in this treason. Who, then, is Aaron Burr, and what the part which he has borne in this transaction ? He is its author, its projector, its active executor. Bold, ardent, restless, and aspiring, his brain conceived it, his hand brought it into action.

Who is Blennerhassett ? A native of Ireland, a man of letters, who fled from the storms of his own country, to find quiet in ours. On his arrival in America, he retired, even

from the population of the Atlantic States, and sought quiet and solitude in the bosom of our western forests. But he brought with him taste, and science, and wealth ; and “ lo, the desert smiled ! ” Possessing himself of a beautiful island in the Ohio, he rears upon it a palace, and decorates it with every romantic embellishment of fancy. A shrubbery, that Shenstone might have envied, blooms around him. Music, that might have charmed Calypso and her nymphs, is his. An extensive library spreads its treasures before him. A philosophical apparatus offers to him all the secrets and mysteries of nature. Peace, tranquility, and innocence shed their mingled delights around him. And, to crown the enchantment of the scene, a wife, who is said to be lovely even beyond her sex, and graced with every accomplishment that can render it irresistible, had blessed him with her love, and made him the father of several children.

The evidence would convince you, Sir, that this is but a faint picture of the real life. In the midst of all this peace, this innocence, and this tranquility, — this feast of the mind, this pure banquet of the heart, — the destroyer comes. He comes to turn this paradise into a hell. Yet the flowers do not wither at his approach, and no monitory shuddering through the bosom of their unfortunate possessor warns him of the ruin that is coming upon him. A stranger presents himself. It is Aaron Burr. Introduced to their civilities by the high rank which he had lately held in his country, he soon finds his way to their hearts, by the dignity and elegance of his demeanor, the light and beauty of his conversation, and the seductive and fascinating power of his address. The conquest was not difficult. Innocence is ever simple and credulous. Conscious of no designs itself, it suspects none in others. It wears no guards before its breast. Every door and portal and avenue of the heart is thrown open, and all who choose it enter. Such was the state of Eden when the serpent entered its bowers !

The prisoner, in a more engaging form, winding himself

into the open and unpractised heart of the unfortunate Blennerhassett, found but little difficulty in changing the native character of that heart, and the objects of its affection. By degrees, he infuses into it the poison of his own ambition. He breathes into it the fire of his own courage; a daring and desperate thirst for glory; an ardor, panting for all the storm, and bustle, and hurricane of life. In a short time the whole man is changed, and every object of his former delight relinquished. No more he enjoys the tranquil scene: it has become flat and insipid to his taste. His books are abandoned. His retort and crucible are thrown aside. His shrubbery blooms and breathes its fragrance upon the air in vain—he likes it not. His ear no longer drinks the rich melody of music; it longs for the trumpet's clangor, and the cannon's roar. Even the prattle of his babes, once so sweet, no longer affects him; and the angel-smile of his wife, which hitherto touched his bosom with ecstasy so unspeakable, is now unfelt and unseen.

Greater objects have taken possession of his soul. His imagination has been dazzled by visions of diadems, and stars, and garters, and titles of nobility. He has been taught to burn with restless emulation at the names of great heroes and conquerors,—of Cromwell, and Cæsar, and Bonaparte. His enchanted island is destined soon to relapse into a wilderness; and, in a few months, we find the tender and beautiful partner of his bosom, whom he lately “permitted not the winds” of summer “to visit too roughly,”—we find her shivering, at midnight, on the wintry banks of the Ohio, and mingling her tears with the torrents that froze as they fell.

Yet this unfortunate man, thus deluded from his interest and his happiness,—thus seduced from the paths of innocence and peace,—thus confounded in the toils which were deliberately spread for him, and overwhelmed by the mastering spirit and genius of another,—this man, thus ruined and undone, and made to play a subordinate part in this grand drama of guilt and treason,—this man is to be called the

principal offender ; while he, by whom he was thus plunged in misery, is comparatively innocent, a mere accessory ! Is this reason ? Is it law ? Is it humanity ? Sir, neither the human heart nor the human understanding will bear a perversion so monstrous and absurd ; so shocking to the soul ; so revolting to reason !

WILLIAM WIRT.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds :

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour, —
The pathis of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud ! impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton, here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial, still, erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their years, spelt by th' unlettered Muse
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
 E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
 E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonored dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 “ Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

“ There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

“ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove ;
 Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
 Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

“ One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
 Along the heath, and near his favorite tree ;
 Another came — nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he ;

“ The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne :
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
 A youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown ;
 Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send :
He gave to Misery all he had — a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.

THOMAS GRAY.

BRUTUS ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

ROMANS, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for my cause ; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honor ; and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom ; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, — any dear friend of Cæsar's, — to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was not less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer : Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen ? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it : as he was valiant, I honor him ; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honor for his valor, and death for his ambition.

Who is here so base, that would be a bondman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

None ? Then none have I offended. I have done no

more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying,— a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart: — That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

SHAKESPEARE.

ANTONY'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS.

FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen! lend me your ears; I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him. The evil that men do lives after them; The good is oft interred with their bones; So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious; If it were so, it was a grievous fault, And grievously hath Cæsar answered it. Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest, — For Brutus is an honorable man, So are they all, all honorable men, — Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me: But Brutus says he was ambitious, And Brutus in an honorable man. He hath brought many captives home to Rome, Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill: Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious? When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept; Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause :
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason ! — Bear with me ;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world ; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O Masters ! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,
I found it in his closet ; 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament, —
Which, pardom me, I do not mean to read, —
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle ; I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent ;
That day he overcame the Nervii.—
Look ! In this place ran Cassius' dagger through ;
See what a rent the envious Casca made ;
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabbed,
And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no ;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel ;
Judge, O, ye gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him !
This was the most unkindest cut of all ;
For when the noble Cæsar saw *him* stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him. Then burst his mighty heart ;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
Oh, now you weep ; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity ; — these are gracious drops.
Kind souls ! What, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look ye here,
Here is himself, marred, as you see, by traitors.

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable :
What private griefs they have, alas ! I know not,
That made them do it. They are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts ;

I am no orator, as Brutus is ;
But as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friend ; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood ; — I only speak right on ;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dum^t
mouths,
And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

SHAKESPEARE.

EXTRACT FROM SNOW-BOUND.

UNWARMED by any sunset light,
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro
Crossed and recrossed the wingéd snow ;
And ere the early bed-time came
The white drift piled the window frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on,
And when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.

Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below,—
A universe of sky and snow !

The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvellous shapes ; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden wall, or belt of wood ;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road ;
The bridle-post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high-cocked hat ;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof :
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

A prompt, decisive man, no breath
Our father wasted : “ Boys, a path ! ”
Well pleased, (for when did farmer boy
Count such a summons less than joy ?)
Our buskins on our feet we drew ;
With mittened hands, and caps drawn low,
To guard our necks and ears from snow,
We cut the solid whiteness through,
And, where the drift was deepest, made
A tunnel walled and overlaid
With dazzling crystal : we had read
Of rare Aladdin’s wondrous cave,
And to our own his name we gave,
With many a wish the luck were ours
To test his lamp’s supernal powers.

We reached the barn with merry din,
And roused the prisoned brutes within ;
All day the gusty north-wind bore
The loosening drift its breath before ;

Low circling round its southern zone,
The sun through dazzling snow-mist shone :
No church-bell lent its Christian tone
To the savage air, no social smoke
Curled over woods of snow-hung oak.

As night drew on, and, from the crest
Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,
The sun, a snow-blown traveller, sank
From sight beneath the smothering bank,
We piled, with care, our nightly stack
Of wood against the chimney back,—
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
And on its top the stout back-stick ;
The knotty fore-stick laid apart,
And filled between, with curious art,
The ragged brush ; then hovering near,
We watched the first red blaze appear,
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
On white-washed wall and sagging beam,
Until the old, rude-furnished room
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom ;
While radiant with a mimic flame
Outside the sparkling drift became,
And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree
Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.

WHITTIER.

EULOGY ON O'CONNELL.

THERE is sad news from Genoa. An aged and weary pilgrim, who can travel no farther, passes beneath the gate of one of her ancient palaces, saying, with pious resignation, as he enters its silent chambers, "Well, it is God's will that I shall never see Rome. I am disappointed, but I am ready to die."

The "superb," though fading queen of the Mediterranean holds anxious watch through ten long days over that majestic stranger's wasting frame. And now death is there,—the Liberator of Ireland has sunk to rest in the cradle of Columbus.

Coincidence beautiful and most sublime! It was the very day set apart by the elder daughter of the Church for prayer and sacrifice throughout the world for the children of the sacred island, perishing by famine and pestilence in their houses and in their native fields, and on their crowded paths of exile, on the sea and in the havens, and on the lakes, and along the rivers of this far-distant land. The chimes rung out by pity for his countrymen were O'Connell's fitting knell; his soul went forth on clouds of incense that rose from altars of Christian charity; and the mournful anthems which recited the faith, and the virtue, and the endurance of Ireland were his becoming requiem.

But has not O'Connell done more than enough for fame? On the lofty brow of Monticello, under a green old oak, is a block of granite, and underneath are the ashes of Jefferson. Read the epitaph,—it is the sage's claim to immortality: "Author of the Declaration of Independence, and of the Statute for Religious Liberty."

Stop now and write an epitaph for Daniel O'Connell: "He gave liberty of conscience to Europe, and renewed the revolutions of the kingdoms toward universal freedom, which began in America and had been arrested by the anarchy of France."

Let the statesmen of the age read that epitaph and be humble. Let the kings and aristocracies of the earth read it and tremble.

Who has ever accomplished so much for human freedom with means so feeble? Who but he has ever given liberty to a people by the mere utterance of his voice, without an army, a navy, or revenues,—without a sword, a spear, or even a shield?

Who but he ever subverted tyranny, and saved the lives of the oppressed, and yet spared the oppressor?

Who but he ever detached from a venerable constitution a column of aristocracy, dashed it to the earth, and yet left the ancient fabric stronger and more beautiful than before?

Who but he has ever lifted up seven millions of people from the debasement of ages, to the dignity of freedom, without exacting an ounce of gold, or wasting the blood of one human heart?

Whose voice yet lingers like O'Connell's in the ear of tyrants, making them sink with fear of change; and in the ear of the most degraded slaves on earth, awaking hopes of freedom?

Who before him has brought the schismatics of two centuries together, conciliating them at the altar of universal liberty? Who but he ever brought Papal Rome and Protestant America to burn incense together?

It was O'Connell's mission to teach mankind that Liberty was not estranged from Christianity, as was proclaimed by revolutionary France; that she was not divorced from law and public order; that she was not a demon like Moloch, requiring to be propitiated with the blood of human sacrifice; that democracy is the daughter of peace, and, like true religion, worketh by love.

I see in Catholic emancipation, and in the repeal of the act of union between Great Britain and Ireland, only incidents of an all-pervading phenomenon,—a phenomenon of mighty interest, but not portentous of evil. It is the universal dissolution of monarchical and aristocratical govern-

ments, and the establishment of pure democracies in their place.

I know this change must come, for even the menaced governments feel and confess it. I know that it will be resisted, for it is not in the nature of power to relax. It is a fearful inquiry, How shall that change be passed? Shall there never be an end to devastation and carnage? Is every step of human progress in the future, as in the past, to be marked by blood?

Must the nations of the earth, after groaning for ages under vicious institutions established without their consent, wade through deeper seas to reach that condition of more perfect liberty to which they are so rapidly, so irresistibly impelled?

Or shall they be able to change their forms of government by slow and measured degrees, without entirely or all at once subverting them, and from time to time to repair their ancient constitutions so as to adapt them peacefully to the progress of the age, the diffusion of knowledge, the cultivation of virtue, and the promotion of happiness?

When that crisis shall come, the colossal fabric of the British Empire will have given way under its always accumulating weight. I see England, then, in solitude and in declining greatness, as Rome was when her provinces were torn away,—as Spain now is since the loss of the Indies: I see Ireland, invigorated by the severe experience of a long though peaceful revolution, extending her arms east and west in fraternal embrace towards new rising states, her resources restored and improved, her people prosperous and happy, and her institutions again shedding the lights of piety, art, and freedom over the world.

Come forward, then, ye nations who are trembling between the dangers of anarchy and the pressure of despotism, and hear a voice that addresses the Liberator of Ireland from the caverns of Silence where Prophecy is born:—

“ To thee, now sainted spirit,
Patriarch of a wide-spreading family,

Remotest lands and unborn times shall turn,
 Whether they would restore or build. To thee!
 As one who rightly taught how Zeal should burn;
 As one who drew from out Faith's holiest urn
 The purest streams of patient energy."

W. H. SEWARD.

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.

LADY CLARA Vere de Vere,
 Of me you shall not win renown:
 You thought to break a country heart
 For pastime, ere you went to town.
 At me you smiled, but unbeguiled
 I saw the snare, and I retired:
 The daughter of a hundred Earls,
 You are not one to be desired.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 I know you proud to bear your name,
 Your pride is yet no mate for mine,
 Too proud to care from whence I came.
 Nor would I break for your sweet sake
 A heart that dotes on truer charms.
 A simple maiden in her flower
 Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 Some meeker pupil you must find,
 For were you queen of all that is,
 I could not stoop to such a mind.
 You sought to prove how I could love,
 And my disdain is my reply.
 The lion on your old stone gates
 Is not more cold to you than I.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
You put strange memories in my head.
Not thrice your branching limes have blown
Since I beheld young Laurence dead.
Oh, your sweet eyes, your low replies :
A great enchantress you may be :
But there was that across his throat
Which you had hardly cared to see.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
When thus he met his mother's view,
She had the passions of her kind,
She spake some certain truths of you.
Indeed, I heard one bitter word
That scarce is fit for you to hear ;
Her manners had not that repose
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
There stands a spectre in your hall :
The guilt of blood is at your door :
You changed a wholesome heart to gall.
You held your course without remorse,
To make him trust his modest worth,
And, last, you fixed a vacant stare,
And slew him with your noble birth.

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue heavens above us bent,
The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

I know you, Clara Vere de Vere :
 You pine among your halls and towers :
 The languid light of your proud eyes
 Is wearied of the rolling hours.
 In glowing health, with boundless wealth,
 But sickening of a vague disease,
 You know so ill to deal with time,
 You needs must play such pranks as these.

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,
 If time be heavy on your hands,
 Are there no beggars at your gate,
 Nor any poor about your lands?
 Oh ! teach the orphan-boy to read,
 Or teach the orphan-girl to sew,
 Pray Heaven for a human heart,
 And let the foolish yeoman go.

TENNYSON.

MARMION AND DOUGLAS.

THE train from out the castle drew,
 But Marmion stopped to bid adieu :—
 “ Though something I might ‘plain,” he said,
 “ Of cold respect to stranger guest,
 Sent hither by your king’s behest,
 While in Tantallon’s towers I stayed,
 Part we in friendship from your land,
 And, noble Earl, receive my hand.”
 But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
 Folded his arms, and thus he spoke ;—
 “ My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
 Be open, at my sovereign’s will,
 To each one whom he lists, howe’er
 Unmeet to be the owner’s peer ;

My castles are my king's alone,
 From turret to foundation-stone, —
 The hand of Douglas is his own,
 And never shall in friendly grasp
 The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
 And shook his very frame for ire,

And — "This to me!" he said, —
 "An't were not for thy hoary beard, —
 Such hand as Marmion's had not spared

To cleave the Douglas' head!
 And first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
 He who does England's message here,
 Although the meanest in her state,
 May well, proud Angus, be thy mate!
 And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,

Even in thy pitch of pride,
 Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
 (Nay, never look upon your lord,
 And lay your hands upon your sword,)

I tell thee thou'rt defied!
 And if thou saidst I am not peer
 To any lord in Scotland here,
 Lowland or highland, far or near,
 Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"
 On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
 O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
 Fierce he broke forth, — "And dar'st thou then
 To beard the lion in his den,

The Douglas in his hall?
 And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go?
 No, by St. Bride of Bothwell, no!
 Up drawbridge, grooms! — What, warder, ho!
 Let the portcullis fall."

Lord Marmion turned, — well was his need! —
 And dashed the rowels in his steed,

Like arrow through the archway sprung ;
 The ponderous grate behind him rung :
 To pass there was such scanty room,
 The bars, descending, razed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
 Just as it trembled on the rise ;
 Not lighter does the swallow skim
 Along the smooth lake's level brim ;
 And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
 He halts, and turns with clenched hand,
 And shout of loud defiance pours,
 And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

“Horse ! horse !” the Douglas cried, “ and chase !
 But soon he reined his fury's pace :
 “A royal messenger he came,
 Though most unworthy of the name.

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St. Mary, mend my fiery mood !
 Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood,
 I thought to slay him where he stood.
 'Tis pity of him, too,” he cried ;
 “Bold can he speak, and fairly ride,
 I warrant him a warrior tried.”
 With this his mandate he recalls,
 And slowly seeks his castle walls.

SCOTT.

SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS.

SINK or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there's a divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms ; and, blinded to her own interest for

our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the declaration?

Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life and his own honor? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair, is not he, our venerable colleague near you, are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws?

If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on or to give up the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament, Boston Port Bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust?

I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting before God of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised, or to be raised, for the defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him.

The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the declaration of independence? That measure will strengthen us.

It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct toward us has been a course of injustice and oppression.

Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why then, why then, sir, do we not, as soon as possible, change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies, and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and cannot be eradicated. Every colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead.

Sir, the declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for the restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life.

Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand

with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls ; proclaim it there ; let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon ; let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this declaration shall be made good. We may die ; die colonists ; die slaves ; die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

But whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure and it may cost blood ; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires and illuminations. On its annual return, they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy.

Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it ; and I leave off as I begun, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment,—independence *now*, and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER !

WEBSTER.

THE BRIDGE.

I STOOD on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose over the city,
Behind the dark church-tower;
I saw her bright reflection
In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling,
And sinking into the sea.

And, in the hazy distance,
Of that lovely night in June,
The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleamed redder than the moon:
Among the long, black rafters
The wavering shadows lay;
And the current that came from the ocean
Seemed to lift and bear them away.

As sweeping and eddying through them
Rose the belated tide,
And streaming into the moonlight
The seaweed floated wide,
And like those waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me,
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, oh! how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on the bridge at midnight,
And gazed on that wave and sky!
How often, oh! how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom,
O'er the ocean, wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.
But now it has fallen from me ;
It is buried in the sea ;
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river,
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years ;
And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro, —
The young heart hot and restless,
The old subdued and slow ;
And forever, and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes,
The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear
As a symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.

LONGFELLOW.

THE LOST CHORD.

SEATED one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then ;
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen !

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an angel's psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit,
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife ;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence,
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
That came from the soul of the organ,
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again ;
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR

OTHELLO'S DEFENCE.

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters,—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true ; true, I have married her ;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in speech,
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace ;
For since these arms of mine had seven years pith,
Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field ;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle ;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love ; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceeding I am charged withal,)
I won his daughter.
Her father loved me ; oft invited me,
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year ; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it :
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood and field ;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach ;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,
And with it all my travel's history.
These things to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline :

But still the house affairs would draw her thence :
 Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
 She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
 Devour up my discourse. Which I observing,
 Took once a pliant hour ; and found good means
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 But not intentively : I did consent ;
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :
 She swore,—in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange ;
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful :
 She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
 That Heaven had made her such a man : she thank'd me,
 And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake ;
 She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd ;
 And I loved her, that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft I have used ;
 Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

THIS is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
 Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms ;
 But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
 Startles the villagers with strange alarms.

 Ah, what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
 When the Death-Angel touches those swift keys !
 What loud lament and dismal Miserere
 Will mingle with their awful symphonies !

I hear, even now, the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,
And loud amid the universal clamor,
O'er distant deserts, sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
And Aztec priests, upon their teocallis,
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin.

The tumult of each sacked and burning village ;
The shout, that every prayer for mercy drowns ;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage,
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns.

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade ;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O Man, with such discordant noises,
With such accurséd instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies ?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts ;
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals and forts.

The warrior's name would be a name abhorré !
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain !

Down the dark future, through long generations,
 The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease ;
 And, like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
 I hear once more the voice of Christ say, " Peace ! "
 Peace ! and no longer from its brazen portals
 The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies !
 But beautiful as songs of the Immortals,
 The holy melodies of love arise.

LONGFELLOW.

GRIFFITH'S DESCRIPTION OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

NOBLE madam,
 Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues
 We write in water. May it please your highness
 To hear me speak his good now ?

This cardinal,
 Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
 Was fashioned to much honor. From his cradle,
 He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;
 Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading :
 Lofty and sour to them that loved him not ;
 But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
 And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
 (Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,
 He was most princely. Ever witness for him
 Those twins of learning, that he raised in you,
 Ipswich, and Oxford ; one of which fell with him,
 Unwilling to outlive the good that did it ;
 The other, though unfinished, yet so famous,
 So excellent in art, and still so rising,
 That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
 His overthrow heaped happiness upon him ;
 For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
 And found the blessedness of being little :
 And to add greater honors to his age
 Than man could give him, he died, fearing God.

SHAKESPEARE.

AN APPEAL TO ARMS.

MR. PRESIDENT: It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty?

Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house?

Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land.

Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation,—the last arguments to which kings resort.

I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this

accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other.

They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain.

Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne; and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament.

Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope.

If we wish to be free; if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained,—we must fight!—I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of hosts, is all that is left us.

They tell us, sir, that we are weak,—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house?

Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of Liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us.

Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God, who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest.

There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable,—and let it come! —I repeat it, sir, let it come! It is vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, peace! but there is no peace. The war is actually begun!

The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? what would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God. I know not what course others may take, but, as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

PATRICK HENRY.

*THE CLOSET SCENE FROM HAMLET.**Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS.*

Pol. He will come straight. Look you, lay home to him ;
 Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with :
 And that your grace has screen'd and stood between
 Much heat and him. I'll 'sconce me e'en here.
 Pray you, be round with him.

Queen. I'll warrant you ;
 Fear me not : — withdraw, I hear him coming.

(*POLONIUS hides himself.*)

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother ; what's the matter ?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet ?

Ham. What's the matter now ?

Queen. Have you forgot me ?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so :
 You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife ;
 And, — would it were not so ! — you are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down ; you shall not budge ;
 You go not till I set you up a glass,

Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do ? thou wilt not murder me ?
 Help, help, ho !

Pol. (Behind.) What, ho ! help, help, help !

Ham. How now ! a rat ? (*Draws.*)
 Dead, for a ducat, dead.

(*HAMLET makes a pass through the arras.*)

Pol. (Behind.) Oh, I am slain. (*Falls and dies.*)

Queen. O me ! what hast thou done ?

Ham.

Nay, I know not :

Is it the king ?

*(Lifts up the arras, and draws forth POLONIUS.)**Queen.* Oh, what a rash and bloody deed is this !*Ham.* A bloody deed ; — almost as bad, good mother, As kill a king, and marry with his brother.*Queen.* As kill a king !*Ham.* Ay, lady, 'twas my word —*(To POLONIUS.)*

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell !

I took thee for thy better ; take thy fortune :

Thou find'st to be too busy, is some danger. —

(To the QUEEN.)

Leave wringing of your hands : peace ! sit you down, And let me wring your heart ; for so I shall, If it be made of penetrable stuff ; If damnèd custom hath not brazed it so, That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou darest wag thy tongue In noise so rude against me ?*Ham.* Such an act, That blurs the grace and blush of modesty ; Calls virtue, hypocrite ; takes off the rose From the fair forehead of an innocent love And sets a blister there ; makes marriage vows As false as dicers' oaths : Oh, such a deed As from the body of contraction plucks The very soul ; and sweet religion makes A rhapsody of words : Heaven's face doth glow ; Yea, this solidity and compound mass, With tristful visage, as against the doom, Is thought-sick at the act.*Queen.* Ah me, what act, That roars so loud, and thunders in the index ?*Ham.* Look here, upon this picture, and on this ; The counterfeit presentment of two brothers. See, what a grace was seated on this brow :

Hyperion's curls ; the front of Jove himself ;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command ;
A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill ;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man :
This was your husband. — Look you now what follows :
Here is your husband, like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes ?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor ? Ha ! have you eyes ?
You cannot call it love : for at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment, and what judgment
Would step from this to this ? Sense, sure you have,
Else could you not have motion : but, sure, that sense
Is apoplexed : for madness would not err ;
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd
But it reserved some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference. What devil was't
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind ?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope.

O shame ! where is thy blush ? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire : proclaim no shame,
When the compulsive ardor gives the charge ;
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more :
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul ;
And there I see such black and grainèd spots
As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live stewed in corruption.

Queen. Oh, speak to me no more;

These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears;
No more, sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murderer, and a villain:

A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent lord:— a vice of kings:
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule;
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!

Queen. No more.

Ham. A king

Of shreds and patches:— (*Enter Ghost.*)
Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!— What would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas! he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
Oh, say!

Ghost. Do not forget. This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits:
Oh, step between her and her fighting soul;
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you?

That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with th' incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in th' alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements
Starts up and stands on end. Oh, gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him! on him! — Look you, how pale he glares!

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. — Do not look upon me;
Lest, with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true color; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing, but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he lived;
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

[*Exit Ghost.*

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: it is not madness
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test
And I the matter will re-word, which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to Heaven:
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue:
For in the fatness of these pursy times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg;
Yea, curb and woe, for leave to do him good.

Queen. O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. Oh, throw away the worser part of it,
 And live the purer with the other half.
 Good-night: but go not to my uncle's bed;
 Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
 That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
 Of habits devil, is angel yet in this:
 That to the use of actions fair and good
 He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
 That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night:
 And that shall lend a kind of easiness
 To the next abstinence: the next more easy!
 For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
 And either curb the devil, or throw him out
 With wondrous potency. Once more, good-night;
 And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
 I'll blessing beg of you. — For this same lord,

(Pointing to Polonius,)

I do repent. But Heaven hath pleased it so, —
 To punish me with this, and this with me,
 That I must be their scourge and minister.
 I will bestow him, and will answer well
 The death I gave him. So, again, good-night! —
 I must be cruel, only to be kind:
 Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind. —

SHAKESPEARE.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

UP from the meadows rich with corn,
 Clear in the cool September morn,
 The cluster'd spires of Frederick stand,
 Green-wall'd by the hills of Maryland.
 Round about them orchards sweep,
 Apple and peach-tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord,
To the eyes of the famish'd rebel horde,
On that pleasant morn of the early Fall,
When Lee march'd over the mountain wall,
Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.
Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,
Flapp'd in the morning wind : the sun
Of noon look'd down, and saw not one.
Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bow'd with her fourscore years and ten ;
Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men haul'd down.
In her attic-window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.
Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.
Under his slouch'd hat left and right
He glanced : the old flag met his sight.
“Halt !” — the dust-brown ranks stood **fast** ;
“Fire !” — out blazed the rifle-blast.
It shiver'd the window-pane and sash,
It rent the banner with seam and gash.
Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatch'd the silken scarf.
She lean'd far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.
“Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag,” she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirr'd
To life at that woman's deed and word.

“Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!” he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that free flag toss'd
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And, through the hill-gaps, sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town.

WHITTIER.

APPEAL FOR STARVING IRELAND.

THERE lies upon the other side of the wide Atlantic a beautiful island, famous in story and in song. Its area is not so great as that of the State of Louisiana, while its population is almost half that of the Union. It has given to the world more than its share of genius and of greatness. It has been prolific in statesmen, warriors, and poets. Its brave and generous sons have fought successfully all battles but their own. In wit and humor it has no equal; while its harp, like its history, moves to tears by its sweet but melancholy pathos.

Into this fair region God has seen fit to send the most terrible of all those fearful ministers that fulfil his inscrutable decrees. The earth has failed to give her increase. The common mother has forgotten her offspring, and she no longer affords them their accustomed nourishment. Famine, gaunt and ghastly famine, has seized a nation with its strangling grasp. Unhappy Ireland, in the sad woes of the present, forgets, for a moment, the gloomy history of the past.

Oh, it is terrible that, in this beautiful world, which the good God has given us, and in which there is plenty for all, men should die of starvation! When a man dies of disease, he, it is true, endures the pain. But around his pillow are gathered sympathizing friends, who, if they cannot keep back the deadly messenger, cover his face, and conceal the horrors of his visage, as he delivers his stern mandate. In battle, in the fulness of his pride and strength, little recks the soldier whether the hissing bullet sings his sudden requiem, or the cords of life are severed by the sharp steel.

But he who dies of hunger, wrestles alone, day after day, with his grim and unrelenting enemy. He has no friends to cheer him in the terrible conflict; for, if he had friends, how could he die of hunger? He has not the hot blood of

the soldier to maintain him ; for his foe, vampire-like, has exhausted his veins. Famine comes not up, like a brave enemy, storming, by a sudden onset, the fortress that resists. Famine besieges. He draws his lines round the doomed garrison. He cuts off all supplies. He never summons to surrender, for he gives no quarter.

Alas ! for poor human nature, how can it sustain this fearful warfare ? Day by day the blood recedes ; the flesh deserts ; the muscles relax, and the sinews grow powerless. At last the mind, which at first had bravely nerved itself against the contest, gives way, under the mysterious influences which govern its union with the body. Then the victim begins to doubt the existence of an overruling Providence. He hates his fellow-men, and glares upon them with the longing of a cannibal ; and, it may be, dies blaspheming.

This is one of the cases in which we may, without impiety, assume, as it were, the function of Providence. Who knows but that one of the very objects of this calamity is to test the benevolence and worthiness of us, upon whom unlimited abundance is showered ? In the name, then, of common humanity, I invoke your aid in behalf of starving Ireland. He who is able, and will not aid in such a cause, is not a man, and has no right to wear the form. He should be sent back to nature's mint, and reissued as a counterfeit on humanity, of nature's baser metal.

S. S. PRENTISS.

CHARLIE MACHREE.

COME over, come over the river to me,
If ye are my laddie, bold Charlie Machree !

Here's Mary McPherson and Susy O'Linn,
Who say you're faint-hearted, and dare not plunge in.

But the dark, rolling river, though deep as the sea,
I know cannot scare you, or keep you from me ;

For stout is your back and strong is your arm,
And the heart in your bosom is faithful and warm.

Come over, come over the river to me,
If ye are my laddie, bold Charlie Machree.

I see him, I see him. He's plunged in the tide,
His strong arms are dashing the big waves aside.

Oh ! the dark rolling water shoots swift as the sea,
But blithe is the glance of his bonny blue e'e ;

His cheeks are like roses, twa buds on a bough ;
Who says ye're faint-hearted, my brave laddie, now.

Ho, ho, foaming river, ye may roar as ye go,
But ye canna bear Charlie to the dark loch below !

Come over, come over the river to me,
My true-hearted laddie, my Charlie Machree !

He's sinking, he's sinking — Oh, what shall I do !
Strike out, Charlie, boldly, ten strokes, and ye're thro',
He's sinking, oh Heaven ! Ne'er fear, man, ne'er fear ;
I've a kiss for ye, Charlie, as soon as ye're here !

He rises, I see him, — five strokes, Charlie, mair, —
He's shaking the wet from his bonnie brown hair ;

He conquers the current, he gains on the sea, —
Ho ! where is the swimmer like Charlie Machree ?

Come over the river, but once come to me,
And I'll love ye forever, dear Charlie Machree.

He's sinking, he's gone — Oh, God, it is I,
It is I, who have killed him, — help, help ! — he must die !

Help, help ! — ah, he rises, — strike out and ye're free,
Ho ! bravely done, Charlie, once more now, for me !

Now cling to this rock, now give me your hand,—
Ye're safe, dearest Charlie, ye're safe on the land!

Come rest on my bosom, if there ye can sleep;
I canna speak to ye; I only can weep.

Ye've crossed the wild river, ye've risked all for me,
And I'll part from ye never, dear Charlie Machree!

WILLIAM J. HOPPIN.

EXTRACT FROM EMMET'S SPEECH.

MY LORDS: What have I to say, why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law? I have nothing to say that can alter your predetermination, or that it would become me to say, with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce, and which I must abide. But I have much to say which interests me more than that life which you have labored to destroy. I have much to say, why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it.

Were I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur. But the sentence of the law which delivers my body to the executioner, will, through the ministry of that law, labor in its own vindication to consign my character to obloquy, for there must be guilt somewhere; whether in the sentence of the court or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine.

When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port; when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field in defence of their country and virtue,—this is my hope: I wish that my memory and name may animate

those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High.

My lord, shall a dying man be denied the legal privilege of exculpating himself, in the eyes of the community, from an undeserved reproach thrown upon him during his trial, by charging him with ambition, and attempting to cast away, for a paltry consideration, the liberties of his country? Why, then, insult me? or, rather, why insult justice in demanding of me why sentence of death should not be pronounced?

I am charged with being an emissary of France! An emissary of France! And for what end? It is alleged that I wished to sell the independence of my country! And for what end? Was this the object of my ambition? and is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradictions? No, I am **no** emissary; and my ambition was to hold a place among the deliverers of my country; not in power, not in profit, but in the glory of the achievement!

Sell my country's independence to France! And for what? Was it for a change of masters? No, but for ambition! O my country, was it personal ambition that could influence me? Had it been the soul of my actions, could I not by my education and fortune, by the rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself among the proudest of my oppressors? My country was my idol; to it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment; and for it I now offer up my life.

No, my lord; I acted as an Irishman, determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny; and from the more galling yoke of a domestic faction, which is its joint partner and perpetrator in the parricide, whose reward is the ignominy of existing with an exterior of splendor and a consciousness of depravity. It was the wish of my heart to extricate my country from this doubly-riveted despotism; I wished to place her inde-

pendence beyond the reach of any power on earth ; I wished to exalt her to that proud station in the world.

Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor ; let no man attaint my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence ; or that I could have become the pliant minion of power in the oppression or the miseries of my countrymen.

I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the domestic tyrant : in the dignity of freedom, I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and her enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. Am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the vengeance of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and now to the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights, — am I to be loaded with calumny, and not to be suffered to resent or repel it ? No : God forbid !

If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who are dear to them in this transitory life, Oh, ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father ! look down with scrutiny on the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have even for a moment deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for an adherence to which I am now to offer up my life !

My lords, you are impatient for the sacrifice. The blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim ; it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are bent to destroy for purposes so grievous that they cry to heaven ! Be yet patient ! I have but a few words more to say. I am going to my silent grave ; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished ; my race is run ; the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom.

I have but one request to ask at my departure from this

world ;— it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph ; for, as no one who knows my motives dares now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country shall take her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written.

ROBERT EMMET.

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise ;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear winding rills ;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks, and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow ;
There oft, as mild evening weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides ;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As, gathering sweet flow'rets, she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays ;
My Mary 's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

ROBERT BURNS

EACH AND ALL.

LITTLE thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown,
Of thee from the hill-top looking down ;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far heard, lows not thine ear to charm ;
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height ;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
All are needed by each one ;
Nothing is fair or good alone.

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder-bough ;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even ;
He sings the song, but it pleases not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky ; —
He sang to my ear, — they sang to my eye.

The delicate shells lay on the shore ;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave ;
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures home ;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar.

The lover watched his graceful maid,
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed,
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.
At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage ; —
The gay enchantment was undone,
A gentle wife, but fairy none.

Then I said, " I covet truth ;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat ;
I leave it behind with the games of youth." —
As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burrs ;
I inhaled the violet's breath ;
Around me stood the oaks and firs ;
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground ;
Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity ;
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird ; —
Beauty through my senses stole ;
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

R. W. EMERSON.

EULOGY ON AMERICA.

THE mention of America, sir, has never failed to fill me with the most lively emotions. In my earliest infancy,—that tender season when impressions, at once the most permanent and the most powerful, are likely to be excited,—the story of her then recent struggle raised a throb in every heart that loved liberty, and wrung a reluctant tribute even from discomfited oppression.

I saw her spurning alike the luxuries that would enervate, and the legions that would intimidate; dashing from her lips the poisoned cup of European servitude; and, through all the vicissitudes of her protracted conflict, displaying a magnanimity that defied misfortune, and a moderation that gave new grace to victory. It was the first vision of my childhood: it will descend with me to the grave. But if, as a man, I venerate the mention of America, what must be my feelings toward her as an Irishman! Never, oh! never, while memory remains, can Ireland forget the home of her emigrant, and the asylum of her exile!

No matter whether their sorrows sprung from the errors of enthusiasm or the realities of suffering; from fancy or infliction: that must be reserved for the scrutiny of those, whom the lapse of time shall acquit of partiality. It is for the men of other ages to investigate and record it; but, surely, it is for the men of every age to hail the hospitality that received the shelterless, and love the feeling that befriended the unfortunate.

Search creation round, and where can you find a country that presents so sublime a view, so interesting in anticipation? What noble institutions! What a comprehensive policy! What a wise equalization of every political advantage! The oppressed of all countries, the martyr of every creed, the innocent victim of despotic arrogance, of superstitious frenzy, may there find refuge; his industry encouraged; his piety respected; his ambition animated; with no restraint but those laws which are the same to all; and no distinction but that which his merit may originate.

Who can deny that the existence of such a country presents a subject of human congratulation? Who can deny that its gigantic advancement offers a field for the most rational conjecture? At the end of the very next century, if she proceeds as she seems to promise, what a wondrous spectacle may she not exhibit! Who shall say for what purpose a mysterious Providence may not have designed

her? Who shall say, that, when, in its follies or its crimes, the Old World may have interred all the pride of its power, and all the pomp of its civilization, human nature may not find its destined renovation in the New?

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

HOW HE SAVED ST. MICHAEL'S.

So you beg for a story, my darling, my brown-eyed Leopold,
And you, Alice, with face like morning, and curling locks
of gold;

Then come, if you will, and listen — stand close beside my
knee —

To a tale of the Southern city, proud Charleston by the sea.

It was long ago, my children, ere ever the signal-gun
That blazed above Fort Sumter had wakened the North as
one;

Long ere the wondrous pillar of battle-cloud and fire
Had marked where the unchained millions marched on to
their hearts' desire.

On the roofs and the glittering turrets, that night, as the sun
went down,

The mellow glow of the twilight shone like a jewelled
crown;

And, bathed in the living glory, as the people lifted their
eyes,

They saw the pride of the city, the spire of St. Michael's, rise

High over the lesser steeples, tipped with a golden ball,
That hung like a radiant planet caught in its earthward fall:
First glimpse of home to the sailor who made the harbor-
round,

And last slow-fading vision dear to the outward bound.

The gently gathering shadows shut out the waning light ;
The children prayed at their bedsides, as you will pray to-
night ;

The noise of buyer and seller from the busy mart was gone ;
And in dreams of a peaceful morrow the city slumbered on.

But another light than sunrise aroused the sleeping street ;
For a cry was heard at midnight, and the rush of trampling
feet ;

Men stared in each other's faces through mingled fire and
smoke,

While the frantic bells went clashing, clamorous stroke on
stroke.

By the glare of her blazing roof-tree the houseless mother
fled,

With the babe she pressed to her bosom shrieking in name-
less dread ;

While the fire-king's wild battalions scaled wall and cap-
stone high,

And planted their flaring banners against an inky sky.

From the death that raged behind them, and the crash of ruin
loud,

To the great square of the city, were driven the surging
crowd ;

Where yet, firm in all the tumult, unscathed by the fiery
flood,

With its heavenward-pointing finger, the Church of St.
Michael's stood.

But e'en as they gazed upon it there rose a sudden wail, —
A cry of horror, blended with the roaring of the gale,
On whose scorching wings up-driven, a single flaming brand
Aloft on the towering steeple clung like a bloody hand.

“ Will it fade ? ” The whisper trembled from a thousand
whitening lips ;

Far out on the lurid harbor, they watched it from the ships.

A baleful gleam that brighter and ever brighter shone,
Like a flickering, trembling will-o'-wisp to a steady beacon
grown.

“Uncounted gold shall be given to the man whose brave
right hand,

For the love of the perilled city, plucks down yon burning
brand !”

So cried the mayor of Charleston, that all the people heard ;
But they looked each one at his fellow, and no man spoke
a word.

Who is it leans from the belfry, with face upturned to the
sky,

Clings to a column, and measures the dizzy spire with his
eye ?

Will he dare it, the hero undaunted, that terrible sickening
height ?

Or will the hot blood of his courage freeze in his veins at
the sight ?

But see ! he has stepped on the railing ; he climbs with his
feet and his hands,

And firm on a narrow projection, with the belfry beneath
him, he stands ;

Now once, and once only, they cheer him, — a single, tem-
pestuous breath, —

And there falls on the multitude gazing a hush like the still-
ness of death.

Slow, steadily mounting, unheeding aught save the goal of
the fire,

Still higher and higher, an atom, he moves on the face of
the spire.

He stops ! Will he fall ? Lo ! for answer, a gleam like a
meteor’s track,

And, hurled on the stones of the pavement, the red brand
lies shattered and black.

Once more the shouts of the people have rent the quivering air :

At the church-door mayor and council wait with their feet on the stair ;

And the eager throng behind them press for a touch of his hand, —

The unknown savior, whose daring could compass a deed so grand.

But why does a sudden tremor seize on them while they gaze ?

And what meaneth that stifled murmur of wonder and amaze ?

He stood in the gate of the temple he had perilled his life to save ;

And the face of the hero, my children, was the sable face of a slave !

With folded arms he was speaking, in tones that were clear, not loud,

And his eyes, ablaze in their sockets, burnt into the eyes of the crowd : —

“ You may keep your gold : I scorn it ! — but answer me, ye who can,

If the deed I have done before you be not the deed of a man ? ”

He stepped but a short space backward ; and from all the women and men

There were only sobs for answer ; and the mayor called for a pen,

And the great seal of the city, that he might read who ran :

And the slave who saved St. Michael’s went out from its door, a man.

M. A. P. STANSBURY.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

To be — or not to be — that is the question :
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And, by opposing, end them ? To die, — to sleep ; —
 No more ; and by a sleep, to say we end
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to, — 'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, — to sleep ; —
 To sleep ! perchance to dream ! — ay, there's the rub ;
 For, in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause.

There's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life ;
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despiz'd love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin ?

Who would fardels bear,
 To groan and sweat under a weary life ;
 But that the dread of something after death, —
 That undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
 No traveller returns, — puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have
 Than fly to others that we know not of ?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.

EULOGY ON LAFAYETTE.

WHILE we bring our offerings for the mighty of our own land, shall we not remember the chivalrous spirits of other shores, who shared with them the hour of weakness and woe ! Pile to the clouds the majestic columns of glory ; let the lips of those who can speak well, hallow each spot where the bones of your bold repose ; but forget not those who, with your bold, went out to battle !

Among these men of noble daring, there was one, a young and gallant stranger, who left the blushing vine-hills of his delightful France. The people whom he came to succor were not his people ; he knew them only in the melancholy story of their wrongs. He was no mercenary wretch, striving for the spoil of the vanquished ; the palace acknowledged him for its lord, and the valleys yielded him their increase. He was no nameless man, staking life for reputation ; he ranked among nobles, and looked unawed upon kings. He was no friendless outcast, seeking for a grave to hide his cold heart ; he was girdled by the companions of his childhood ; his kinsmen were about him ; his wife was before him.

Yet from all those he turned away and came. Like a lofty tree, that shakes down its green glories to battle with the winter's storm, he flung aside the trappings of place and pride to crusade for Freedom, in Freedom's holy land. He came ; but not in the day of successful rebellion ; not when the new-risen sun of Independence had burst the cloud of time, and careered to its place in the heavens. He came when darkness curtained the hills, and the tempest was abroad in its anger ; when the plough stood still in the field of promise, and briers cumbered the garden of beauty ; when fathers were dying, and mothers were weeping over them ; when the wife was binding up the gashed bosom of her husband, and the maiden was wiping the death-damp

from the brow of her lover. He came when the brave began to fear the power of man, and the pious to doubt the favor of God.

It was then that this one joined the ranks of a revolted people. Freedom's little phalanx bade him a grateful welcome. With them he courted the battle's rage ; with theirs, his arm was lifted ; with theirs, his blood was shed. Long and doubtful was the conflict. At length, kind Heaven smiled on the good cause, and the beaten invaders fled. The profane were driven from the temple of Liberty, and, at her pure shrine, the pilgrim warrior, with his adored commander, knelt and worshipped. Leaving there his offering, the incense of an uncorrupted spirit, he at length arose, and, crowned with benedictions, turned his happy feet toward his long-deserted home.

After nearly fifty years, that one has come again. Can mortal tongue tell, can mortal heart feel, the sublimity of that coming ? Exulting millions rejoice in it : and the long, loud, transporting shout, like the mingling of many winds, rolls on, undying, to Freedom's farthest mountains. A congregated nation comes around him. Old men bless him and children reverence him. The lovely come out to look upon him ; the learned deck their halls to greet him ; the rulers of the land rise up to do him homage. How his full heart labors ! He views the rusting trophies of departed days ; he treads upon the high places where his brethren moulder ; he bends before the tomb of his father ; his words are tears, the speech of sad remembrance. But he looks around upon a ransomed land and a joyous race ; he beholds the blessings, those trophies secured, for which those brethren died, for which that father lived ; and again his words are tears, the eloquence of gratitude and joy.

Spread forth creation like a map ; bid earth's dead multitude revive ; and of all the pageants that ever glittered to the sun, when looked his burning eye on a sight like this ? Of all the myriads that have come and gone, what cherished minion ever ruled an hour like this ? Many have struck the

redeeming blow for their own freedom ; but who, like this man, has bared his bosom in the cause of strangers ? Others have lived in the love of their own people ; but who, like this man, has drunk his sweetest cup of welcome with another ? Matchless chief ! Of glory's immortal tablets, there is one for him, for him alone ! Oblivion shall never shroud its splendor ; the everlasting flame of liberty shall guard it that the generations of men may repeat the name recorded there, the beloved name of Lafayette.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

GOODY BLAKE AND HARRY GILL.

OH ! what's the matter ? what's the matter ?
What is't that ails young Harry Gill ?
That evermore his teeth they chatter,
Chatter, chatter, chatter still.
Of waistcoats Harry has no lack,
Good duffle gray, and flannel fine ;
He has a blanket on his back,
And coats enough to smother nine.

In March, December, and in July,
'Tis all the same with Harry Gill ;
The neighbors tell, and tell you truly,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
At night, at morning, and at noon,
'Tis all the same with Harry Gill ;
Beneath the sun, beneath the moon,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.

Young Harry was a lusty drover,
And who so stout of limb as he ?
His cheeks were red as ruddy clover,
His voice was like the voice of three.

Auld Goody Blake was old and poor,
Ill fed she was, and thinly clad ;
And any man who passed her door,
Might see how poor a hut she had.

All day she spun in her poor dwelling,
And then her three hours' work at night !
Alas ! 'twas hardly worth the telling,
It would not pay for candle-light.
This woman dwelt in Dorsetshire,
Her hut was on a cold hill-side,
And in that country coals are dear,
For they come far by wind and tide.

By the same fire to boil their pottage,
Two poor old dames, as I have known,
Will often live in one small cottage,
But she, poor woman, dwelt alone.
'Twas well enough when summer came,
The long, warm, lightsome summer day ;
Then at her door the canty dame
Would sit, as any linnet gay.

But when the ice our streams did fetter,
Oh, then how her old bones would shake !
You would have said, if you had met her,
'Twas a hard time for Goody Blake.
Her evenings then were dull and dread :
Sad case it was, as you may think,
For very cold to go to bed,
And then for cold not sleep a wink.

Oh, joy for her ! whene'er in winter
The winds at night had made a rout,
And scattered many a lusty splinter,
And many a rotten bough about.

Yet never had she, well or sick,
As every man who knew her says,
A pile beforehand, wood or stick,
Enough to warm her for three days.

Now when the frost was past enduring,
And made her poor old bones to ache,
Could anything be more alluring,
Than an old hedge to Goody Blake?
And now and then, it must be said,
When her old bones were cold and chill,
She left her fire, or left her bed,
To seek the hedge of Harry Gill.

Now Harry he had long suspected
This trespass of old Goody Blake,
And vow'd that she should be detected,
And he on her would vengeance take.
And oft from his warm fire he'd go,
And to the fields his road would take,
And there, at night, in frost and snow,
He watch'd to seize old Goody Blake.

And once behind a rick of barley,
Thus looking out did Harry stand ;
The moon was full and shining clearly,
And crisp with frost the stubble-land.
He hears a noise — he's all awake —
Again ! — on tiptoe down the hill
He softly creeps — 'Tis Goody Blake !
She's at the hedge of Harry Gill.

Right glad was he when he beheld her :
Stick after stick did Goody pull :
He stood behind a bush of elder,
Till she had fill'd her apron full.

When with her load she turn'd about,
The by-road back again to take,
He started forward with a shout,
And sprang upon poor Goody Blake.

And fiercely by the arm he took her,
And by the arm he held her fast,
And fiercely by the arm he shook her,
And cried, "I've caught you then at last!"
Then Goody, who had nothing said,
Her bundle from her lap let fall ;
And kneeling on the sticks, she prayed
To God that is the Judge of all.

She prayed, her withered hand uprearing,
While Harry held her by the arm,—
"God! who art never out of hearing,
O may he never more be warm!"
The cold, cold moon above her head,
Thus on her knees did Goody pray :
Young Harry heard what she had said,
And icy cold he turn'd away.

He went complaining all the morrow
That he was cold and very chill :
His face was gloom, his heart was sorrow,
Alas that day for Harry Gill!
That day he wore a riding-coat,
But not a whit the warmer he :
Another was on Thursday brought,
And ere the Sabbath he had three.

'Twas all in vain, a useless matter,
And blankets were about him pinn'd :
Yet still his jaws and teeth they clatter,
Like a loose casement in the wind.

And Harry's flesh it fell away ;
And all who see him say 'tis plain,
That live as long as live he may,
He never will be warm again.

No word to any man he utters,
Abed or up, to young or old ;
But ever to himself he mutters,
" Poor Harry Gill is very cold."
Abed or up, by night or day,
His teeth may chatter, chatter still :
Now think, ye farmers all, I pray,
Of Goody Blake and Harry Gill.

WORDSWORTH.

INSTIGATION SCENE. JULIUS CÆSAR.

Brutus. What means this shouting? I do fear the people

Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cassius. Ay, do you fear it?

Then must I think you would not have it so.

Brutus. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.—

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?

What is it that you would impart to me?

If it be aught toward the general good,

Set honor in one eye, and death i' the other,

And I will look on death indifferently :

For, let the gods so speed me, as I love

The name of honor more than I fear death.

Cassius. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favor.

Well, honor is the subject of my story.—

I cannot tell, what you and other men

Think of this life; but, for my single self,

I had as lief not be, as live to be

In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you :
We both have fed as well ; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with his shores,
Cæsar said to me, "*Dar'st thou, Cassius, now*
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" — Upon the word,
Accouter'd as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow ; so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd ; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews ; throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, "*Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*"
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
Is now become a god ; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake : 'tis true, this god did shake :
His coward lips did from their color fly ;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his lustre. I did hear him groan :
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas ! it cried, *Give me some drink, Titinius,*
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. (Shout. Flourish.)
Brutus. Another general shout !

I do believe, that these applauses are
For some new honors that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cassius. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.

Men at some time are masters of their fates ;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus, and Cæsar : what should be in that Cæsar ?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name,
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;
Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with them.
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.

(*Shout.*)

Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art shamed !
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods !
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man ?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walks encompass'd but one man ?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
Oh ! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

SHAKESPEARE.

INVECTIVE AGAINST MR. FLOOD.

IT is not the slander of an evil tongue that can defame me. I maintain my reputation in public and in private life. No man who has not a bad character can ever say that I deceived; no country can call me cheat. But I will suppose such a public character. I will suppose such a man to have existence. I will begin with his character in its political cradle, and I will follow him to the last state of political dissolution. I will suppose him, in the first stage of his life, to have been intemperate; in the second to have been corrupt; and in the last seditious; that after an envenomed attack upon the persons and measures of a succession of viceroys, and after much declamation against their illegalities and their profusion, he took office, and became a supporter of government when the profusion of ministers had greatly increased, and their crimes multiplied beyond example. At such a critical moment I will suppose this gentleman to be corrupted by a great sinecure office to muzzle his declamation, to swallow his invectives, to give his assent and vote to the ministers, and to become a supporter of government, its measures, its embargo, and its American war. I will suppose, that with respect to the Constitution of his country, that part, for instance, which regarded the Mutiny Bill, when a clause of reference was introduced, whereby the articles of war, which were—or hereafter might be—passed in England, should be current in Ireland without the interference of Parliament—when such a clause was in view, I will suppose this gentleman to have absconded. Again, when the bill was made perpetual, I will suppose him again to have absconded; but a year and a half after the bill had passed, then I will suppose this gentleman to have come forward, and to say that your Constitution had been destroyed by the Perpetual Bill.

With respect to commerce, I will suppose this gentleman to have supported an embargo which lay on the country for

three years, and almost destroyed it; and when an address in 1778, to open her trade, was propounded, to remain silent and inactive. In relation to three-fourths of our fellow-subjects, the Catholics, when a bill was introduced to grant them rights of property and religion, I will suppose this gentleman to have come forth to give his negative to their pretensions.

With regard to the liberties of America, which were inseparable from ours, I will suppose this gentleman to have been an enemy, decided and unreserved; that he voted against her liberty, and voted, moreover, for an address to send four thousand Irish troops to cut the throats of the Americans; that he called these butchers "armed negotiators," and stood with a metaphor in his mouth, and a bribe in his pocket, a champion against the rights of America, the only hope of Ireland, and the only refuge of the liberties of mankind. Thus defective in every relationship, whether to Constitution, commerce, or toleration, I will suppose this man to have added much private improbity to public crimes; that his probity was like his patriotism, and his honor on a level with his oath.

He loves to deliver panegyrics on himself. I will interrupt him, and say, "Sir, you are mistaken if you think that your talents have been as great as your life has been reprehensible. You began your parliamentary career with an acrimony and personality which could have been justified only by a supposition of virtue. After a rank and clamorous opposition you became, on a sudden, silent; you were silent seven years; you were silent on the greatest questions; and you were silent for money! You supported the unparalleled profusion and jobbing of Lord Harcourt's scandalous ministry — the address to support the American war — the other address to send four thousand men, which you had yourself declared to be necessary for the defence of Ireland, to fight against the liberties of America, to which you had declared yourself a friend. You, sir, who manufacture stage-thunder against Mr. Eden for his anti-American principles — you,

sir, whom it pleases to chant a hymn to the immortal Hampden — you, sir, approved of the tyranny exercised against America ; and you, sir, voted four thousand Irish troops to cut the throats of the Americans fighting for their freedom, fighting for *your* freedom, fighting for the great principle, LIBERTY ; But you found, at last (and this should be an eternal lesson to men of your craft and cunning), that the King had only dishonored you ; the court had bought, but would not trust you ; and, having voted for the worst measures, you remained, for seven years, the creature of salary, without the confidence of government. Mortified at the discovery, and stung by disappointment, you betake yourself to the sad expedients of duplicity. You try the sorry game of a trimmer in your progress to the acts of an incendiary. You give no honest support either to the government or the people ; observing, with regard to both prince and people, the most impartial treachery and desertion, you justify the suspicion of your Sovereign, by betraying the government, as you had sold the people, until, at last, by this hollow conduct, and for some other steps, the result of mortified ambition, being dismissed, and another person put in your place, you fly to the ranks of the Volunteers and canvass for mutiny.

Such has been your conduct ; and at such conduct every order of your fellow-subjects have a right to exclaim ! The merchant may say to you — the constitutionalist may say to you — the American may say to you — and I, *I* now say, and say to your beard, sir, — “ you are not an honest man ! ”

H. GRATTAN.

IN SCHOOL DAYS.

STILL sits the school-house by the road,
 A ragged beggar sunning,
 Around it still the sumachs grow,
 And blackberry vines are running.

Within the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official ;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial ;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall ;
Its doors worn sill, betraying
The feet that creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing.

Long years ago, a winter sun
Shone over it at setting,
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes, full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy,
Her childish favor singled,
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered ;
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes ; he felt
The soft hands' light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

“ I'm sorry that I spelt the word :
I hate to go above you,
Because ” —the brown eyes lower fell —
“ Because, you see, I love you ! ”

Still memory to a gray-haired man
 That sweet child-face is showing.
 Dear girl ! the grasses on her grave
 Have forty years been growing.

He lives to learn in life's hard school,
 How few who pass above him
 Lament their triumph and his loss,
 Like her — because they love him.

WHITTIER.

PARRHASIUS AND THE CAPTIVE.

THERE stood an unsold captive in the mart,
 A gray-hair'd and majestic old man,
 Chain'd to a pillar. It was almost night,
 And the last seller from his place had gone,
 And not a sound was heard but of a dog
 Crunching beneath the stall a refuse bone,
 Or the dull echo from the pavement rung.
 As the faint captive changed his weary feet.

He had stood there since morning, and had borne
 From every eye in Athens the cold gaze
 Of curious scorn. The Jew had taunted him
 For an Olynthian slave. The buyer came
 And roughly struck his palm upon his breast,
 And touch'd his unheal'd wounds, and with a sneer
 Pass'd on ; and when, with weariness o'erspent,
 He bow'd his head in a forgetful sleep,
 The inhuman soldier smote him, and, with threats
 Of torture to his children, summon'd back
 The ebbing blood into his pallid face.

'Twas evening, and the half-descended sun
 Tipp'd with a golden fire the many domes
 Of Athens, and a yellow atmosphere

Lay rich and dusky in the shaded street
Through which the captive gazed. He had borne up
With a stout heart that long and weary day,
Haughtily patient of his many wrongs ;
But now he was alone, and from his nerves
The needless strength departed, and he lean'd
Prone on his massy chain, and let his thoughts
Throng on him as they would.

Unmark'd of him,
Parrhasius at the nearest pillar stood,
Gazing upon his grief. The Athenian's cheek
Flush'd as he measured with a painter's eye
The moving picture. The abandon'd limbs,
Stain'd with the oozing blood, were laced with veins
Swollen to purple fulness ; the gray hair,
Thin and disorder'd, hung about his eyes ;
And as a thought of wilder bitterness
Rose in his memory, his lips grew white,
And the fast workings of his bloodless face
Told what a tooth of fire was at his heart.

The golden light into the painter's room
Stream'd richly, and the hidden colors stole
From the dark pictures radiantly forth,
And in the soft and dewy atmosphere
Like forms and landscapes magical they lay.
The walls were hung with armor, and about
In the dim corners stood the sculptured forms
Of Cytheris, and Dian, and stern Jove,
And from the casement soberly away
Fell the grotesque long shadows, full and true,
And, like a vail of filmy mellowness,
The lint-specks floated in the twilight air.

Parrhasius stood, gazing forgetfully
Upon his canvas. There Prometheus lay,
Chain'd to the cold rocks of Mount Caucasus —

The vulture at his vitals, and the links
 Of the lame Lemnian festering in his flesh ;
 And as the painter's mind felt through the dim,
 Rapt mystery, and pluck'd the shadows forth
 With its far-reaching fancy, and with form
 And color clad them, his fine, earnest eye,
 Flash'd with a passionate fire, and the quick curl
 Of his thin nostril, and his quivering lip,
 Were like the wing'd god's, breathing from his flight.

“ Bring me the captive now !
 My hand feels skilful, and the shadows lift
 From my waked spirit airily and swift,
 And I could paint the bow
 Upon the bended heavens — around me play
 Colors of such divinity to-day.

“ Ha ! bind him on his back !
 Look ! — as Prometheus in my picture here !
 Quick — or he faints ! — stand with the cordial near !
 Now — bend him to the rack !
 Press down the poison'd links into his flesh !
 And tear agape that healing wound afresh !

“ So — let him writhe ! How long
 Will he live thus ? Quick, my good pencil, now !
 What a fine agony works upon his brow !
 Ha ! gray-hair'd, and so strong !
 How fearfully he stifles that short moan !
 Gods ! if I could but paint a dying groan !

“ ‘ Pity ’ thee ! So I do !
 I pity the dumb victim at the altar —
 But does the robed priest for his *pity* falter ?
 I’d rack thee, though I knew
 A thousand lives were perishing in thine —
 What were ten thousand to a fame like mine ?

“ ‘Hereafter !’ Ay — *hereafter* !
 A whip to keep a coward to his track !
 What gave Death ever from his kingdom back
 To check the sceptic’s laughter ?
 Come from the grave to-morrow with that story
 And I may take some softer path to glory.

“ No, no, old man ! we die
 Even as the flowers, and we shall breathe away
 Our life upon the chance wind, even as they !
 Strain well thy fainting eye —
 For when that bloodshot quivering is o’er,
 The light of heaven will never reach thee more.

“ Yet there’s a deathless *name* !
 A spirit that the smothering vault shall spurn,
 And like a steadfast planet mount and burn —
 And though its crown of flame
 Consumed my brain to ashes as it shone,
 By all the fiery stars ! I’d bind it on !

“ Ay — though it bid me rifle
 My heart’s last fount for its insatiate thirst —
 Though every life-strung nerve be madden’d first —
 Though it should bid me stifle
 The yearning in my throat for my sweet child,
 And taunt its mother till my brain went wild —

“ All — I would do it all —
 Sooner than die, like a dull worm, to rot —
 Thrust foully into earth to be forgot.
 Oh heavens ! — but I appall
 Your heart, old man ! forgive — ha ! on your lives
 Let him not faint ! — rack him till he revives !

“ Vain — vain — give o’er ! His eye
 Glazes apace. He does not feel you now —
 Stand back ! I’ll paint the death-dew on his brow !

Gods ! if he do not die
But for *one* moment — one — till I eclipse
Conception with the scorn of those calm lips !

“ Shivering ! Hark ! he mutters
Brokenly now — that was a difficult breath —
Another ? Wilt thou never come, O Death !

Look ! how his temple flutters !
Is his heart still ? Aha ! lift up his head !
He shudders—gasps—Jove help him ! —so — he’s dead.”

How like a mounting devil in the heart
Rules the unrein’d *ambition* ! Let it once
But play the monarch, and its haughty brow
Glows with a beauty that bewilders thought
And unthrones peace forever. Putting on
The very pomp of Lucifer, it turns
The heart to ashes, and with not a spring
Lest in the bosom for the spirit’s lip,
We look upon our splendor and forget
The thirst of which we perish ! Yet hath life
Many a falser idol. There are hopes
Promising well ; and love-touch’d dreams for some ;
And passions, many a wild one ; and fair schemes
For gold and pleasure — yet will only this
Balk not the soul — AMBITION only, gives,
Even of bitterness, a beaker *full* !

Friendship is but a slow-awaking dream,
Troubled at best. Love is a lamp unseen,
Burning to waste, or, if its light is found,
Nursed for an idle hour, then idly broken —
Gain is a grovelling care, and Folly tires,
And Quiet is a hunger never fed —
And from Love’s very bosom, and from Gain,
Or Folly, or a Friend, or from Repose —
From all but keen Ambition — will the soul
Snatch the first moment of forgetfulness

To wander like a restless child away.
Oh, if there were not better hopes than these —
Were there no palm beyond a feverish fame —
If the proud wealth flung back upon the heart
Must canker in its coffers — if the links
Falsehood hath broken will unite no more —
If the deep-yearning love, that hath not found
Its like in the cold world, must waste in tears —
If truth and fervor, and devotedness,
Finding no worthy altar, must return
And die of their own fulness — if beyond
The grave there is no heaven in whose wide air
The spirit may find room, and in the love
Of whose bright habitants the lavish heart
May spend itself — what thrice-mock'd fools are we.

N. P. WILLIS.

HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES.

“HANDSOME is that handsome does, — hold up your heads, girls!” was the language of Primrose in the play when addressing her daughters. The worthy matron was right. What is good-looking, as Horace Smith remarks, but looking good? Be good, be womanly, be gentle, — generous in your sympathies, heedful of the well-being of all around you; and, my word for it, you will not lack kind words of admiration. Loving and pleasant associations will gather about you.

Never mind the ugly reflection which your glass may give you. That mirror has no heart. But quite another picture is yours on the retina of human sympathy. There the beauty of holiness, of purity, of that inward grace which passeth show, rests over it, softening and mellowing its features just as the calm moonlight melts those of a rough landscape into harmonious loveliness.

“Hold up your heads, girls!” I repeat after Primrose.

Why should you not? Every mother's daughter of you *can* be beautiful. You can envelop yourselves in an atmosphere of moral and intellectual beauty, through which your otherwise plain faces will look forth like those of angels.

Beautiful to Ledyard, stiffening in the cold of a northern winter, seemed the diminutive, smoke-stained women of Lapland, who wrapped him in their furs and ministered to his necessities with kindness and gentle words of compassion. Lovely to the homesick heart of Park seemed the dark maids of Sego, as they sung their low and simple song of welcome beside his bed, and sought to comfort the white stranger, who had "no mother to bring him milk, and no wife to grind him corn."

Oh, talk as we may of beauty as a thing to be chiselled from marble or wrought out on canvas; speculate as we may upon its colors and outlines, what is it but an intellectual abstraction after all? The heart feels a beauty of another kind; looking through the outward environment, it discovers a deeper and more real loveliness.

This was well understood by the old painters. In their pictures of Mary, the virgin mother, the beauty which melts and subdues the gazer is that of the soul and the affections, uniting the awe and mystery of that mother's miraculous allotment with the irrepressible love, the unutterable tenderness of young maternity,—Heaven's crowning miracle with Nature's holiest and sweetest instinct.

And their pale Magdalens, holy with the look of sins forgiven,—how the divine beauty of their penitence sinks into the heart! Do we not feel that the only real deformity is sin, and that goodness evermore hallows and sanctifies its dwelling-place? When the soul is at rest, when the passions and desires are all attuned to the divine harmony,—

"Spirits moving musically,
To a lute's well-ordered law,"

do we not read the placid significance thereof in the human countenance?

"I have seen," said Charles Lamb, "faces upon which the dove of peace sat brooding." In that simple and beautiful record of a holy life, the Journal of John Woolman, there is a passage of which I have been more than once reminded in my intercourse with my fellow-beings: "Some glances of real beauty may be seen in their faces who dwell in true meekness. There is a divine harmony in the sound of that voice to which divine love gives utterance."

Quite the ugliest face I ever saw was that of a woman whom the world calls beautiful. Through its "silver veil" the evil and ungentle passions looked out hideous and hateful. On the other hand, there are faces which the multitude at the first glance pronounce homely, unattractive, and such as "Nature fashions by the gross," which I always recognize with a warm heart-thrill; not for the world would I have one feature changed; they please me as they are; they are hallowed by kind memories; they are beautiful through their associations; nor are they any the less welcome that with my admiration of them "the stranger intermeddleth not."

J. G. WHITTIER.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO, JOHN.

JOHN ANDERSON, my Jo, John,
When we were first acquaint,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snow,
But blessings on your frosty pow
John Anderson, my Jo.

John Anderson, my Jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;

Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my Jo.

ROBERT BURNS

KING ROBERT OF SICILY.

ROBERT OF SICILY, brother of Pope Urbane
 And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
 Apparelled in magnificent attire
 With retinue of many a knight and squire,
 On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat
 And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.
 And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
 Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
 He caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes,*
De sede, et exaltavit humiles;"
 And slowly lifting up his kingly head,
 He to a learned clerk beside him said,
 "What mean those words?" The clerk made answer
 meet,
 "He has put down the mighty from their seat,
 And has exalted them of low degree."
 Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,
 "'Tis well that such seditious words are sung
 Only by priests, and in the Latin tongue;
 For unto priests and people be it known,
 There is no power can push me from my throne!"
 And leaning back he yawned and fell asleep,
 Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night;
 The church was empty, and there was no light,
 Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint,
 Lighted a little space before some saint.

He started from his seat and gazed around,
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.
He groped towards the door, but it was locked ;
He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,
And imprecations upon men and saints.
The sounds re-echoed from the roof and walls
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.
At length the sexton, hearing from without
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,
Came with his lantern, asking, "Who is there?"
Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,
"Open ; 'tis I, the king ! Art thou afraid ?"
The frightened sexton, muttering with a curse,
"This is some drunken vagabond, or worse !"
Turned the great key and flung the portal wide ;
A man rushed by him at a single stride,
Haggard, half-naked, without hat or cloak,
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,
But leaped into the blackness of the night,
And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
Bare-headed, breathless, and besprent with mire,
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate ;
Rushed through the court-yard, thrusting in his rage
To right and left each seneschal and page,
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed ;
Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed,
Until at last he reached the banquet-room,
Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.

There on the dais sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring —
King Robert's self in features, form, and height,
But all transfigured with angelic light !
It was an Angel ; and his presence there
With a divine effulgence filled the air,
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,
Though none the hidden Angel recognize.
A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,
Who met his look of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his eyes !
Then said, “ Who art thou, and why com'st thou here ? ”
To which King Robert answered with a sneer,
“ I am the king, and come to claim my own,
From an impostor, who usurps my throne ! ”
And suddenly, at these audacious words,
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords ;
The Angel answered with unruffled brow,
“ Nay, not the king, but the king's jester ; thou
Henceforth shall wear the bells and scalloped cape
And for thy counselor shalt lead an ape ;
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall ! ”
Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs ;
A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding door,
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
With the mock plaudits of “ Long live the king ! ”

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,
He said within himself, “ It was a dream ! ”
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,
There were the cap and bells beside his bed ;

Around him rose the bare, discolored walls,
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls,
And in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering, sat the wretched ape.
It was no dream ; the world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch !

Days came and went ; and now returned again
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign ;
Under the Angel's governance benign
The happy island danced with corn and wine,
And deep within the mountain's burning breast
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.
Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.
Dressed in the motley garb that jesters wear,
With look bewildered, and a vacant stare,
Close-shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,
His only friend the ape, his only food
What others left — he still was unsubdued.
And when the Angel met him on his way,
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,
“ Art thou the king ? ” the passion of his woe
Burst from him in resistless overflow.
And lifting high his forehead, he would fling
The haughty answer back, “ I am, I am the king ! ”

Almost three years were ended, when there came
Ambassadors of great repute and name
From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane
By letter summoned them forthwith to come
On Holy Thursday to his City of Rome.
The Angel with great joy received his guests,
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,

And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
Then he departed with them o'er the sea
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir
Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.

And lo ! among the menials, in mock state,
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,
His cloak of foxtails flapping in the wind,
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,
King Robert rode, making huge merriment
In all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp, and blare
Of bannered trumpets, on St. Peter's Square,
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace,
While with congratulations and with prayers
He entertained the Angel unawares,
Robert, the jester, bursting through the crowd,
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud :
“ I am the king ! Look and behold in me
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily !
This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,
Is an impostor in a king's disguise.
Do you not know me ? Does no voice within
Answer my cry, and say we are akin ? ”
The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,
Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene ;
The Emperor, laughing, said, “ It is strange sport
To keep a madman for thy fool at court ! ”
And the poor, baffled jester, in disgrace
Was hustled back among the populace.
In solemn state the holy week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky ;

The presence of the Angel, with its light,
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,
And with new fervor filled the hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.
Even the jester, on his bed of straw,
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendor saw ;
He felt within a power unfelt before,
And kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,
He heard the rustling garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,
Homeward the angel journeyed, and again
The land was made resplendent with his train,
Flashing along the towns of Italy
Unto Salerno, and from thence by sea.
And when once more within Palermo's wall,
And, seated on the throne in his great hall,
He heard the Angelus from convent towers,
As if the better world conversed with ours,
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,
And with a gesture bade the rest retire.
And when they were alone, the angel said,
"Art thou the king?" Then, bowing down his head,
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,
And meekly answered him, "Thou knowest best!
My sins as scarlet are ; let me go hence,
And in some cloister's school of penitence,
Across those stones that pave the way to heaven
Walk barefoot till my guilty soul be shriven!"

The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face
A holy light illumined all the place,
And through the open window, loud and clear,
They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,
Above the stir and tumult of the street,
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,

And has exalted them of low degree ! ”
 And through the chant a second melody
 Rose like the throbbing of a single string :
 “ I am an Angel, and thou art the king ! ”

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
 Lifted his eyes, and lo ! he was alone !
 But all apparelled as in days of old,
 With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold ;
 And when his courtiers came, they found him there,
 Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

LONGFELLOW

MONT BLANC BEFORE SUNRISE.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning star
 In his steep course ? So long he seems to pause
 On thy bald, awful head, O sovereign Blanc !
 The Arv  and Arveiron at thy base
 Rave ceaselessly ; but thou, most awful form,
 Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
 How silently ! Around thee, and above,
 Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
 An ebon mass : methinks thou piercest it
 As with a wedge. But when I look again
 It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
 Thy habitation from eternity.

O dread and silent mount ! I gazed upon thee
 Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
 Didst vanish from my thought : entranced in prayer
 I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody, —
 So sweet we know not we are listening to it, —
 Thou, the mean while wast blending with my thought,
 Yea, with my life, and life’s own secret joy ;
 Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,

Into the mighty vision passing — there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven.
Awake, my soul ! not only passive praise
Thou owest ! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy ! Awake,
Voice of sweet song ! Awake, my heart, awake !
Green vales and icy cliff's ! all join my hymn !

Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale !
Oh, struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink, —
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald — wake ! O wake ! and utter praise !
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth ?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light ?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams ?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely clad !
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
Forever shattered, and the same forever ?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury and your joy,
Unceasing thunder, and eternal foam ?
And who commanded, — and the silence came, —
“ Here let the billows stiffen and have rest ” ?

Ye ice-falls ! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain, —
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge !
Motionless torrents ; silent cataracts !
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon ? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows ? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet ?

“God!” let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plain echo, “God!”
“God!” sing, ye meadow streams, with gladsome voice
Ye pine groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, “God!”

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle’s nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth “God!” and fill the hills with praise!

Thou, too, hoar mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast,—
Thou, too, again, stupendous mountain! thou
That, as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling, with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud
To rise before me,—rise, oh, ever rise!
Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
Though kingly spirit, throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

MOTHER AND POET.

DEAD ! One of them shot by the sea in the east,
And one of them shot in the west by the sea,
Dead ! both my boys ! When you sit at the feast,
And are wanting a great song for Italy free,
Let none look at me !

Yet I was a poetess only last year,
And good at my art, for a woman, men said ;
But this woman, this, who is agonized here,
The east sea and west sea rhyme on in her head ;
Forever, instead.

What art can a woman be good at ? Oh, vain !
What art is she good at, but hurting her breast
With the milk-teeth of babes, and a smile at the pain ?
Ah, boys, how you hurt ! you were strong as you pressed,
And I proud, by that test.

What art's for a woman ? To hold on her knees
Both darlings ; to feel all their arms round her throat
Cling, strangle a little ; to sew by degrees
And broider the long clothes and neat little coat ;
To dream and to doat !

To teach them . . It stings there ! I made them, indeed,
Speak plain the word country. I taught them, no doubt,
That a country's a thing men should die for at need.
I prated of liberty, rights, and about
The tyrant cast out.

And when their eyes flashed . . O my beautiful eyes,
I exulted ; nay, let them go forth at the wheels
Of the guns, and denied not. But then the surprise
When one sits quite alone ! Then one weeps, then one
kneels !
God, how the house feels !

At first happy news came, — in gay letters, moiled
With my kisses, — of camp-life and glory, and how
They both loved me ; and, soon coming home to be spoiled,
In return would fan off every fly from my brow
With their green laurel bough.

Then was triumph at Turin. Ancona was free !
And some one came out of the cheers in the street,
With a face pale as stone, to say something to me :
My Guido was dead ! I fell down at his feet,
While they cheered in the street.

I bore it ; friends soothed me ; my grief looked sublime
As the ransom of Italy. One boy remained
To be leaned on and walked with, recalling the time
When the first grew immortal, while both of us strained
To the height he had gained.

And letters still came, shorter, sadder, more strong,
Writ now but in one hand : I was not to faint, —
One loved me for two, — would be with me ere long :
And, “ *Viva l’Italia !* he died for, — our saint, —
Who forbids our complaint.”

My Nannie would add ; he was safe, and aware
Of a presence that turned off the balls, — was impressed
It was Guido himself, who knew what I could bear,
And how ’twas impossible, quite dispossessed,
To live on for the rest.

On which, without pause, up the telegraph line
Swept smoothly the next news from Gaeta : — “ Shot.
Tell his mother.” Ah, ah, “ his,” “ their ” mother, ~~not~~
“ mine ; ”
No voice says, “ My mother ” again to me. What !
You think Guido forgot ?

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy with Heaven,
 They drop earth's affections, conceive not of woe?
 I think not. Themselves were too lately forgiven
 Through that Love and Sorrow which reconciled so
 The Above and Below.

Oh Christ of the seven wounds, who look'dst through the
 dark
 To the face of Thy Mother! consider, I pray,
 How we common mothers stand desolate, mark
 Whose sons, not being Christs, die with eyes turned away,
 And no last word to say.

Both boys dead? but that's out of nature. We all
 Have been patriots, yet each house must always keep one.
 'Twere imbecile, hewing out roads to a wall;
 And, when Italy's made, for what end is it done
 If we have not a son?

Ah, ah, ah! when Gaeta's taken, what then?
 When the fair wicked queen sits no more at her sport
 Of the fire-balls of death, crashing souls out of men?
 When the guns of Cavalli, with final retort,
 Have cut the game short?

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee,
 When your flag takes all heaven for its white, green, and
 red,
 When you have a country from mountain to sea,
 And King Victor has Italy's crown on his head,
 (And I have my dead) —

What then? Do not mock me. Ah, ring your bells low,
 And burn your lights faintly! My country is there,
 Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow;
 My Italy's there, with my brave civic pair,
 To disfranchise despair!

Forgive me. Some women bear children in strength,
And bite back the cry of their pain in self-scorn ;
But the birth-pangs of nations will wring us at length
Into wail such as this ; and we sit on, forlorn,
When the man-child is born.

Dead ! One of them shot by the sea in the east,
And one of them shot in the west by the sea.
Both, both my boys ! If, in keeping the feast,
You want a great song for your Italy free,
Let none look at me !

MRS. BROWNING

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

HE is fallen ! We may now pause before that splendid prodigy, which towered among us like some ancient ruin, whose frown terrified the glance its magnificence attracted. Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne, a sceptred hermit, wrapt in the solitude of his own originality. A mind, bold, independent, and decisive,—a will despotic in its dictates,—an energy that distanced expedition, and a conscience pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outline of this extraordinary character — the most extraordinary, perhaps, that in the annals of this world ever rose, or reigned, or fell.

Flung into life in the midst of a revolution that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledge no superior, he commenced his course, a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity ! With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, he rushed into the lists where rank, and wealth, and genius had arrayed themselves, and competition fled from him as from the glance of destiny. He knew no motive but interest — he acknowledged no criterion but success — he worshipped no God but ambition, and, with an Eastern devotion, he knelt at the shrine of his idolatry.

Subsidiary to this, there was no creed that he did not profess, there was no opinion that he did not promulgate; in the hope of a dynasty, he upheld the Crescent; for the sake of a divorce, he bowed before the Cross; the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the Republic; and, with a parricidal ingratitude, on the ruins both of the throne and tribune, he reared the throne of his despotism. A professed Catholic, he imprisoned the Pope; a pretended patriot, he impoverished the country; and, in the name of Brutus, he grasped without remorse and wore without shame the diadem of the Cæsars. Through this pantomime of policy, fortune played the clown to his caprices. At his touch, crowns crumbled, beggars reigned, systems vanished, the wildest theories took the color of his whim, and all that was venerable, and all that was novel, changed places with the rapidity of a drama.

Even apparent defeat assumed the appearance of victory — his flight from Egypt confirmed his destiny — ruin itself only elevated him to empire. But, if his fortune was great, his genius was transcendent; decision flashed upon his counsels; and it was the same to decide and to perform. To inferior intellects his combinations appeared perfectly impossible, his plans perfectly impracticable; but, in his hands, simplicity marked their development, and success vindicated their adoption. His person partook the character of his mind — if the one never yielded in the cabinet, the other never bent in the field. Nature had no obstacle that he did not surmount — space no opposition that he did not spurn: and whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or Polar snows, he seemed proof against peril, and empowered with ubiquity.

The whole continent trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs, and the miracle of their execution. Scepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance; romance assumed the air of history; nor was there aught too incredible for belief, or too fanciful for expectation, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag

over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became commonplace in his contemplation; kings were his people — nations were his outposts; and he disposed of courts, and crowns, and camps, and churches, and cabinets, as if they were titular dignitaries of the chess-board. Amid all these changes, he stood immutable as adamant.

It mattered little whether in the field or in the drawing-room — with the mob or the levee — wearing the Jacobin bonnet or the iron crown — banishing a Braganza, or espousing a Hapsburg — dictating peace on a raft to the Czar of Russia, or contemplating defeat at the gallows of Leipzig — he was still the same military despot.

In this wonderful combination his affectations of literature must not be omitted. The jailor of the press, he affected the patronage of letters — the proscriber of books, he encouraged philosophy — the persecutor of authors and the murderer of printers, he yet pretended to the protection of learning. Such a medley of contradictions, and, at the same time, such an individual consistency, were never united in the same character. A royalist — a republican and an emperor — a Mohammedan — a Catholic and a patron of the synagogue — a subaltern and a sovereign — a traitor and a tyrant — a Christian and an infidel — he was, through all his vicissitudes, the same stern, impatient, inflexible original — the same mysterious, incomprehensible self — a man without a model, and without a shadow.

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-Five:
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend — “ If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry-arch
Of the North-Church tower, as a signal-light —
One if by land, and two if by sea ;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm.”

Then he said Good-night ! and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war :
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon, like a prison bar,
And a huge, black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack-door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade —
Up the light ladder, slender and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the quiet town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the church-yard, lay the dead
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still,
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread
The watchful night-wind as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay —
A line of black, that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride,
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed on the landscape far and near,
Then impetuous stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely, and spectral, and sombre, and still.

And lo! as he looks on the belfry's height,
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in the village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed that flies fearless and fleet:

That was all! And yet through the gloom and the
light

The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river-fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village-clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British regulars fired and fled —
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,

Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere ;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm —
A cry of defiance, and not of fear —
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo for evermore !
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history to the last,
In the hour of darkness, and peril, and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

LONGFELLOW.

POLONIUS' ADVICE TO LAERTES.

FAREWELL. My blessing with you !
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel ;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel ; but, being in,
Bear it, that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice :
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy ; rich, not gaudy :

For the apparel oft proclaims the man ;
And they in France, of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be :
For loan oft loses both itself and friend ;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all, — to thine own self be true ;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

SHAKESPEARE.

SUFFERINGS AND DESTINY OF THE PILGRIMS.

IT is sad indeed to reflect on the disasters which the little band of pilgrims encountered. Sad to see a portion of them, the prey of unrelenting cupidity, treacherously embarked in an unsound, unseaworthy ship, which they are soon obliged to abandon, and crowd themselves into one vessel ; — one hundred persons, besides the ship's company, in a vessel of one hundred and sixty tons. One is touched at the story of the long, cold, and weary autumnal passage ; of the landing on the inhospitable rocks at this dismal season ; where they are deserted, before long, by the ship which had brought them, and, which seemed their only hold upon the world of fellow-men, — a prey to the elements and to want, and fearfully ignorant of the numbers, of the power, and the temper of the savage tribes, that filled the unexplored continent, upon whose verge they had ventured.

Methinks I see it now, that one, solitary, adventurous vessel, the Mayflower of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set ; weeks and months pass ; and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore.

I see them now, scantily supplied with provisions, crowded

almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route,—and now driven in fury before the raging tempest, on the high and giddy waves. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging. The laboring masts seem straining from their base,—the dismal sound of the pumps is heard,—the ship leaps, as it were, madly, from billow to billow,—the ocean breaks, and settles with ingulphing floods over the floating deck, and beats with deadening, shivering weight, against the staggered vessel.

I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth,—weak and weary from the voyage,—poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their shipmaster for a draught of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore,—without shelter,—without means,—surrounded by hostile tribes.

Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers. Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast?

Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures of other times, and find the parallel of this. Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children,—was it hard labor and spare meals,—was it disease,—was it the tomahawk,—was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments, at the recollection of the loved and left beyond the sea;—was it some or all of these united,—that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate?

And is it possible that not one of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible, that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, an expansion so ample, a reality so important, a promise, yet to be fulfilled, so glorious?

EDWARD EVERETT.

QUEEN MAB.

Mercutio. Oh, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.

She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep :
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs ;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams ;
Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of film :
Her wagoner, a small gray-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid :
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lover's brains, and then they dream of love ;
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on courtsies straight ;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees :
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream ;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,

Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
 Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit :
 And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
 Tickling a parson's nose as he lies asleep,
 Then dreams he of another benefice.
 Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
 Of healths five fathom deep ; and then anon
 Drums in his ear ; at which he starts, and wakes ;
 And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
 And sleeps again.

SHAKESPEARE.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

MERRILY swinging on brier and weed,
 Near to the nest of his little dame,
 Over the mountain-side or mead,
 Robert of Lincoln is telling his name :
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink ;
 Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
 Hidden among the summer flowers.
 Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
 Wearing a bright black wedding coat ;
 White are his shoulders and white his crest,
 Hear him call in his merry note :
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink ;
 Look, what a nice new coat is mine !
 Sure there was never a bird so fine.
 Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings :
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Brood, kind creature ; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she,
One weak chirp is her only note ;
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat :
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Never was I afraid of man ;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight !
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might :
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food ;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seed for the hungry brood.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
 Sober with work and silent with care ;
 Off is his holiday garment laid,
 Half forgotten that merry air,
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink ;
 Nobody knows but my mate and I
 Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
 Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes ; the children are grown ;
 Fun and frolic no more he knows ;
 Robert of Lincoln 's a humdrum crone,
 Off he flies, and we sing as he goes :
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink ;
 When you can pipe that merry old strain,
 Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
 Chee, chee, chee.

W. C. BRYANT.

REPLY OF PITT TO WALPOLE.

SIR,— The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honorable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny ; but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not, sir, assume the province of determining ; but surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided.

The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of

a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object either of abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his gray hairs should secure him from insult. Much more, sir, is he to be abhorred, who as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and become more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country.

But youth, sir, is not my only crime; I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

In the first sense, sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned, that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though, perhaps, I may have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age, or modelled by experience.

But if any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behavior imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intrench themselves; nor shall anything but age restrain my resentment,—age, which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious, without punishment.

But with regard, sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of the opinion that if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure; the heat that offended them is the ardor of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is

invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavors, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect him in his villainy, and whoever may partake of his plunder.

LORD CHATHAM.

SEVEN AGES OF MAN

ALL the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players ;
They have their exits and their entrances ;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurses arms.
Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then, a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances ;
And so he plays his part ; the sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion, —
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE WATER-MILL.

OH ! listen to the water-mill, through all the live-long day,
As the clicking of the wheels wears hour by hour away ;
How languidly the autumn wind doth stir the withered leaves,
As on the field the reapers sing, while binding up the sheaves !
A solemn proverb strikes my mind, and as a spell is cast,
“ The mill will never grind again with water that is past.”

The summer winds revive no more leaves strewn o'er earth
and main,

The sickle never more will reap the yellow garnered grain ;
The rippling stream flows ever on, aye, tranquil, deep and
still,

But never glideth back again to busy water-mill.

The solemn proverb speaks to all, with meaning deep and
vast,

“ The mill will never grind again with water that is past.”

Oh ! clasp the proverb to thy soul, dear loving heart and
true,

For golden years are fleeting by, and youth is passing too ;
Ah ! learn to make the most of life, nor lose one happy day,
For time will ne'er return sweet joys neglected, thrown away ;
Nor leave one tender word unsaid, thy kindness sow broad-
cast —

“ The mill will never grind again with water that is past.”

Oh ! the wasted hours of life that have swiftly drifted by,
Alas ! the good we might have done, all gone without a
sigh ;

Love that we might once have saved by a single kindly word,
Thoughts conceived but ne'er expressed, perishing unpenned,
unheard.

Oh ! take the lesson to thy soul, forever clasp it fast,
“ The mill will never grind again with water that is past.”

Work on while yet the sun doth shine, thou man of strength
and will,

The streamlet ne'er doth useless glide by clicking water-mill ;
Nor wait until to-morrow's light beams brightly on thy way,
For all that thou canst call thine own lies in the phrase " to-
day : "

Possessions, power, and blooming health must all be lost at
last —

"The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

Oh ! love thy God and fellow-man, thyself consider last,
For come it will when thou must scan dark errors of the past ;
Soon will this fight of life be o'er, and earth recede from
view,

And heaven in all its glory shine where all is pure and true.
Ah ! then thou'l see more clearly still the proverb deep and
vast,

"The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

D. C. McCULLUM.

SOUTH CAROLINA AND MASSACHUSETTS.

THE eulogium pronounced on the character of the State of South Carolina, by the honorable gentleman, for her Revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge that the honorable member goes before me, in regard for whatever of distinguished talent or distinguished character South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor : I partake in the pride of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all. The Laurenses, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumters, the Marions, — Americans, all, — whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by State lines, than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits.

In their day and generation, they served and honored the country, and the whole country ; and their renown is of the

treasures of the whole country. Him whose honored name the gentleman himself bears,— does he suppose me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his sufferings, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light in Massachusetts, instead of South Carolina? Sir, does he suppose it is in his power to exhibit a Carolina name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir; increased gratification and delight, rather. Sir, I thank God, that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is said to be able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit, which would drag angels down.

When I shall be found, sir, in my place here in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit, because it happened to spring up beyond the little limits of my own State or neighborhood; when I refuse, for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or, if I see an uncommon endowment of Heaven; if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue in any son of the South; and if, moved by local prejudice, or gangrened by State jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame,— may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!

Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections: let me indulge in refreshing remembrances of the past: let me remind you that, in early times, no States cherished greater harmony, both of principle and feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God that harmony might again return! Shoulder to shoulder they went through the Revolution: hand in hand, they stood round the administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exist, alienation and distrust, are the growth — unnatural to such soils — of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts: she needs none. There she is,— behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history,— the world

knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill,— and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, fallen in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie forever.

And, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it; if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it; if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraints, shall succeed to separate it from that Union by which alone its existence is made sure,— it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm, with whatever of vigor it may retain, over the friends who gather round it; and it will fall, at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, on the very spot of its origin!

WEBSTER.

*SPEECH OF HENRY V. BEFORE THE BATTLE OF
AGINCOURT.*

Westmoreland. O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England,
That do no work to-day!

King Henry. What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? — No, my fair cousin:
If we are marked to die, we are enough
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men the greater share of honor.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;
Nor care I, who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not, if men my garments wear;

Such outward things dwell not in my desires.
But, if it be a sin to covet honor,
I am the most offending soul alive.

No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England :
God's peace ! I would not lose so great an honor,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. Oh, do not wish one more :
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he, who hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart ; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse :
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowship to die with us.

This day is called the feast of Crispian :
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.

He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,
And say to-morrow is Saint Crispian :
Then he will strip his sleeve, and show his scars,
And say, these wounds I had on Crispian's day.
Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages,
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as household words, —
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster, —
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.

This story shall the good man teach his son ;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered ;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers :
For he, to-day, that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition :

And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
 Shall think themselves accursed, they were not here :
 And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks,
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispian's day.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE POLISH BOY.

WHENCE come those shrieks so wild and shrill,
 That cut, like blades of steel, the air,
 Causing the creeping blood to chill
 With the sharp cadence of despair?

Again they come, as if a heart
 Were cleft in twain by one quick blow,
 And every string had voice apart
 To utter its peculiar woe.

Whence came they? From yon temple, where
 An altar, raised for private prayer,
 Now forms the warrior's marble bed
 Who Warsaw's gallant armies led.

The dim funereal tapers throw
 A holy lustre o'er his brow,
 And burnish with their rays of light
 The mass of curls that gather bright
 Above the haughty brow and eye
 Of a young boy that's kneeling by.

What hand is that, whose icy press
 Clings to the dead with death's own grasp,
 But meets no answering caress?
 No thrilling fingers seek its clasp.
 It is the hand of her whose cry
 Rang wildly, late, upon the air,
 When the dead warrior met her eye,
 Outstretched upon the altar there.

With pallid lip and stony brow
She murmurs forth her anguish now.
But hark ! the tramp of heavy feet
Is heard along the bloody street ;
Nearer and nearer yet they come,
With clanking arms and noiseless drum.
Now whispered curses, low and deep,
Around the holy temple creep ;
The gate is burst ; a ruffian band
Rush in, and savagely demand,
With brutal voice and oath profane,
The startled boy for exile's chain.

The mother sprang, with gesture wild,
And to her bosom clasped her child ;
Then, with pale cheek and flashing eye,
Shouted with fearful energy,
“ Back, ruffians, back ! nor dare to tread
Too near the body of my dead ;
Nor touch the living boy ; I stand
Between him and your lawless band.
Take me, and bind these arms, these hands,
With Russia's heaviest iron bands,
And drag me to Siberia's wild
To perish, if 'twill save my child ! ”

“ Peace, woman, peace ! ” the leader cried,
Tearing the pale boy from her side,
And in his ruffian grasp he bore
His victim to the temple door.
“ One moment ! ” shrieked the mother ; “ one !
Will land or gold redeem my son ?
Take heritage, take name, take all,
But leave him free from Russian thrall !
Take these ! ” and her white arms and hands
She stripped of rings and diamond bands,
And tore from braids of long black hair
The gems that gleamed like starlight there ;

Her cross of blazing rubies, last,
Down at the Russian's feet she cast.
He stooped to seize the glittering store ; —
Up springing from the marble floor,
The mother, with a cry of joy,
Snatched to her leaping heart the boy.
But no ! the Russian's iron grasp
Again undid the mother's clasp.
Forward she fell, with one long cry
Of more than mortal agony.

But the brave child is roused at length,
And, breaking from the Russian's hold,
He stands, a giant in the strength
Of his young spirit, fierce and bold.
Proudly he towers ; his flashing eye,
So blue, and yet so bright,
Seems kindled from the eternal sky,
So brilliant is its light.

His curling lips and crimson cheeks
Foretell the thought before he speaks ;
With a full voice of proud command
He turned upon the wondering band :
“ Ye hold me not ! no, no ! nor can ;
This hour has made the boy a man.
I knelt before my slaughtered sire,
Nor felt one throb of vengeful ire.
I wept upon his marble brow ;
Yes, wept ! I was a child ; but now
My noble mother, on her knee,
Hath done the work of years for me !

He drew aside his broidered vest,
And there, like slumbering serpent's crest,
The jewelled haft of poniard bright
Glittered a moment on the sight.
“ Ha ! start ye back ? Fool ! coward ! knave !
Think ye my noble father's glaive
Would drink the life-blood of a slave ?

The pearls that on the handle flame
Would blush to rubies in their shame ;
The blade would quiver in thy breast,
Ashamed of such ignoble rest.
No ! thus I rend the tyrant's chain,
And fling him back a boy's disdain ! ”

A moment, and the funeral light
Flashed on the jewelled weapon bright ;
Another, and his young heart's blood
Leaped to the floor, a crimson flood.
Quick to his mother's side he sprang,
And on the air his clear voice rang :
“ Up, mother, up ! I'm free ! I'm free !
The choice was death or slavery.
Up, mother, up ! Look on thy son !
His freedom is forever won ;
And now he waits one holy kiss
To bear his father home in bliss,
One last embrace, one blessing, — one !
To prove thou knowest, approvest thy son.
What ! silent yet ? Canst thou not feel
My warm blood o'er thy heart congeal ?
Speak, mother, speak ! lift up thy head !
What ! silent still ? Then art thou dead !
— Great God, I thank thee ! Mother, I
Rejoice with thee, — and thus, — to die.”
One long, deep breath, and his pale head
Lay on his mother's bosom, — dead.

ANN S. STEPHENS.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea !
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh, well for the fisherman's boy
That he shouts with his sister at play !

Oh, well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill ;

But Oh, for the touch of the vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !

But the tender grace of a day that is dead,
Will never come back to me.

TENNYSON.

LOSS OF THE ARCTIC.

IT was autumn. Hundreds had wended their way from pilgrimages ; — from Rome and its treasures of dead art, and its glory of living nature ; from the sides of the Switzer's mountains, and from the capitals of various nations, — all of them saying in their hearts, we will wait for the September gales to have done with their equinoctial fury, and then we will embark ; we will slide across the appeased ocean, and in the gorgeous month of October we will greet our longed-for native land, and our heart-loved homes.

And so the throng streamed along from Berlin, from Paris, from the Orient, converging upon London, still hasten-

ing toward the welcome ship, and narrowing every day the circle of engagements and preparations. They crowded aboard. Never had the Arctic borne such a host of passengers, nor passengers so nearly related to so many of us. The hour was come. The signal-ball fell at Greenwich. It was noon also at Liverpool. The anchors were weighed; the great hull swayed to the current; the national colors streamed abroad, as if themselves instinct with life and national sympathy. The bell strikes; the wheels revolve; the signal-gun beats its echoes in upon every structure along the shore, and the Arctic glides joyfully forth from the Mersey, and turns her prow to the winding channel, and begins her homeward run. The pilot stood at the wheel, and men saw him. Death sat upon the prow, and no eye beheld him. Who-ever stood at the wheel in all the voyage, Death was the pilot that steered the craft, and none knew it. He neither revealed his presence nor whispered his errand.

And so hope was effulgent, and lithe gayety disported itself, and joy was with every guest. Amid all the inconveniences of the voyage, there was still that which hushed every murmur,—“Home is not far away.” And every morning it was still one night nearer home! Eight days had passed. They beheld that distant bank of mist that forever haunts the vast shallows of Newfoundland. Boldly they made it; and plunging in, its pliant wreaths wrapped them about. They shall never emerge. The last sunlight has flashed from that deck. The last voyage is done to ship and passengers. At noon there came noiselessly stealing from the north that fated instrument of destruction. In that mysterious shroud, that vast atmosphere of mist, both steamers were holding their way with rushing prow and roaring wheels, but invisible.

At a league’s distance, unconscious; and at nearer approach, unwarned; within hail, and bearing right toward each other, unseen, unfelt, till in a moment more, emerging from the gray mists, the ill-omened Vesta dealt her deadly stroke to the Arctic. The death-blow was scarcely felt

along the mighty hull. She neither reeled nor shivered. Neither commander nor officers deemed that they had suffered harm. Prompt upon humanity, the brave Luce (let his name be ever spoken with admiration and respect) ordered away his boat with the first officer to inquire if the stranger had suffered harm. As Gourley went over the ship's side, oh, that some good angel had called to the brave commander in the words of Paul on a like occasion, " Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved."

They departed, and with them the hope of the ship, for now the waters gaining upon the hold, and rising upon the fires, revealed the mortal blow. Oh, had now that stern, brave mate, Gourley, been on deck, whom the sailors were wont to mind,—had he stood to execute sufficiently the commander's will,—we may believe that we should not have had to blush for the cowardice and recreancy of the crew, nor weep for the untimely dead. But, apparently, each subordinate officer lost all presence of mind, then courage, and so honor. In a wild scramble, that ignoble mob of firemen, engineers, waiters, and crew, rushed for the boats, and abandoned the helpless women, children, and men, to the mercy of the deep! Four hours there were from the catastrophe of collision to the catastrophe of sinking!

Oh, what a burial was here! Not as when one is borne from his home, among weeping throngs, and gently carried to the green fields, and laid peacefully beneath the turf and flowers. No priest stood to pronounce a burial-service. It was an ocean-grave. The mists alone shrouded the burial-place. No spade prepared the grave, nor sexton filled up the hollowed earth. Down, down they sank, and the quick returning waters smoothed out every ripple, and left the sea as if it had not been.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

MAGDALENA, OR THE SPANISH DUEL.

NEAR the city of Sevilla,
Years and years ago —
Dwelt a lady in a villa
Years and years ago ; —
And her hair was black as night,
And her eyes were starry bright ;
Olives on her brow were blooming,
Roses red her lips perfuming,
And her step was light and airy
As the tripping of a fairy ;
When she spoke, you thought, each minute,
'Twas the trilling of a linnet ;
When she sang, you heard a gush
Of full-voiced sweetness like a thrush ;
And she struck from the guitar
Ringing music, sweeter far
Than the morning breezes make
Through the lime-trees when they shake —
Than the ocean murmuring o'er
Pebbles on the foamy shore.
Orphaned both of sire and mother
Dwelt she in that lonely villa,
Absent now her guardian brother
On a mission from Sevilla.
Skills it little now the telling
How I wooed that maiden fair,
Tracked her to her lonely dwelling
And obtained an entrance there.
Ah ! that lady of the villa —
And I loved her so,
Near the city of Sevilla,
Years and years ago.

Ay de mi! — Like echoes falling
Sweet and sad and low,
Voices come at night, recalling
Years and years ago.

Once again I'm sitting near thee,
Beautiful and bright;
Once again I see and hear thee
In the autumn night;
Once again I'm whispering to thee
Faltering words of love;
Once again with song I woo thee
In the orange-grove
Growing near that lonely villa
Where the waters flow
Down to the city of Sevilla —
Years and years ago.

'Twas an autumn eve; the splendor
Of the day was gone,
And the twilight, soft and tender,
Stole so gently on
That the eye could scarce discover
How the shadows, spreading over,
Like a veil of silver gray,
Toned the golden clouds, sun-painted,
Till they paled, and paled, and fainted
From the face of heaven away.
And a dim light, rising slowly,
O'er the welkin spread,
Till the blue sky, calm and holy,
Gleamed above our head;
And the thin moon, newly nascent,
Shone in glory meek and sweet,
As Murillo paints her crescent
Underneath Madonna's feet.

And we sat outside the villa
Where the waters flow
Down to the city of Sevilla —
Years and years ago.

There we sat — the mighty river
Wound its serpent course along
Silent, dreamy Guadalquivir,
Famed in many a song,
Silver gleaming 'mid the plain
Yellow with the golden grain,
Gliding down through deep, rich meadows
Where the sated cattle rove,
Stealing underneath the shadows
Of the verdant olive-grove ;
With its plenitude of waters,
Ever flowing calm and slow,
Loved by Andalusia's daughters,
Sung by poets long ago.

Seated half within a bower,
Where the languid evening breeze
Shook out odors in a shower
From oranges and citron trees,

Sang she from a romancero,
How a Moorish chieftain bold
Fought a Spanish caballero
By Sevilla's walls of old.

How they battled for a lady,
Fairest of the maids of Spain —
How the Christian's lance, so steady,
Pierced the Moslem through the brain.

Then she ceased — her black eyes moving,
Flashed, as asked she with a smile, —
“ Say, are maids as fair and loving —
Men as faithful in your isle ? ”

“ British maids,” I said, “ are ever
 Counted fairest of the fair ;
 Like the swans on yonder river
 Moving with a stately air.

“ Wooed not quickly, won not lightly —
 But, when won, forever true ;
 Trial draws the bond more tightly,
 Time can ne’er the knot undo.”

“ And the men?” — “ Ah ! dearest lady,
 Are — quien sabe? who can say ?
 To make love they’re ever ready,
 Where they can and where they may ;

“ Fixed as waves, as breezes steady
 In a changeful April day —
 Como brisas, como ríos,
 No se sabe, sabe Dios.”

“ Are they faithful?” — “ Ah ! quien sabe ?
 Who can answer that they are ?
 While we may we should be happy.” —
 Then I took up her guitar,
 And I sang in sportive strain,
 This song to an old air of Spain.

“ QUIEN SABE.”

“ THE breeze of the evening that cools the hot air,
 That kisses the orange and shakes out thy hair,
 Is its freshness less welcome, less sweet its perfume,
 That you know not the region from which it is come ?
 Whence the wind blows, where the wind goes,
 Hither and thither and whither — who knows ?
 Who knows ?
 Hither and thither — but whither — who knows ?

“ The river forever glides singing along,
 The rose on the bank bends down to its song ;
 And the flower, as it listens, unconsciously dips,
 Till the rising wave glistens and kisses its lips.
 But why the wave rises and kisses the rose,
 And why the rose stoops for those kisses — who knows ?
 Who knows ?

And away flows the river — but whither — who knows ?

“ Let me be the breeze, love, that wanders along
 The river that ever rejoices in song ;
 Be thou to my fancy the orange in bloom,
 The rose by the river that gives its perfume,
 Would the fruit be so golden, so fragrant the rose,
 If no breeze and no wave were to kiss them ?

Who knows ?

Who knows ?

If no breeze and no wave were to kiss them ?

Who knows ? ”

As I sang, the lady listened,
 Silent save one gentle sigh :
 When I ceased a tear-drop glistened
 On the dark fringe of her eye.

Then my heart reproved the feeling
 Of that false and heartless strain
 Which I sang in words concealing
 What my heart would hide in vain.

Up I sprang. What words were uttered
 Bootless now to think or tell —
 Tongues speak wild when hearts are fluttered
 By the mighty master spell.

Love, avowed with sudden boldness,
 Heard with flushings that reveal,
 Spite of woman’s studied coldness,
 Thoughts the heart cannot conceal.

Words half-vague and passion-broken,
 Meaningless, yet meaning all
That the lips have left unspoken,
 That we never may recall.

“ Magdalena, dearest, hear me,”
 Sighed I, as I seized her hand—
“ Hola! Señor,” very near me,
 Cries a voice of stern command

And a stalwart caballero
 Comes upon me with a stride,
On his head a slouched sombrero,
 A toledo by his side.

From his breast he flung his capa
 With a stately Spanish air—
[On the whole he looked the chap a
 Man to slight would scarcely dare.]

“ Will your worship have the goodness
 To release that lady’s hand?”—
“ Señor,” I replied, “ this rudeness
 I am not prepared to stand.

“ Magdalena, say”— the maiden,
 With a cry of wild surprise,
As with secret sorrow laden,
 Fainting sank before my eyes.

Then the Spanish caballero
 Bowed with haughty courtesy,
Solemn as a tragic hero,
 And announced himself to me.

“ Señor, I am Don Camillo,
 Guzman Miguel Pedrillo
De Xymenes y Ribera
 Y Santallos y Herrera

Y de Rivas y Mendoza
 Y Quintana y de Rosa
 Y Zorilla y" *

“No more, sir,
 'Tis as good as twenty score, sir,”
 Said I to him with a frown;
 “Mucha bulla, para nada,
 No palabras, draw your 'spada;
 If you're up for a duello
 You will find I'm just your fellow—
 Señor, I am Peter Brown!”

By the river's bank that night,
 Foot to foot in strife,
 Fought we in the dubious light
 A fight of death or life.
 Don Camillo slashed my shoulder,
 With the pain I grew the bolder,
 Close, and closer still I pressed;
 Fortune favored me at last,
 I broke his guard, my weapon passed
 Through the caballero's breast—
 Down to the earth went Don Camillo
 Guzman Miguel Pedrillo
 De Xymenes y Ribera
 Y Santallos y Herrera,
 Y de Rivas y Mendoza
 Y Quintana y de Rosa
 Y Zorilla y—One groan,
 And he lay motionless as stone,

* The approximately correct pronunciation of the Spanish names may be indicated as follows: *Sevilla*, Seveelya; *Quien Sabe*, Kee-en Sabe (*a* as in father); *Cabellero*, Cavalynaro; *Camillo*, Cameelyo; *Miguel*, Migâle; *Pedrillo*, Pedreelyo; *D Xymenes y Ribera*, Da Zimanes e Ribara; *Y Santallos y Herrera*, E Santalyos e Herrara; *Guzman*, Guthman; *Y de Rivas y Mendoza*, E da Revas e Mendoza; *Y Quintana y de Rosa*, E Keentanya e de Rosas; *Y Zorilla*, E Zoreellya.

The man of many names went down,
 Pierced by the sword of Peter Brown !
 Kneeling down, I raised his head ;
 The cabellero faintly said,
 " Señor Ingles, fly from Spain
 With all speed, for you have slain
 A Spanish noble, Don Camillo
 Guzman Miguel Pedrillo
 De Xymenes y Ribera
 Y Santallos y Herrera
 Y de Rivas y Mendoza
 Y Quintana y de Rosa
 Y Zorilla y " — He swooned
 With the bleeding from his wound.
 If he be living still, or dead,
 I never knew, I ne'er shall know.
 That night from Spain in haste I fled,
 Years and years ago.

Oft when autumn eve is closing,
 Pensive, puffing a cigar,
 In my chamber lone reposing
 Musing half, and half a-dozing,
 Comes a vision from afar
 Of that lady of the villa
 In her satin, fringed mantilla,
 And that haughty caballero,
 With his capa and sombrero,
 Vainly in my mind revolving
 That long, jointed, endless name ; —
 'Tis a riddle past my solving,
 Who he was or whence he came.
 Was he that brother home returned ?
 Was he some former lover spurned ?
 Or some family *fiance*
 That the lady did not fancy ?
 Was he any one of those ?
 Sabe Dios. Ah ! God knows.

Sadly smoking my manilla,
Much I long to know
How fares the lady of the villa
That once charmed me so,
When I visited Sevilla
Years and years ago.
Has she married a Hidalgo?
Gone the way that ladies all go
In those drowsy Spanish cities,
Wasting life — a thousand pities —
Waking up for a fiesta
From an afternoon siesta,
To "Giralda" now repairing,
Or the Plaza for an airing;
At the shaded *reja* flirting,
At a bull-fight now disporting;
Does she walk at evenings ever
Through the gardens by the river?
Guarded by an old duenna
Fierce and sharp as a hyena,
With her goggles and her fan
Warning off each wicked man?
Is she dead, or is she living?
Is she for my absence grieving?
Is she wretched, is she happy?
Widow, wife, or maid? *Quien Sabe?*

J. F. WALLER.

BROTHER WATKINS.

WE have the subjoined discourse, delivered by a Southern divine, who had removed to a new field of labor. To his new flock, on the first day of his ministration, he gave some reminiscences of his former charge, as follows:

" My beloved brethering, before I take my text I must tell

you about my parting with my old congregation. On the morning of last Sabbath I went into the meeting-house to preach my farewell discourse. Just in front of me sat the old fathers and mothers in Israel ; the tears coursed down their furrowed cheeks ; their tottering forms and quivering lips breathed out a sad — *fare ye well, brother Watkins — ah !* Behind them sat the middle-aged men and matrons ; health and vigor beamed from every countenance ; and as they looked up I could see in their dreamy eyes — *fare ye well, brother Watkins — ah !* Behind them sat the boys and girls that I had baptized and gathered into the Sabbath-school. Many times had they been rude and boisterous, but now their merry laugh was hushed, and in the silence I could hear — *fare ye well, brother Watkins — ah !* Around, on the back seats, and in the aisles, stood and sat the colored brethering, with their black faces and honest hearts, and as I looked upon them I could see a — *fare ye well, brother Watkins — ah !* When I had finished my discourse and shaken hands with the brethering — ah ! I passed out to take a last look at the old church — ah ! the broken steps, the flopping blinds, and moss-covered roof, suggested only — *fare ye well, brother Watkins — ah !* I mounted my old gray mare, with my earthly possessions in my saddle-bags, and as I passed down the street the servant-girls stood in the doors, and with their brooms waved me a — *fare ye well, brother Watkins — ah !* As I passed out of the village the low wind blew softly through the waving branches of the trees, and moaned — *fare ye well, brother Watkins — ah !* I came down to the creek, and as the old mare stopped to drink I could hear the water rippling over the pebbles a — *fare ye well, brother Watkins — ah !* And even the little fishes, as their bright fins glistened in the sun-light, I thought, gathered around to say, as best they could — *fare ye well, brother Watkins — ah !* I was slowly passing up the hill, meditating upon the sad vicissitudes and mutations of life, when suddenly out bounded a big hog from a fence-corner, with aboo ! aboo ! and I came to the ground

with my saddle-bags by my side. As I lay in the dust of the road my old gray mare run up the hill, and as she turned the top she waved her tail back at me, seemingly to say—*fare ye well, brother Watkins—ah!* I tell you, my brethering, it is affecting times to part with a congregation you have been with for over thirty years — ah ! ”

JOHN B. GOUGH.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain ;
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed :
Dear, lovely bowers of innocence and ease, —
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene !
How often have I paused on every charm, —
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age, and whispering lovers, made !

How often have I blessed the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree ;
While many a pastime circled in the shade, —
The young contending, as the old surveyed ;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground ;
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round !

Sweet, smiling village, loveliest of the lawn !
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn :
Amid thy bowers, the tyrant's hand is seen ;
And desolation saddens all thy green ;

No more thy glassy brook reflects the day ;
 But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way :
 Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
 The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay ;
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade ;
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made :
 But a bold peasantry, — their country's pride,
 When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

Sweet Auburn ! parent of the blissful hour !
 Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
 Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
 Amid thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
 And, many a year elapsed, return to view
 Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
 Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
 Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
 In all my griefs — and God has given my share —
 I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
 Amid these humble bowers to lay me down ;
 To husband out life's taper at the close,
 And keep the flame from wasting by repose :
 I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
 Here to return, — and die at home, at last.

O blessed retirement ! friend to life's decline,
 Retreat from care, that never must be mine !
 How blessed is he who crowns, in shades like these,
 A youth of labor with an age of ease ;
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
 And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly !
 So on he moves to meet his latter end,
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend ;

Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

GOLDSMITH.

UNION AND LIBERTY.

FLAG of the heroes who left us their glory,
Borne through their battlefields' thunder and flame,
Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame!
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry —
Union and Liberty! One evermore!

Light of our firmament, guide of our Nation,
Pride of her children, and honored afar,
Let the wide beams of thy full constellation
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star!

Empire unsceptred! what foe shall assail thee,
Bearing the standard of Liberty's van?
Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee,
Striving with men for the birthright of man!

Yet if, by madness and treachery blighted,
Dawns the dark hour when the sword thou must
draw,
Then with the arms to thy millions united,
Smite the bold traitors to Freedom and Law!

Lord of the Universe! shield us and guide us,
Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun!
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
Keep us, O keep us the many in one!
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry —
Union and Liberty! One evermore!

O. W. HOLMES.

*TOUSSAINT LOUVERTURE.**

If I were to tell you the story of Napoleon, I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no language rich enough to paint the great captain of the nineteenth century. Were I to tell you the story of Washington, I should take it from your hearts, — you, who think no marble white enough on which to carve the name of the Father of his country. But I am to tell you the story of a negro, Toussaint L'Ouverture, who has left hardly one written line. I am to glean it from the reluctant testimony of his enemies, men who despised him because he was a negro and a slave, hated him because he had beaten them in battle.

* Toussaint L'Ouverture, who has been pronounced one of the greatest statesmen and generals of the nineteenth century, saved his master and family by hurrying them on board a vessel at the insurrection of the negroes of Hayti. He then joined the negro army, and soon found himself at their head. Napoleon sent a fleet with French veterans, with orders to bring him to France at all hazards. But all the skill of the French soldiers could not subdue the negro army; and they finally made a treaty, placing Toussaint L'Ouverture governor of the island. The negroes no sooner disbanded their army, than a squad of soldiers seized Toussaint by night, and taking him on board a vessel, hurried him to France. There he was placed in a dungeon, and finally starved to death.

Cromwell manufactured his own army. Napoleon, at the age of twenty-seven, was placed at the head of the best troops Europe ever saw. Cromwell never saw an army till he was forty; this man never saw a soldier till he was fifty. Cromwell manufactured his own army—out of what? Englishmen,—the best blood in Europe. Out of the middle class of Englishmen,—the best blood of the island. And with it he conquered what? Englishmen,—their equals. This man manufactured his army out of what? Out of what you call the despicable race of negroes, debased, demoralized by two hundred years of slavery, one hundred thousand of them imported into the island within four years, unable to speak a dialect intelligible even to each other. Yet out of this mixed, and, as you say, despicable mass he forged a thunderbolt, and hurled it at what? At the proudest blood in Europe, the Spaniard, and sent him home conquered; at the most warlike blood in Europe, the French, and put them under his feet; at the pluckiest blood in Europe, the English, and they skulked home to Jamaica. Now, if Cromwell was a general, at least this man was a soldier.

Now, blue-eyed Saxon, proud of your race, go back with me to the commencement of the century, and select what statesman you please. Let him be either American or European; let him have a brain the result of six generations of culture; let him have the ripest training of university routine; let him add to it the better education of practical life; crown his temples with the silver locks of seventy years, and show me the man of Saxon lineage for whom his most sanguine admirer will wreath a laurel, rich as embittered foes have placed on the brow of this negro,—rare military skill, profound knowledge of human nature, content to blot out all party distinctions, and trust a state to the blood of its sons,—anticipating Sir Robert Peel fifty years, and taking his station by the side of Roger Williams, before any Englishman or American had won the right; and yet this is the record which the history of rival States makes up for this inspired black of St. Domingo.

Some doubt the courage of the negro. Go to Hayti, and stand on those fifty thousand graves of the best soldiers France ever had, and ask them what they think of the negro's sword.

I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his way to empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. I would call him Cromwell, but Cromwell was only a soldier, and the state he founded went down with him into his grave. I would call him Washington, but the great Virginian held slaves. This man risked his empire rather than permit the slave-trade in the humblest village of his dominions.

You think me a fanatic, for you read history, not with your eyes but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when Truth gets a hearing, the Muse of history will put Phocion for the Greek, Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Fayette for France, choose Washington as the bright consummate flower of our earlier civilization, then, dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

SCENE FROM HAMLET.

[*The Platform.*]

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. Indeed? I heard it not; it then draws near the season

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

(*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off within.*)
What does this mean, my lord?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,
 Keeps wassel, and the swaggering up-spring reels ;
 And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
 The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
 The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom ?

Ham. Ay, marry is't :
 But to my mind, — though I am native here
 And to the manner born, — it is a custom
 More honor'd in the breach than the observance.
 This heavy-headed revel east and west,
 Make us traduced, and taxed of other nations :
 They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
 Soil our addition ; and, indeed it takes
 From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
 The pith and marrow of our attribute.
 So, oft it chances in particular men,
 That, for some vicious mole of nature in them,
 As in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
 Since nature cannot choose his origin,)
 By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
 Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason ;
 Or by some habit that too much o'er-leavens
 The form of plausible manners ; — that these men,
 Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect ;
 Being nature's livery, or fortune's star, —
 Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace,
 As infinite as man may undergo,) shall in the general censure take corruption
 From that particular fault : the dram of base
 Doth all the noble substance often doubt,
 To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes !

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us ! —
 Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd ;
 Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,

Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou comest in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee ; I'll call thee, Hamlet,
King, father : royal Dane, Oh, answer me !
Let me not burst in ignorance ; but tell,
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements ; why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath ope'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again. What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous ; and we fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls ?
Say, why is this ? wherefore ? what should we do ?

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground :
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak ; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what would be the fear ?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee ;
And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself ?
It waves me forth again ; — I'll follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his base into the sea ;
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness ? think of it :
The very place puts toys of desperation,

Without more motive, into every brain
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still.

Go on, I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands!

Hor. Be ruled, you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,

And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. — (GHOST beckons.)
Still am I call'd. — Unhand me, gentlemen; —

(*Breaking from them.*)

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me! —
I say, away! — Go on, I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt GHOST and HAMLET.*]

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after. — To what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him. [*Exeunt.*]

[*A more remote part of the Platform.*]

Re-enter GHOST and HAMLET.

Ham. Whither will thou lead me? speak, I'll go no farther.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit ;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And, for the day, confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul ; freeze thy young blood ;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres ;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand an-end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine :
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. — List, list, O list ! —
If thou didst ever thy dear father love, —

Ham. O heaven !

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder ?

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is ;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know it ; that I, with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt :
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear :
'Tis given out, that, sleeping in mine orchard
A serpent stung me ; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abused ; but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent, that did sting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.

Ham. Oh, my prophetic soul ! my uncle !

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterous beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,

(O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
 So to seduce !) won to his shameful lust
 The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen ;
 O Hamlet, what a falling off was there !
 From me, whose love was of that dignity,
 That it went hand in hand even with the vow
 I made to her in marriage ; and to decline
 Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
 To those of mine !

But virtue, as it never will be moved,
 Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven ;
 So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
 Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
 And prey on garbage.

But, soft ! methinks I scent the morning air ;
 Brief let me be. — Sleeping within mine orchard,
 My custom always of the afternoon,
 Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole
 With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
 And in the porches of mine ears did pour
 The leperous distilment ; whose effect
 Holds sure an enmity with blood of man,
 That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
 The natural gates and alleys of the body ;
 And with a sudden vigor it doth posset —
 And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
 The thin and wholesome blood ; so did it mine ;
 And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
 Most lazarus-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
 All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
 Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatch'd :
 Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
 Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanneal'd ;
 No reckoning made, but sent to my account,
 With all my imperfections on my head.

Ham. O horrible ! O horrible ! most horrible !

Ghost. If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not ;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught ; leave her to Heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once !
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his unaffectional fire ;
Adieu, adieu, adieu ! remember me.

[Exit.]

Ham. O all you host of heaven ! O earth ! What else ?
And shall I couple hell ? — O fy ! — Hold, hold, my heart ;
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up ! — Remember thee ?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee ?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there ;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter : yes, by heaven ;
O most pernicious woman !
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain !
My tables, — meet it is, I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain ;
At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark. (*Writing.*)
So, uncle, there you are. Now, to my word ;
It is, 'Adieu, adieu !' remember me.
I have sworn 't.

SHAKESPEARE.

BUGLE SONG.

THE splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story ;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying :
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear ! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, further going ;
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying :
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river :
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

TENNYSON.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.
“ Forward, the Light Brigade !
Charge for the guns ! ” he said.
Into the valley of Death,
Rode the six hundred.

“ Forward, the Light Brigade ! ”

Was there a man dismayed ?

Not though the soldiers knew

Some one had blundered :

Theirs not to make reply,

Theirs not to reason why,

Theirs but to do and die :

Into the valley of death,

Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,

Cannon to left of them,

Cannon in front of them,

Volleyed and thundered :

Stormed at with shot and shell,

Boldly they rode and well :

Into the jaws of Death,

Into the mouth of Hell,

Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,

Flashed as they turned in air,

Sab’ring the gunners there,

Charging an army, while

All the world wondered :

Plunged in the battery smoke,

Right through the line they broke :

Cossack and Russian

Reeled from the sabre-stroke,

Shattered and sundered.

Then they rode back — but not,

Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,

Cannon to left of them,

Cannon behind them,

Volleyed and thundered :

Stormed at with shot and shell,

While horse and hero fell,

They that had fought so well,
Came through the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

TENNYSON.

DEDICATION OF GETTYSBURG CEMETERY.

FOURSCORE and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation — or any nation so conceived and so dedicated — can long endure.

We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who have given their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our power to add or to detract. The world will very little note nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here, to the unfinished work they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remain-

ing before us ; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion ; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain ; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth. *f*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.
I love not man the less but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean — roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
Man marks the earth with ruin — his control
Stops with the shore ; — upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals ;
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take

Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war, —

These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee —

Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, — what are they ?

Thy waters washed them power when they were free

And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey

The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay

Has dried up realms to deserts : — not so thou,

Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play —

Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow —

Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form

Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,

Calm or convulsed — in breeze or gale or storm,

Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime

Dark heaving ; — boundless, endless, and sublime —

The image of Eternity — the throne

Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime

The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone

Obeys thee : thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy

Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be

Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy

I wantoned with thy breakers — they to me

Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea

Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear ;

For I was, as it were, a child of thee,

And trusted to thy billows far and near,

And laid my hand upon thy mane — as I do here.

BYRON.

JIMMY BUTLER AND THE OWL.

'TWAS in the summer of '46 that I landed at Hamilton fresh as a new pratie just dug from the "ould sod," and wid a light heart and a heavy bundle I sot off for the township of Buford, tiding a taste of a song, as merry a young fellow as iver took the road. Well, I trudged on an' on, past many a plisint place, pleasin' myself wid the thought that some day I might have a place of my own, wid a world of chickens and ducks and pigs and childer about the door; and along in the afternoon of the sicond day I got to Buford vilage. A cousin of me mother's, one Dennis O'Dowd, lived about sivin miles from there, and I wanted to make his place that night, so I inquired the way at the tavern, and was lucky to find a man who was goin' part of the way an' would show me the way to find Dennis. Sure he was very kind indade, an' when I got out of his wagon he pointed me through the wood and tould me to go straight south a mile an' a half, and the first house would be Dennis's.

"An' you've no time to lose now," said he, "for the sun is low, and mind you don't get lost in the woods."

"Is it lost now," said I, "that I'd be gittin, an' me uncle as great a navigator as ivir steered a ship across the thrackless say! Not a bit of it, though I'm obleeged to ye for your kind advice, and thank yiz for the ride." *f*

An' wid that he drove off an' left me alone. I shouldered me bundle bravely, an' whistlin' a bit of time for company like, I pushed into the bush. Well, I went a long way over bogs, and turnin' round among the bush an' trees till I began to think I must be well nigh to Dennis's. But, bad cess to it! all of a sudden I came out of the woods at the very identical spot where I started in, which I knew by an ould crotched tree that seemed to be standin' on its head and kickin' up its heels to make divarsion of me. By this time it was growin' dark, and as there was no time to lose, I

started in a sicond time, determined to keep straight south this time, and no mistake. I got on bravely for a while, but och hone! och hone! it got so dark I couldn't see the trees, and I bumped me nose and barked me shins, while the mis-
katies bit me hands and face to a blister; and after tumblin' and stumblin' around till I was fairly bamfoozled, I sat down on a log, all of a trimble, to think that I was lost intirely, an' that maybe a lion or some other wild craythur would devour me before morning.

Just then I heard somebody a long way off say, "Whip poor Will!" "Bedad," sez I, "I'm glad it isn't Jamie that's got to take it, though it seems it's more in sorrow than in anger they are doin' it, or why should they say, 'poor Will?' an' sure they can't be Injin, haythin, or naygur, for its plain English they're afther spakin'. Maybe they might help me out o' this," so I shouted at the top of my voice, "A lost man!" Thin I listened. Prisently an answer came.

"Who? Whoo? Whooo?"

"Jamie Butler, the waiver!" sez I, as loud as I could roar, an' snatchin' up me bundle an' stick, I started in the direction of the voice. Whin I thought I had got near the place I stopped and shouted again, "A lost man!"

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!" said a voice right over my head,

"Sure," thinks I, "it's a mighty quare place for a man to be at this time of night; maybe it's some settler scrapin' sugar off a sugar-bush for the children's breakfast in the mornin'. But where's Will and the rest of them?" All this wint through me head like a flash, an' thin I answered his inquiry.

"Jamie Butler, the waiver," sez I; "and if it wouldn't inconvanience yer honor, would yez be kind enough to step down and show me the way to the house of Dennis O'Dowd?"

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!" says he.

"Dennis O'Dowd," sez I, civil enough, "and a dacent man he is, and first cousin to me own mother."

“ Who ! Whoo ! Whooo ” sez he again.

“ Me mother ! ” sez I, “ and as fine a woman as iver peeled a biled pratie wid her thumb nail, and her maiden name was Molly McFiggin.”

“ Who ! Whoo ! Whooo ! ”

“ Paddy McFiggin ! bad luck to yer deaf ould head, Paddy McFiggin, I say — do ye hear that ? An’ he was the tallest man in all the county Tipperary, except Jim Doyle, the blacksmith.”

“ Who ! Whoo ! Whooo ! ”

“ Jim Doyle the blacksmith,” sez I, “ ye good for nothin’ blaggard, and if yiz don’t come down and show me the way this min’t, I’ll climb up there and break every bone in your skin, so sure as me name is Jimmy Butler ! ”

“ Who ! Whoo ! Whooo ! ” says he, as impudent as ivir.

I said niver a word, but lavin down me bundle, and takin’ me stick in me teeth, I began to climb the tree. Whin I got among the branches I looked quietly around till I saw a pair of big eyes just forinst me.

“ Whist,” sez I, “ and I’ll let him have a taste of an Irish stick,” and wid that I let drive and lost me balance an’ came tumblin’ to the ground, nearly breakin’ me neck wid the fall. Whin I came to me sinsis I had a very sore head wid a lump on it like a goose egg, and half of me Sunday coat-tail torn off intirely. I spoke to the chap in the tree, but could git nivir an answer, at all, at all.

Sure, thinks I, he must have gone home to rowl up his head, for by the powers I didn’t throw me stick for nothin’.

Well, by this time the moon was up and I could see a little, and I detarmined to make one more effort to reach Dennis’s.

I wint on cautiously for a while, an’ thin I heard a bell. “ Sure,” sez I, I’m comin’ to a settlement now, for I hear the church bell.” I kept on toward the sound till I came to an ould cow wid a bell on. She started to run, but I was too quick for her, and got her by the tail, and hung on, thinkin’ that maybe she would take me out of the woods. On we

wint, like an ould country steeple-chase, till, sure enough, we came out to a clearin' and a house in sight wid a light in it. So, leavin' the ould cow puffin' and blowin' in a shed, I went to the house, and as luck would have it, whose should it be but Dennis's.

He gave me a raal Irish welcome, and introduced me to his two daughters — as purty a pair of girls as iver ye clapped an eye on. But when I tould him me adventure in the woods, and about the fellow who made fun of me, they all laughed and roared, and Dennis said it was an owl.

“An ould what?” sez I.

“Why, an owl, a bird,” sez he.

“Do ye tell me now?” sez I. “Sure it's a quare country and a quare bird.”

And thin they all laughed again, till at last I laughed myself, that hearty like, and dropped right into a chair between the two purty girls, and the ould chap winked at me and roared again.

Dennis is me father-in-law now, and he often yet delights to tell our children about their daddy's adventure wid the owl.

MARULLUS TO THE ROMAN POPULACE.

WHEREFORE rejoice that Cæsar comes in triumph?
What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome!

Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
To towers, and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,

Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
 The live-long day with patient expectation
 To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome.

And when you saw his chariot but appear,
 Have you not made a universal shout,
 That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
 To hear the replication of your sounds,
 Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?
 And do you now cull out a holiday?
 And do you now strew flowers in his way,
 That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?—
 Begone! Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
 Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
 That needs must light on this ingratitude!

SHAKESPEARE.

OVER THE RIVER.

OVER the river they beckon to me,
 Loved ones who crossed to the other side;
 The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
 But their voices are drowned by the rushing tide.
 There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
 And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
 He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
 And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
 We saw not the angels who met him there—
 The gate of the city we could not see;
 Over the river, over the river,
 My brother stands, waiting to welcome me.
 Over the river the boatman pale
 Carried another, the household pet;
 Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
 Darling Minnie! I see her yet.

She closed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark ;
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the further side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be ;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale ;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a glimpse of the snowy sail ;
And lo ! they have passed from our yearning hearts --
They cross the stream and are gone for aye.
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day ;
We only know that their barks no more
Sail with us o'er life's stormy sea ;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold
Is flashing on river, and hill, and shore,
I shall one day stand by the waters cold
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar.
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail ;
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand ;
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale
To the better shore of the spirit-land.
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of death shall carry me.

N. A. W. PRIEST.

MAUD MULLER.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast,—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

“Thanks!” said the Judge, “a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed.”

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed : " Ah, me !
That I the Judge's bride might be !

" He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

" My father should wear a broadcloth coat ;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

" I'd dress my mother so grand and gay ;
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

" And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

" A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

" And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

" Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay :

" No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues.

" But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters proud and cold,
And his mother vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go:

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain:
"Ah, that I were free again!"

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein.

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls ;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge !

God pity them both ! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these : "It might have been!"

Ah, well ! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes ;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away !

WHITTIER.

LAST CHARGE OF NEY.

THE whole continental struggle exhibited no sublimer spectacle than this last effort of Napoleon to save his sinking empire. Europe had been put upon the plains of Waterloo to be battled for. The greatest military energy and skill the world possessed had been tasked to the utmost during the day. Thrones were tottering on the ensanguined field, and

the shadows of fugitive kings flitted through the smoke of battle.

Bonaparte's star trembled in the zenith, — now blazing out in its ancient splendor, now suddenly paling before his anxious eye. At length, when the Prussians appeared on the field, he resolved to stake Europe on one bold throw. He committed himself and France to Ney, and saw his empire rest on a single chance.

Ney felt the pressure of the immense responsibility on his brave heart, and resolved not to prove unworthy of the great trust. Nothing could be more imposing than the movement of that grand column to the assault. That guard had never yet recoiled before a human foe ; and the allied forces beheld with awe its firm and terrible advance to the final charge.

For a moment the batteries stopped playing, and the firing ceased along the British lines, as, without the beating of a drum, or the blast of a bugle, to cheer their steady courage, they moved in dead silence over the plain. The next moment the artillery opened, and the head of that gallant column seemed to sink into the earth. Rank after rank went down ; yet they neither stopped nor faltered. Dissolving squadrons, and whole battalions disappearing one after another in the destructive fire, affected not their steady courage. The ranks closed up as before, and each, treading over his fallen comrade, pressed firmly on.

The horse which Ney rode fell under him, and he had scarcely mounted another before it also sank to the earth. Again and again did that unflinching man feel his steed sink down, till five had been shot under him. Then, with his uniform riddled with bullets, and his face singed and blackened with powder, he marched on foot, with drawn sabre, at the head of his men. In vain did the artillery hurl its storm of fire and lead into that living mass. Up to the very muzzles they pressed, and, driving the artillerymen from their own pieces, pushed on through the English lines.

But at that moment a file of soldiers who had lain flat on the ground, behind a low ridge of earth, suddenly rose, and

poured a volley in their very faces. Another and another followed, till one broad sheet of flame rolled on their bosoms, and in such a fierce and unexpected flow, that human courage could not withstand it. They reeled, shook, staggered back, then turned and fled.

Ney was borne back in the refluent tide, and hurried over the field. But for the crowd of fugitives that forced him on, he would have stood alone, and fallen on his footsteps. As it was, disdaining to fly, though the whole army was flying, he formed his men into two immense squares, and endeavored to stem the terrific current, and would have done so, had it not been for the thirty thousand fresh Prussians that pressed on his exhausted ranks.

For a long time these squares stood and let the artillery plough through them. But the fate of Napoleon was writ; and though Ney doubtless did what no other man in the army could have done, the decree could not be reversed. The star, that had blazed so brightly over the world, went down in blood, and the "bravest of the brave" had fought his last battle. It was worthy of his great name; and the charge of the Old Guard at Waterloo, with him at their head, will be pointed to by remotest generations with a shudder.

J. T. HEADLEY.

THE BRIDES OF ENDERBY; OR, THE HIGH TIDE.

THE old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers ran by two, by three;
"Pull, if ye never pulled before;
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
Ply all your changes all your swells,
Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby.'"

Men say it was a stolen tyde —
The Lord that sent it, He knows all;
But in myne ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall:

And there was naught of strange, beside
 The flight of mews and pewits pied
 By millions crouched on the old sea-wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,
 My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes ;
 The level sun, like ruddy ore,
 Lay sinking in the barren skies,
 And dark against day's golden death
 She moved where Lindis wandereth,
 My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

“Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha !” calling
 Ere the early dews were falling,
 Farre away I heard her song.
 “Cusha ! Cusha !” all along ;
 Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
 Floweth, floweth,
 From the meads where melick groweth
 Faintly came her milking song —

“Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha !” calling,
 “For the dews will soone be falling ;
 Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
 Mellow, mellow,
 Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow ;
 Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
 Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
 Hollow, hollow ;
 Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
 From the clovers lift your head ;
 Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
 Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
 Jetty, to the milking shed.”

If it be long, ay, long ago,
 When I beginne to think howe long,
 Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
 Swift as an arrowe, sharp and strong ;

And all the aire, it seemeth mee,
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadowe mote be seene,
Save where full fyve good miles away

The steeple towered from out the greene ;
And lo ! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the country side
That Saturday at eventide.

The swanherds where there sedges are
Moved on in sunset's golden breath,
The shepherde lads I heard afarre,
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth ;
Till floating o'er the grassy sea
Came downe that kindly message free,
The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows,
They sayde, " And why should this thing be ?
What danger lowers by land or sea ?
They ring the tune of Enderby !

" For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pyrate galleys warping downe ;
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne :
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring ' The Brides of Enderby ? ' "

I looked without, and lo ! my sonne
Came riding down with might and main :
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again,

“ Elizabeth ! Elizabeth ! ”

(A sweeter woman ne’er drew breath
Than my sonne’s wife, Elizabeth.)

“ The old sea wall (he cried) is downe,
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing uppe the market-place.”

He shook as one that looks on death :

“ God save you, mother ! ” strait he saith
“ Where is my wife, Elizabeth ? ”

“ Good sonne, where Lindis winds away,
With her two bairns I marked her long ;
And ere yon bells beganne to play
Afar I heard her milking song.”

He looked across the grassy lea,
To right, to left, “ Ho Enderby ! ”

They rang “ The Brides of Enderby ! ”

With that he cried and beat his breast ;

For, lo ! along the river’s bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.

It swept with thunderous noises loud ;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed,
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine,
Then madly at the eygre’s breast

Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout
Then beaten foam flew round about —
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drove,

The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet,

The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofoe we sat that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by ;
I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church tower, red and high —
A lurid mark and dread to see ;
And awesome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang “ Enderby.”

They rang the sailor lads to guide
From roofoe to roofoe who fearless rowed ;
And I — my sonne was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed ;
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
“ O come in life, or come in death !
O lost ! my love, Elizabeth.”

And did’st thou visit him no more ?
Thou did’st, thou did’st, my daughter deare ;
The waters laid thee at his doore,
Ere yet the early dawn was clear,
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea ;
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas !
To manye more than myne and me :
But each will mourn his own (she saith),
And sweeter woman ne’er drew breath
Than my sonne’s wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis shore,
“ Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha ! ” calling
Ere the early dews be falling ;

I shall never hear her song,
 "Cusha! Cusha!" all along
 Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
 Goeth, floweth;
 From the meads where melick growtheth,
 When the water winding down,
 Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more
 Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
 Shiver, quiver;
 Stand beside the sobbing river,
 Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling
 To the sandy lonesome shore;
 I shall never hear her calling,
 "Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
 Mellow, mellow;
 Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
 Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot;
 Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
 Hollow, hollow;
 Come uppe Lightfoot, rise and follow;
 Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
 From your clovers lift your head;
 Come uppe Jetty, follow, follow,
 Jetty, to the milking-shed."

JEAN INGELOW.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

THOSE evening bells! those evening bells!
 How many a tale their music tells
 Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
 When last I heard their soothing chime!

Those joyous hours are passed away ;
And many a heart that then was gay
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone, —
That tuneful peal will still ring on ;
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE VOYAGE.

To an American visiting Europe, the long voyage he has to make is an excellent preparative. From the moment you lose sight of the land you have left, all is vacancy until you step on the opposite shore, and are launched at once into the bustle and novelties of another world.

I have said that at sea all is vacancy. I should correct the expression. To one given up to day-dreaming, and fond of losing himself in reveries, a sea-voyage is full of subjects for meditation ; but then they are the wonders of the deep, and of the air, and rather tend to abstract the mind from worldly themes. I delighted to loll over the quarter-railing, or climb to the main-top on a calm day, and muse for hours together on the tranquil bosom of a summer's sea ; or to gaze upon the piles of golden clouds just peering above the horizon, fancy them some fairy realms, and people them with a creation of my own ; or to watch the gentle undulating billows, rolling their silver volumes as if to die away on those happy shores.

There was a delicious sensation of mingled security and awe, with which I looked down, from my giddy height, on the monsters of the deep at their uncouth gambols, — shoals of porpoises tumbling about the bow of the ship ; the grampus, slowly heaving his huge form above the surface ; or the

ravenous shark, darting like a spectre through the blue waters. My imagination would conjure up all that I had heard or read of the watery world beneath me ; of the finny herds that roam its fathomless valleys ; of shapeless monsters that lurk among the very foundations of the earth ; and of those wild phantasms that swell the tales of fishermen and sailors.

Sometimes a distant sail, gliding along the edge of the ocean, would be another theme of idle speculation. How interesting this fragment of a world hastening to rejoin the great mass of existence ! What a glorious monument of human invention, that has thus triumphed over wind and wave ; has brought the ends of the earth in communion ; has established an interchange of blessings, pouring into the sterile regions of the North all the luxuries of the South ; diffused the light of knowledge and the charities of cultivated life ; and has thus bound together those scattered portions of the human race, between which nature seemed to have thrown an insurmountable barrier !

We one day descried some shapeless object drifting at a distance. At sea, everything that breaks the monotony of the surrounding expanse attracts attention. It proved to be the mast of a ship that must have been completely wrecked ; for there were the remains of handkerchiefs, by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to this spar, to prevent their being washed off by the waves. There was no trace by which the name of the ship could be ascertained. The wreck had evidently drifted about for many months ; clusters of shell-fish had fastened about it, and long sea-weeds flaunted at its sides. But where, thought I, are the crew ? Their struggle has long been over ; they have gone down amidst the roar of the tempest ; their bones lie whitening in the caverns of the deep. Silence, oblivion, like the waves, have closed over them, and no one can tell the story of their end.

What sighs have been wafted after that ship ! what prayers offered up at the deserted fireside of home ! How often

has the mistress, the wife, and the mother pored over the daily news to catch some casual intelligence of this rover of the deep! How has expectation darkened into anxiety, anxiety into dread, and dread into despair! Alas! not one memento shall ever return for love to cherish. All that shall ever be known is, that she sailed from her port, "and was never heard of more."

The sight of the wreck, as usual, gave rise to many dismal anecdotes. This was particularly the case in the evening, when the weather, which had hitherto been fair, began to look wild and threatening, and gave indications of one of those sudden storms that will sometimes break in upon the serenity of a summer voyage. As we sat round the dull light of a lamp in the cabin, that made the gloom more ghastly, every one had his tale of shipwreck and disaster. I was particularly struck with a short one related by the captain.

"As I was once sailing," said he, "in a fine, stout ship, across the banks of Newfoundland, one of the heavy fogs, that prevail in those parts, rendered it impossible for me to see far ahead, even in the daytime; but at night the weather was so thick that we could not distinguish any object at twice the length of our ship. I kept lights at the mast-head, and a constant watch forward to look out for fishing-smacks, which are accustomod to lie at anchor on the banks. The wind was blowing a smacking breeze, and we were going at a great rate through the water. Suddenly the watch gave the alarm of 'a sail ahead!' but it was scarcely uttered till we were upon her. She was a small schooner at anchor, with her broadside towards us. The crew were all asleep, and had neglected to hoist a light. We struck her just amidships. The force, the size and weight of our vessel, bore her down below the waves; we passed over her, and were hurried on our course.

"As the crashing wreck was sinking beneath us, I had a glimpse of two or three half-naked wretches rushing from her cabin; they had just started from their beds to be swal-

lowed, shrieking, by the waves. I heard their drowning cry mingling with the wind. The blast that bore it to our ears swept us out of all further hearing. I shall never forget that cry! It was some time before we could put the ship about, she was under such headway. We returned, as nearly as we could guess, to the place where the smack was anchored. We cruised about for several hours in the dense fog. We fired several guns, and listened if we might hear the halloo of any survivors; but all was silent,—we never heard nor saw anything of them more!"

It was a fine sunny morning when the thrilling cry of "land!" was given from the mast-head. I question whether Columbus, when he discovered the New World, felt a more delicious throng of sensations, than rush into an American's bosom when he first comes in sight of Europe. There is a volume of associations in the very name. It is the land of promise, teeming with everything of which his childhood has heard, or on which his studious years have pondered.

From that time until the period of arrival, it was all feverish excitement. The ships of war, that prowled like guardian giants around the coast; the headlands of Ireland, stretching out into the channel; the Welsh mountains, towering into the clouds,—all were objects of intense interest. As we sailed up the Mersey, I reconnoitered the shores with a telescope. My eye dwelt with delight on neat cottages, with their trim shrubberies and green grass-plots. I saw the mouldering ruins of an abbey overrun with ivy, and the taper spire of a village church rising from the brow of a neighboring hill; all were characteristic of England.

WASHINGTON IRVING

ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

BACKWARD, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again just for to-night !
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore ;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair ;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep ;—
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me to sleep !

Backward, flow backward, oh, tide of the years !
I am so weary of toil and of tears, —
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain, —
Take them, and give me my childhood again !
I have grown weary of dust and decay, —
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away ;
Weary of sowing for others to reap ;—
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me to sleep !

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you !
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between :
Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep ;—
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me to sleep !

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone ;
No other worship abides and endures, —
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours :
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep ;—
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me to sleep !

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
 Fall on your shoulders again as of old ;
 Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
 Shading my faint eyes away from the light ;
 For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
 Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore ;
 Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep ; —
 Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me to sleep !

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
 Since I last listened your lullaby song :
 Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
 Womanhood's years have been only a dream.
 Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
 With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
 Never hereafter to wake or to weep ; —
 Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me to sleep !

ELIZABETH AKER: ALLEN

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

UP from the South at break of day,
 Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
 The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
 Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,
 The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
 Telling the battle was on once more,
 And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
 Thundered along the horizon's bar ;
 And louder yet into Winchester rolled
 The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
 Making the blood of the listener cold,
 As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
 And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down ;
And there, through the flush of the morning light
A steed as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass, as with eagle-flight,
As if he knew the terrible need ;
He stretched away with his utmost speed ;
Hills rose and fell ; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth ;
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls ;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind,
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.
But lo ! he is nearing his heart's desire ;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops ;
What was done ? what to do ? a glance told him both ;
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.

With foam and with dust the black charger was gray ;
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
“ I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down to save the day.”

Hurrah ! hurrah for Sheridan !
Hurrah ! hurrah for horse and man !
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame,
There with the glorious General's name
Be it said in letters both bold and bright :
“ Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester — twenty miles away ! ”

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

ORATION AGAINST CATILINE.

How long, O Catiline, wilt thou abuse our patience ?
How long shalt thou baffle justice in thy mad career ? To what extreme wilt thou carry thy audacity ? Art thou nothing daunted by the nightly watch, posted to secure the Palatium ? Nothing, by the city guards ? Nothing, by the rally of all good citizens ? Nothing, by the assembling of the Senate in this fortified place ? Nothing, by the averted looks of all here present ? Seest thou not that all thy plots are exposed ? that thy wretched conspiracy is laid bare to every man's knowledge, here in the Senate ? that we are well aware of thy proceedings of last night ; of the night before ; — the place of meeting, the company convoked, the measures concerted ? Alas, the times ! Alas, the public morals ! The Senate understands all this. The Consul sees it. Yet the traitor lives ! Lives ? Ay, truly, and confronts

us here in council, takes part in our deliberations, and with his measuring eye, marks out each man of us for slaughter. And we, all this while, strenuous that we are, think we have amply discharged our duty to the state, if we but shun this madman's sword and fury. ~~✓~~

Long since, O Catiline, ought the Consul to have ordered thee to execution, and brought upon thine own head the ruin thou hast been meditating against others. There was that virtue once in Rome, that a wicked citizen was held more execrable than the deadliest foe. We have a law still, Catiline, for thee. Think not that we are powerless, because forbearing. We have a decree, — though it rests among our archives like a sword in its scabbard, — a decree by which thy life would be made to pay the forfeit of thy crimes. And, should I order thee to be instantly seized and put to death, I make just doubt whether all good men would not think it done rather too late, than any man too cruelly.

But, for good reasons, I will yet defer the blow long since deserved. Then will I doom thee, when no man is found so lost, so wicked, nay, so like thyself, but shall confess that it was justly dealt. While there is one man that dares defend thee, live! But thou shalt live so beset, so surrounded, so scrutinized, by the vigilant guards that I have placed around thee, that thou shalt not stir a foot against the Republic, without my knowledge. There shall be eyes to detect thy slightest movement, and ears to catch thy wariest whisper, of which thou shalt not dream. The darkness of night shall not cover thy treason, — the walls of privacy shall not stifle its voice. Baffled on all sides, thy most secret counsels clear as noonday, what canst thou now have in view? Proceed, plot, conspire, as thou wilt; there is nothing you can contrive, nothing you can propose, nothing you can attempt, which I shall not know, hear, and promptly understand. Thou shalt soon be made aware that I am even more active in providing for the preservation of the state, than thou in plotting its destruction.

CICERO.

CATILINE'S DEFIANCE.

CONSCRIPT FATHERS :

I do not rise to waste the night in words ;
 Let that Plebeian talk, 'tis not my trade ;
 But here I stand for right, — let him show proofs, —
 For Roman right, though none, it seems, dare stand
 To take their share with me. Ay, cluster there !
 Cling to your master, judges, Romans, slaves !
 His charge is false ; — I dare him to his proofs.
 You have my answer. Let my actions speak !

But this I will avow, that I have scorned
 And still do scorn, to hide my sense of wrong.
 Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword,
 Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back,
 Wrongs me not half so much as he who shuts
 The gates of honor on me, — turning out
 The Roman from his birthright ; and for what ?

To fling your offices to every slave !
 Vipers, that creep where man disdains to climb,
 And, having wound their loathsome track to the top
 Of this huge, mouldering monument of Rome,
 Hang hissing at the nobler man below.

Come, consecrated Lictors, from your thrones ;

(*To the Senate.*

Fling down your sceptres ; take the rod and axe,
 And make the murder as you make the law.

Banished from Rome ! What's banished, but set free
 From daily contact of the things I loathe ?
 " Tried and convicted traitor ! " Who says this ?
 Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head ?
 Banished ! I thank you for't. It breaks my chain !
 I held some slack allegiance till this hour ;

But now my sword's my own. Smile on, my Lords !
I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,
Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
To leave you in your lazy dignities.
But here I stand and scoff' you ! here I fling
Hatred and full defiance in your face !
Your Consul's merciful ; — for this, all thanks.
He dares not touch a hair of Catiline !

“ Traitor ! ” I go ; but, I return ! This — trial !
Here I devote your Senate ! I've had wrongs
To stir a fever in the blood of age,
Or make the infant's sinews strong as steel.
This day's the birth of sorrow ; this hour's work
Will breed proscriptions ! Look to your hearths, my Lords !
For there, henceforth, shall sit, for household gods,
Shapes hot from Tartarus ; all shames and crimes ;
Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn ;
Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup ;
Naked Rebellion, with the torch and axe,
Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones ;
Till Anarchy comes down on you like night,
And Massacre seals Rome's eternal grave

I go ; but not to leap the gulf alone.
I go ; but when I come, 'twill be the burst
Of ocean in the earthquake, — rolling back
In swift and mountainous ruin. Fare you well !
You build my funeral-pile ; but your best blood
Shall quench its flame ! Back, slaves !
I will return.

GEORGE CROLY.

RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
 But one dead lamb is there !

There is no fireside howsoe'er defended,
 But has one vacant chair !

The air is full of farewells to the dying ;
 And mournings for the dead ;

The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
 Will not be comforted !

Let us be patient ! These severe afflictions
 Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
 Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors ;
 Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
 May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death ! What seems so is transition ;
 This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
 Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead, — the child of our affection, —
 But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
 And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
 By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
 She lives whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
 In those bright realms of air ;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
 Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her ;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her
She will not be a child ;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace ;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest, —

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay ;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

LONGFELLOW.

WAX WORK.

ONCE on a time, some years ago,
Two Yankees, from Connecticut,
Were travelling, — on foot of course,
A style now out of date ;
And, being far away down South,
It wasn't strange or funny,
That they, like other folks, sometimes
Should be out of money.

So, coming to a thriving place,
They hired a lofty hall,
And on the corners of the streets
Put handbills, great and small,
Telling the people, far and near,
In printed black and white,
They'd give a show of wax work
In the great town-hall that night.

Of course the people thought to see
A show, of figures grand,—
Napoleon, Byron, George the Third,
And great men of our land,—
Of Mary, Queen of Scots you know,
And monks in black and white,
Heroes, peasants, potentates,
In "wax work" brought to light.

One of the Yankees had, they say,
No palate to his mouth,
And this, perhaps, the reason was
Why he was going South;
Be that as it may,—you see
He couldn't speak quite plain,
But talked with much obscurity,
And sometimes talked—in vain.

The other was a handsome man,
Quite pleasant, and quite fine;
He had a form of finest mould,
And straight as any pine.
Indeed, he was a handsome man
As you will often see,
Much more so than you,—or you,—or you,—
But like President Grant,—or me.

This handsome man stood at the door
To let the people in,
And the way he took the quarters
And the shillings was a sin :

And when the time of show had come,
 He a curtain pulled aside,
And our friend without a palate,
 Stood in all his pomp and pride.

And in his brawny hand he held
 A pound or two, or more,
Of shoemaker's wax, which he
 Had some time made before.
He began to work it,
 And his audience thus addressed,
And the people looked and listened ; —
 Let their great surprise be guessed !

Said he, “ My friends, how some folks cheat,
 I never could conceive ;
But this is the real wax work,
 For I stoop not to deceive :
This is your real wax work,
 For your quarters and your twelves ; —
Ladies and gentlemen, just walk up
 And examine for yourselves ! ”

But when the people saw the joke,
 With anger they turned pale,
Hammer and tongs they came at him,
 To ride him on a rail ;
But he had an open window,
 And a ladder to the ground,
And just as he went out of sight,
 He turned himself around,

And holding up the wax to view,
 Said, with a saucy grin,
“ My friends here's no deception,
 For I scorn to take you in ;
This is real wax work,
 For your quarters and your twelves ; —
Ladies and gentlemen, please walk up
 And examine for yourselves.”

ANONYMOUS.

ZENOBLA'S AMBITION.

I AM charged with pride and ambition. The charge is true, and I glory in its truth. Who ever achieved anything great in letters, arts, or arms, who was not ambitious? Cæsar was not more ambitious than Cicero. It was but in another way. Let the ambition be a noble one, and who shall blame it? I confess I did once aspire to be queen, not only of Palmyra, but of the East. That I am. I now aspire to remain so. Is it not an honorable ambition? Does it not become a descendant of the Ptolemies and of Cleopatra?

I am applauded by you all for what I have already done. You would not it should have been less. But why pause here? Is so much ambition praiseworthy, and more criminal? Is it fixed in nature that the limits of this empire should be Egypt, on the one hand, the Hellespont and the Euxine, on the other? Were not Suez and Armenia more natural limits? Or hath empire no natural limit, but is broad as the genius that can devise, and the power that can win?

Rome has the West. Let Palmyra possess the East. Not that nature prescribes this and no more. The gods prospering, and I swear not that the Mediterranean shall hem me in upon the west, or Persia on the east. Longinus is right, — I would that the world were mine. I feel, within, the will and the power to bless it, were it so.

Are not my people happy? I look upon the past and the present, upon my nearer and remoter subjects, and ask, nor fear the answer. Whom have I wronged? — What province have I oppressed? What city pillaged? What region drained with taxes? Whose life have I unjustly taken, or estates coveted or robbed? Whose honor have I wantonly assailed? Whose rights, though of the weakest and poorest, have I trespassed upon? I dwell, where I would ever dwell,

in the hearts of my people. It is written in your faces, that I reign not more over you than within you. The foundation of my throne is not more power than love.

Suppose, now, my ambition add another province to our realm. Is it an evil? The kingdoms already bound to us by the joint acts of ourself and the late royal Odenatus, we found discordant and at war. They are now united and at peace. One harmonious whole has grown out of hostile and sundered parts. At my hands they receive a common justice and equal benefits. The channels of their commerce have I opened, and dug them deep and sure. Prosperity and plenty are in all their borders. The streets of our capital bear testimony to the distant and various industry which here seeks its market.

This is no vain boasting:—receive it not so, good friends. It is but truth. He who traduces himself, sins with him who traduces another. He who is unjust to himself, or less than just, breaks a law, as well as he who hurts his neighbor. I tell you what I am, and what I have done, that your trust for the future may not rest upon ignorant grounds. If I am more than just to myself, rebuke me. If I have overstepped the modesty that became me, I am open to your censure, and will bear it.

But I have spoken, that you may know your queen,—not only by her acts, but by her admitted principles. I tell you then that I am ambitious,—that I crave dominion, and while I live will reign. Sprung from a line of kings, a throne is my natural seat. I love it. But I strive, too,—you can bear me witness that I do,—that it shall be, while I sit upon it, an honored, unpolluted seat. If I can, I will hang a yet brighter glory around it.

WILLIAM WARE.

THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

COME, see the Dolphin's anchor forged ; 'tis at a white heat now ;

The bellows ceased, the flames decreased ; though on the forge's brow

The little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound ;
And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round,
All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only bare ;
Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass there.

The windlass strains the tackle-chains, the black mound heaves below,

And red and deep a hundred veins burst out at every throë ;
It rises, roars, rends all outright — O Vulcan, what a glow !
'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright ; the high sun shines not so ;

The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery, fearful show ;
The roof-ribs swarth, the cendent hearth, the ruddy, lurid row

Of smiths, that stand, an ardent band, like men before the foe ;

As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the sailing monster slow

Sinks on the anvil — all about the faces fiery grow —
“Hurrah !” they shout ; “leap out ! leap out !” bang, bang,
the sledges go.

Leap out, leap out, my masters ; leap out and lay on load !
Let's forge a goodly anchor, a bower, thick and broad ;
For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode,
And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road ;
The low reef roaring on her lee, the roll of ocean poured
From stem to stern, sea after sea, the mainmast by the board ;

The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove at the chains ;

But courage still, brave mariners, the bower yet remains, And not an inch to flinch he deigns save when ye pitch sky-high,

Then moves his head, as though he said, " Fear nothing — here am I ! "

Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand keep time ; Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's chime ; But while ye swing your sledges, sing ; and let the burden be, The anchor is the anvil king, and royal craftsmen we.

Strike in, strike in ; the sparks begin to dull their rustling red ;

Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon be sped ;

Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array, For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of clay ;

Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen here,

For the Yeo-heave-o, and the Heave away, and the sighing seaman's cheer.

In livid and obdurate gloom, he darkens down at last, A shapely one he is, and strong, as e'er from eat was cast. A trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like me, What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep-green sea !

O deep-sea diver, who might then behold such sights as thou ? The hoary monster's palaces ! methinks what joy 'twere now To go plump, plunging down amid the assembly of the whales,

And feel the churned sea round me boil beneath their scourging tails !

Then deep in tangle woods to fight the fierce sea-unicorn, And send him foiled and bellowing back, for all his ivory horn ;

To leave the subtle sworder-fish, of bony blade forlorn,
And for the ghastly grinning shark, to laugh his jaws to
scorn.

O broad-armed fisher of the deep, whose sports can equal
thine?

The Dolphin weighs a thousand tons, that tugs thy cable line ;
And night by night 'tis thy delight, thy glory day by day,
Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant game to play ;
But, shamer of our little sports, forgive the name I gave ;
A fisher's joy is to destroy — thine office is to save.

O lodger in the sea-king's halls, couldst thou but understand
Whose be the white bones by thy side, or who that dripping
band,

Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that round about thee
bend,

With sounds like breakers in a dream, blessing their ancient
friend ;

Oh, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps
round thee,

Thine iron side would swell with pride, thou'dst leap within
the sea !

Give honor to their memories, who left the pleasant strand
To shed their blood so freely for the love of Fatherland —
Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy churchyard
grave

So freely for a restless bed amid the tossing wave —
Oh, though our anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,
Honor him for their memory, whose bones he goes among !

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

TACT AND TALENT.

TALENT is something, but tact is everything. Talent is serious, sober, grave, and respectable: tact is all that, and more too. It is not a sixth sense, but it is the life of all the five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch; it is the interpreter of all riddles, the surmounter of all difficulties, the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places, and at all times; it is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way into the world; it is useful in society, for it shows him his way through the world.

Talent is power, tact is skill; talent is weight, tact is momentum; talent knows what to do, tact knows how to do it; talent makes a man respectable, tact will make him respected; talent is wealth, tact is ready money.

For all the practical purposes of life, tact carries it against talent, ten to one. Take them to the theatre, and put them against each other on the stage, and talent shall produce you a tragedy that will scarcely live long enough to be condemned, while tact keeps the house in a roar, night after night, with its successful farces. There is no want of dramatic talent, there is no want of dramatic tact; but they are seldom together: so we have successful pieces which are not respectable, and respectable pieces which are not successful.

Take them to the bar, and let them shake their learned curls at each other in legal rivalry. Talent sees its way clearly, but tact is first at its journey's end. Talent has many a compliment from the bench, but tact touches fees from attorneys and clients. Talent speaks learnedly and logically, tact triumphantly. Talent makes the world wonder that it gets on no faster, tact excites astonishment that it gets on so fast. And the secret is, that tact has no weight to carry; it makes no false steps; it hits the right nail on the head; it loses no time; it takes all hints; and, by keeping

its eye on the weathercock, is ready to take advantage of every wind that blows.

Take them into the church. Talent has always something worth hearing, tact is sure of abundance of hearers ; talent may obtain a living, tact will make one ; talent gets a good name, tact a great one ; talent convinces, tact converts ; talent is an honor to the profession, tact gains honor from the profession.

Take them to court. Talent feels its weight, tact finds its way ; talent commands, tact is obeyed ; talent is honored with approbation, and tact is blessed by preferment.

Place them in the senate. Talent has the ear of the house, but tact wins its heart, and has its votes ; talent is fit for employment, but tact is fitted for it. Tact has a knack of slipping into place with a sweet silence and glibness of movement, as a billiard-ball insinuates itself into the pocket. It seems to know everything, without learning anything. It has served an invisible and extemporary apprenticeship ; it wants no drilling ; it never ranks in the awkward squad ; it has no left hand, no deaf ear, no blind side. It puts on no looks of wondrous wisdom, it has no air of profundity, but plays with the details of place as dexterously as a well-taught hand flourishes over the keys of the piano-forte. It has all the air of commonplace, and all the force and power of genius.

LONDON ATLAS.

THE REVOLUTIONARY RISING.

OUT of the North the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame,
Swift as the boreal light which flies
At midnight through the startled skies.
And there was tumult in the air,
The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat.
And through the wide land everywhere
The answering tread of hurrying feet ;

While the first oath of Freedom's gun
Came on the blast from Lexington ;
And Concord roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her patriot arm of power,
And swelled the discord of the hour.

Within its shade of elm and oak
The church of Berkley Manor stood ;
There Sunday found the rural folk,
And some esteemed of gentle blood.
In vain their feet with loitering tread
Passed mid the graves where rank is naught ;
All could not read the lesson taught
In that republic of the dead.

How sweet the hour of Sabbath talk,
The vale with peace and sunshine full,
Where all the happy people walk,
Decked in their homespun flax and wool,
Where youth's gay hats with blossoms bloom ;
And every maid, with simple art,
Wears on her breast, like her own heart,
A bud whose depths are all perfume ;
While every garment's gentle stir
Is breathing rose and lavender.

The pastor came ; his snowy locks
Hallowed his brow of thought and care ;
And calmly, as shepherds lead their flocks,
He led into the house of prayer.
Then soon he rose ; the prayer was strong ;
The psalm was warrior David's song ;
The text, a few short words of might :
“ The Lord of hosts shall arm the right ! ”
He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured ;

Then from his patriot tongue of flame
 The startling words for Freedom came.
 The stirring sentences he spake
 Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
 And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
 And grasping in his nervous hand
 The imaginary battle-brand,
 In face of death he dared to fling
 Defiance to a tyrant-king.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
 In eloquence of attitude,
 Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher ;
 Then swept his kindling glance of fire
 From startled pew to breathless choir ;
 When suddenly his mantle wide
 His hands impatient flung aside,
 And, lo ! he met their wondering eyes
 Complete in all a warrior's guise.

A moment there was awful pause —
 When Berkley cried, " Cease, traitor ! cease ;
 God's temple is the house of peace ! "

The other shouted, " Nay, not so,
 When God is with our righteous cause ;
 His holiest places then are ours,
 His temples are our forts and towers

That frown upon the tyrant foe ;
 In this, the dawn of Freedom's day,
 There is a time to fight and pray ! "

And now before the open door —
 The warrior priest had ordered so —
 The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
 Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,
 Its long reverberating blow,
 So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
 Of dusty Death must wake and hear.

And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life ;
While overhead, with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
 The great bell swung as ne'er before.
It seemed as it would never cease ;
And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue
 Was "War ! war ! war !"

"Who dares" — this was the patriot's cry,
As striding from the desk he came —
"Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
For her to live, for her to die ?"
A hundred hands flung up reply,
A hundred voices answered, "I !"

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

A TRIBUTE TO OUR HONORED DEAD.

How bright are the honors which await those who, with sacred fortitude and patriotic patience, have endured all things that they might save their native land from division, and from the power of corruption. The honored dead ! They that die for a good cause are redeemed from death. Their names are gathered and garnered. Their memory is precious. Each place grows proud for them who were born there. There is to be, ere long, in every village, and in every neighborhood, a glowing pride in its martyred heroes. Tablets shall preserve their names. Pious love shall renew their inscriptions as time and the unfeeling elements efface them. And the national festivals shall give multitudes of precious names to the orator's lips. Children shall grow up under more sacred inspirations, whose elder brothers, dying nobly for their country, left a name that honored and inspired all who bore it. Orphan children shall find thousands of fathers and mothers

to love and help those whom dying heroes left as a legacy to the gratitude of the public.

Oh, tell me not that they are dead — that generous host, that airy army of invisible heroes. They hover as a cloud of witnesses above this nation. Are they dead that yet speak louder than we can speak, and a more universal language? Are they dead that yet act? Are they dead that yet move upon society, and inspire the people with nobler motives and more heroic patriotism?

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

DARIUS GREEN AND HIS FLYING-MACHINE.

IF ever there lived a Yankee lad,
Wise or otherwise, good or bad,
Who, seeing the birds fly, didn't jump
With flapping arms from stake or stump,
 Or, spreading the tail
 Of his coat for a sail,
Take a soaring leap from post or rail,
 And wonder why
 He couldn't fly,
And flap and flutter and wish and try —
If ever you knew a country dunce
Who didn't try that as often as once,
All I can say is, that's a sign
He never would do for a hero of mine.

An aspiring genius was D. Green :
The son of a farmer — age fourteen ;
His body was long and lank and lean —
Just right for flying, as will be seen ;
He had two eyes as bright as a bean,
And a freckled nose that grew between,

A little awry — for I must mention
That he had riveted his attention
Upon his wonderful invention,
Twisting his tongue as he twisted the strings,
And working his face as he worked the wings,
And with every turn of gimlet and screw
Turning and screwing his mouth round too,
Till his nose seemed bent
To catch the scent,
Around some corner, of new-baked pies,
And his wrinkled cheeks and his squinting eyes
Grew puckered into a queer grimace,
That made him look very droll in the face,
And also very wise.
And wise he must have been, to do more
Than ever a genius did before,
Excepting Dædalus of yore
And his son Icarus, who wore
Upon their backs
Those wings of wax
He had read of in the old almanacs.
Darius was clearly of the opinion,
That the air is also man's dominion,
And that, with paddle or fin or pinion,
We soon or late shall navigate
The azure as now we sail the sea.
The thing looks simple enough to me ;
And if you doubt it,
Hear how Darius reasoned about it.

“ The birds can fly an' why can't I ?
Must we give in,” says he with a grin,
“ That the bluebird an' phœbe
Are smarter 'n we be ?
Jest fold our hands an' see the swaller
An' blackbird an' catbird beat us holler ?
Does the little chatterin', sassy wren,
No bigger 'n my thumb, know more than men ?

Jest show me that !
Ur prove 't the bat
Hez got more brains than's in my hat,
An' I'll back down, an' not till then ! ”
He argued further : “ Nur I can't see
What's th' use o' wings to a bumble-bee,
Fur to git a livin' with, more 'n to me ; —
Ain't my business
Important's his'n is ?
That Icarus
Made a perty muss —
Him an' his daddy Dædalus
They might 'a' knowed wings made o' wax
Wouldn't stand sun-heat an' hard whacks.
I'll make mine o' luther,
Ur suthin' ur other.”

And he said to himself, as he tinkered and planned :
“ But I ain't goin' to show my hand
To nummies that never can understand
The fust idee that's big and grand.”
So he kept his secret from all the rest,
Safely buttoned within his vest ;
And in the loft above the shed
Himself he locks, with thimble and thread
And wax and hammer and buckles and screws
And all such things as geniuses use ; —
Two bats for patterns, curious fellows !
A charcoal-pot and a pair of bellows ;
Some wire, and several old umbrellas ;
A carriage-cover, for tail and wings ;
A piece of harness ; and straps and strings ;
And a big strong box,
In which he locks
These and a hundred other things.
His grinning brothers, Reuben and Burke
And Nathan and Jotham and Solomon, lurk

Around the corner to see him work —
Sitting cross-legged, like a Turk,
Drawing the waxed-end through with a jerk,
And boring the holes with a comical quirk
Of his wise old head, and a knowing smirk.
But vainly they mounted each other's backs,
And poked through knot-holes and pried through cracks ;
With wood from the pile and straw from the stacks
He plugged the knot-holes and calked the cracks ;
And a dipper of water, which one would think
He had brought up into the loft to drink

When he chanced to be dry,
Stood always nigh,
For Darius was sly !

And whenever at work he happened to spy
At chink or crevice a blinking eye,
He let the dipper of water fly.
“ Take that ! an’ ef ever ye git a peep,
Guess ye’ll ketch a weasel asleep ! ”

And he sings as he locks
His big strong box :—

“ The weasel’s head is small an’ trim,
An’ he is little an’ long an’ slim,
An’ quick of motion an’ nimble of limb,

An’ ef you’ll be
Advised by me,

Keep wide awake when ye ’re ketchin’ him ! ”

So day after day
He stitched and tinkered and hammered away,
Till at last ’twas done —

The greatest invention under the sun !

“ An’ now,” says Darius, “ hooray fur some fun ! ”

’Twas the Fourth of July,
And the weather was dry,
And not a cloud was on all the sky,

Save a few light fleeces, which here and there,
 Half mist, half air,
 Like foam on the ocean went floating by —
 Just as lovely a morning as ever was seen
 For a nice little trip in a flying-machine.
 Thought cunning Darius : “ Now I shan’t go
 Along ’ith the fellers to see the show.
 I’ll say I’ve got sich a terrible cough !
 An’ then, when the folks ’ave all gone off,
 I’ll hev full swing fur to try the thing,
 An’ practise a little on the wing.”

“ Ain’t goin’ to see the celebration ? ”
 Says brother Nate. “ No ; botheration !
 I’ve got sich a cold — a toothache — I —
 My gracious ! — feel’s though I should fly ! ”

Said Jotham, “ ’Sho !
 Guess ye better go.”
 But Darius said, “ No !
 Shouldn’t wonder ’f you might see me, though,
 ’Long ’bout noon, ef I get red
 O’ this jumpin’, thumpin’ pain ’n my head.”
 For all the while to himself he said : —

“ I tell ye what !
 I’ll fly a few times around the lot,
 To see how ’t seems, then soon’s I’ve got
 The hang o’ the thing, ez likely’s not,
 I’ll astonish the nation,
 An’ all creation,
 By flyin’ over the celebration !
 Over their heads I’ll sail like an eagle ;
 I’ll balance myself on my wings like a sea-gull ;
 I’ll dance on the chimbleys ; I’ll stand on the steeple ;
 I’ll flop up to winders an’ scare the people !
 I’ll light on the liberty-pole, an’ crow ;
 Ah’ I’ll say to the gawpin’ fools below,
 ‘ What world’s this ’ere
 That I’ve come near ? ’

Fur I'll make 'em b'lieve I'm a chap f'm the moon ;
An' I'll try a race 'ith their ol' balloon ! ”

He crept from his bed ;
And, seeing the others were gone, he said,
“ I'm gittin' over the cold 'n my head.”
And away he sped,
To open the wonderful box in the shed.

His brothers had walked but a little way,
When Jotham to Nathan chanced to say,
“ What is the feller up to, hey ? ”
“ Don'o' — the 's suthin' ur other to pay,
Ur he wouldn't 'a' stayed to hum to-day.”
Says Burke, “ His toothache 's all 'n his eye ! ”
He never'd miss a Fo'th-o'-July,
Ef he hedn't got some machine to try.”
Then Sol, the little one, spoke : “ By darn !
Le's hurry back an' hide 'n the barn,
An' pay him fur tellin' us that yarn ! ”
“ Agreed ! ” Through the orchard they creep back,
Along by the fences, behind the stack,
And one by one, through a hole in the wall,
In under the dusty barn they crawl,
Dressed in their Sunday garments all ;
And a very astonishing sight was that,
When each in his cobwebbed coat and hat
Came up through the floor like an ancient rat.
And there they hid ;
And Reuben slid
The fastenings back, and the door undid.
“ Keep dark ! ” said he,
“ While I squint an' see what the' is to see.

As knights of old put on their mail —
From head to foot an iron suit,
Iron jacket and iron boot,

Iron breeches, and on the head
No hat, but an iron pot instead,
 And under the chin the bail,
(I believe they called the thing a helm,) Then sallied forth to overwhelm
The dragons and pagans that plagued the realm —
 So this modern knight
 Prepared for flight,
Put on his wings and strapped them tight —
Jointed and jaunty, strong and light —
Buckled them fast to shoulder and hip —
Ten feet they measured from tip to tip !
And a helm had he, but that he wore,
Not on his head, like those of yore,
 But more like the helm of a ship.

“ Hush ! ” Reuben said,
“ He’s up in the shed !
He’s opened the winder — I see his head !
He stretches it out, an’ pokes it about,
Lookin’ to see ’f the coast is clear,
 An’ nobody near ; —
Guess he don’o’ who’s hid in here !
He’s riggin’ a spring-board over the sill !
Stop laffin’, Solomon ! Burke, keep still !
He’s a climbin’ out now — Of all the things !
What’s he got on ? I van, it’s wings !
An’ that t’ other thing ? I vum, it’s a tail !
An’ there he sets like a hawk on a rail !
Steppin’ careful, he travels the length
Of his spring-board, and teeters to try its strength.
Now he stretches his wings, like a monstrous bat ;
Peeks over his shoulder, this way an’ that,
Fur to see ’f the’ s any one passin’ by
But the’ s on’y a ca’f an’ a goslin’ nigh.
They turn up at him wonderin’ eye,
To see — The dragon ! he’s goin’ to fly !

Away he goes ! Jimminy ! what a jump !
Flop — flop — an' plump
To the ground with a thump !
Flutt'rin' an' flound'rin', all 'n a lump !”
As a demon is hurled by an angel's spear,
Heels over head, to his proper sphere —
Heels over head, and head over heels,
Dizzily down the abyss he wheels —
So fell Darius. Upon his crown,
In the midst of the barn-yard, he came down,
In a wonderful whirl of tangled strings,
Broken braces and broken springs,
Broken tail and broken wings,
Shooting-stars, and various things —
Barn-yard litter of straw and chaff,
And much that wasn't so sweet by half.
Away with a bellow fled the calf,
And what was that ? Did the gosling laugh ?
'Tis a merry roar from the old barn-door,
And he hears the voice of Jotham crying,
“ Say, D'rius ! how do you like flyin' ? ”
Slowly, ruefully, where he lay,
Darius just turned and looked that way,
As he stanch'd his sorrowful nose with his cuff.
“ Wal, I like flyin' well enough,”
He said ; “ but the' ain't sich a thunderin' sight
O' fun in't when ye come to light.”

I just have room for the moral here :
And this is the moral — Stick to your sphere.
Or if you insist, as you have the right,
On spreading your wings for a loftier flight,
The moral is — Take care how you light.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

SCENES FROM MACBETH.

[*A room in a Castle.*]

Macbeth. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well

It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time, —
We'd jump the life to come. — But, in these cases,
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off:
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or Heaven's cherubin, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. — I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other. — How now, what news?

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady Macbeth. He has almost supp'd: why have you
left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he asked for me?

Lady M. Know you not, he has?

Macb. We will proceed no farther in this business ;
He hath honor'd me of late ; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dressed yourself ? hath it slept since ?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely ? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afear'd
To be the same in thine own act and valor,
As thou art in desire ? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem ;
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
Like the poor cat i' the adage ?

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace :
I dare do all that may become a man ;
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady M. What beast was't then,
That made you break this enterprise to me ?
When you durst do it, then you were a man ;
And to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both :
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you.

Macb. If we should fail ?

Lady M. We fail !
But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,

Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
 A limbeck only. When in swinish sleep
 Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
 What cannot you and I perform upon
 The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
 His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
 Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only;
 For thy undaunted metal should compose
 Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
 When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
 Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,
 That they have done't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
 As we shall make our griefs and clamor roar
 Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
 Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
 Away, and mock the time with fairest show;
 False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENES FROM SAME.

[*Court within the Castle.*]

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, and a Servant with a torch before them.

Banquo. How goes the night, boy?

Fleance. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't, 'tis later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword.—There's husbandry in
 heaven,

Their candles are all out.—Take thee that, too.
 A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,

And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose! — Give me my sword; —

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.

Who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's abed;
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your officers;
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters,
To you they have show'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, — when 'tis,
It shall make honor for you.

Ban. So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised, and allegiance clear;
I shall be counsel'd.

Macb. Good repose the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir; the like to you! [Exit Banquo.

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. —

[Exit Servant.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee: —
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
 To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
 A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable
 As this which now I draw.
 Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going,
 And such an instrument I was to use.
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
 Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
 And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
 Which was not so before. — There's no such thing:
 It is the bloody business, which informs
 Thus to mine eyes. — Now o'er the one half world
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
 Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
 Moves like a ghost. — Thou sure and firm set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 The very stones prate of my whereabout
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it. — Whiles I threat, he lives;
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

(*A bell rings.*)

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell

That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

[*Exit.*]

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk, hath made
 me bold;

What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire. — Hark! —
 Peace!

It was the owl that shriek'd; the fatal bellman
 Which gives the stern'st good night. He is about it:

The doors are open ; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores : I have drugg'd their
possets,

That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live, or die.

Macb. (Within.) Who's there ? — what, ho !

Lady M. Alack ! I am afraid they have awaked,
And 'tis not done : — the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us : — Hark ! — I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss them. — Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't. — My husband !

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. I have done the deed. — Dids't thou not hear
a noise ?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak ?

Macb. When ?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended ?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark ! — Who lies i' the second chamber ?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight.

(*Looking on his hands.*)

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cried,
'Murder !'

That they did wake each other ; I stood and heard them :
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodged together.

Macb. One cried, 'God bless us !' and 'Amen,' the other :
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands,
Listening their fear I could not say, Amen,
When they did say, God bless us.

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce, Amen ?

I had most need of blessing, and Amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways ; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more !*
Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep !
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast,—

Lady M. What do you mean ?

Macb. Still it cried, *Sleep no more ;* to all the house :
Glamis hath murder'd sleep ; and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more !

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried ? Why worthy
thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things.— Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place ?
They must lie there : go, carry them ; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more :
I am afraid to think what I have done ;
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose !
Give me the daggers : the sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures : 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit. Knocking within.*

Macb. Whence is that knocking ?
How is't with me, when every noise appalls me ?
What hands are here ? Ha ! they pluck out mine eyes !
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand ? No ; this my hand will rather

The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green — one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your color ; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. (*Knock.*) I hear a knocking
At the south entry : — retire we to our chamber ;
A little water clears us of this deed :
How easy is it then ! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. — (*Knocking.*) Hark ! more
knocking :
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers. — Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, — 'twere best not know my-
self. (*Knock.*)
Wake Duncan with thy knocking ! I would thou couldst !

[*Exeunt.*

SHAKESPEARE. .

ELOQUENCE.

WHAT country ever offered a nobler theatre for the display
of eloquence than our own ? From the primary assemblies
of the people, where power is conferred, and may be retained,
to the national legislature, where its highest attributes are
deposited and exercised, all feel and acknowledge its influ-
ence.

The master spirits of our father-land, they who guided the
councils of England in her career of prosperity and glory,
whose eloquence was the admiration of their contemporaries,
as it will be of posterity, were deeply imbued with classical
learning. They drank at the fountain and not at the stream,
and they led captive the public opinion of the empire, and
asserted their dominion in the senate and the cabinet.

Nor have we been wanting in contribution to the general

stock of eloquence. In our legislative assemblies, at the bar, and in the pulpit, many examples are before us, not less cheering in the rewards they offer than in the renown which follows them. And if our lamps are lighted at the altar of ancient and modern learning, we may hope that a sacred fire will be kept burning, to shed its influence upon our institutions, and the duration of the Republic.

But after all, habits of mental and moral discipline are the first great objects in any system of instruction, public or private. The value of education depends far less upon varied and extensive acquirements than upon the cultivation of just powers of thought, and the general regulation of the faculties of the understanding. That it is not the amount of knowledge, but the capacity to apply it, which promises success and usefulness in life, is a truth that cannot be too often inculcated by instructors and recollected by pupils.

If youth are taught how to think, they will soon learn what to think. Exercise is not more necessary to a healthful state of the body than is the employment of the various faculties of the mind to mental efficiency. The practical sciences are as barren of useful products as the speculative, where facts only are the objects of knowledge, unless the understanding is habituated to a continued process of examination and reflection.

No precocity of intellect, no promise of genius, no extent of knowledge, can be weighed in the scale with those acquisitions. But he who has been the object of such sedulous attention, and the subject of such a course of instruction, may enter upon the great duties of life with every prospect of an honorable and a useful career. His armor is girded on for battle. However difficult the conjuncture in which he may be called on to act, he is prepared for whatever may betide him.

LEWIS CASS.

DESTRUCTION OF THE CARNATIC.

WHEN at length Hyder Ali found that he had to do with men who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty and no signature could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself, he decreed to make the country possessed by these incorrigible and predestinated criminals a memorable example to mankind. He resolved, in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of vengeance, and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those against whom the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together was no protection.

He became at length so confident of his force, so collected in his might, that he made no secret whatsoever of his dreadful resolution. Having terminated his disputes with every enemy and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common detestation against the creditors of the Nabob of Arcot, he drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the art of destruction ; and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains. Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on this menacing meteor, which blackened all their horizon, it suddenly burst, and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic.

Then ensued a scene of woe, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and of which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard of were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants, flying from their flaming villages, in part were slaughtered ; others,

without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank or sacredness of function, fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers, and the trampling of pursuing horses, were swept into captivity in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest fled to the walled cities; but escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine.

The alms of the settlement, in this dreadful exigency, were certainly liberal; and all was done by charity that private charity could do; but it was a people in beggary; it was a nation which stretched out its hands for food. For months together these creatures of sufferance, whose very excess and luxury in their most plenteous days had fallen short of the allowance of our austerest fasts, silent, patient, resigned, without sedition or disturbance, almost without complaint, perished by a hundred a day in the streets of Madras; every day seventy at least laid their bodies in the streets, or in the glacis of Tanjore, and expired of famine in the granary of India. I was going to awake your justice towards this unhappy part of our fellow-citizens, by bringing before you some of the circumstances of this plague of hunger. Of all the calamities which beset and waylay the life of man, this comes the nearest to our heart, and is that wherein the proudest of us all feels himself to be nothing more than he is; but I find myself unable to manage it with decorum; these details are of a species of horror so nauseous and disgusting; they are so degrading to the sufferers and to the hearers; they are so humiliating to human nature itself, that, on better thoughts, I find it more advisable to throw a pall over this hideous object, and to leave it to your general conceptions.

For eighteen months, without intermission, this destruction raged from the gates of Madras to the gates of Tanjore; and so completely did these masters of their art, Hyder Ali and his more ferocious son, absolve themselves of their impious vow, that, when the British armies traversed, as they

did, the Carnatic for hundreds of miles in all directions, through the whole line of their march they did not see one man, not one woman, not one child, not one four-footed beast of any description whatever. One dead, uniform silence reigned over the whole region.

BURKE.

CHARITY.

THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge ; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind ; charity envieth not ; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil ; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth ; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth ; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail ; whether there be tongues, they shall cease ; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child ; but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass, darkly ; but then face to face : now I know in part ; but then shall I know even as also I am known. And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three ; but the greatest of these is charity.

BIBLE.

WAITING BY THE GATE.

BESIDE a massive gateway built up in years gone by,
Upon whose top the clouds in eternal shadow lie,
While streams the evening sunshine on quiet wood and lea,
I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

The tree-tops faintly rustle beneath the breeze's flight,
A soft and soothing sound, yet it whispers of the night;
I hear the wood-thrush piping one mellow descant more,
And scent the flowers that blow when the heat of day is o'er.

Behold the portals open, and o'er the threshold, now,
There steps a weary one with a pale and furrowed brow;
His count of years is full, his allotted task is wrought;
He passes to his rest from a place that needs him not.

In sadness then I ponder how quickly fleets the hour
Of human strength and action, man's courage and his power.
I muse while still the wood-thrush sings down the golden
day,

And as I look and listen the sadness wears away.

Again the hinges turn, and a youth, departing, throws
A look of longing backward, and sorrowfully goes:
A blooming maid, unbinding the roses from her hair,
Moves mournfully away from the young and fair.

Oh, glory of our race that so suddenly decays!
Oh, crimson flush of morning that darkens as we gaze!
Oh, breath of summer blossoms that on the restless air
Scatters a moment's sweetness and flies we know not
where!

I grieve for life's bright promise, just shown and then withdrawn;

But still the sun shines round me: the evening bird sings on,
And I again am soothed, and, beside the ancient gate,
In the soft evening sunlight, I calmly stand and wait.

Once more the gates are opened ; an infant group go out,
The sweet smile quenched forever, and stilled the sprightly
shout.

Oh, frail, frail tree of life, that upon the greensward strows
Its fair young buds unopened, with every wind that blows !

So come from every region, so enter, side by side,
The strong and faint of spirit, the meek, and men of pride.
Steps of earth's great and mighty, between those pillars gray,
And prints of little feet, mark the dust along the way.

And some approach the threshold whose looks are blank
with fear,

And some whose temples brighten with joy in drawing near,
As if they saw dear faces, and caught the gracious eye
Of Him, the Sinless Teacher, who came for us to die.

I mark the joy, the terror ; yet these within my heart,
Can neither make the dread nor the longing to depart ;
And, in the sunshine streaming on quiet wood and lea,
I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

W. C. BRYANT.

QUEEN KATHARINE TO HENRY VIII.

Wolsey. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

King Henry. What's the need ?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd ;
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be't so. — Proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry, King of England, come into the
court.

Crier. Henry, King of England, &c.

K. Hen. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katharine, Queen of England, come into court.

Crier. Katharine, Queen of England, &c.

(The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.)

Queen Katharine. Sir, I desire you do me right and justice.

And to bestow your pity on me; for
 I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
 Born out of your dominions; having here
 No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
 Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
 In what have I offended you; what cause
 Hath my behavior given to your displeasure,
 That thus you should proceed to put me off,
 And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
 I have been to you a true and humble wife,
 At all times to your will conformable:
 Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
 Yes, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry,
 As I saw it inclined. When was the hour,
 I ever contradicted your desire,
 Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
 Have I not strove to love, although I knew
 He were mine enemy? what friend of mine,
 That had to him derived your anger, did I
 Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
 He was from thence discharged? Sir, call to mind,
 That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
 Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
 With many children by you: if, in the course
 And process of this time, you can report,
 And prove it too, against mine honor aught,
 My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,

Against your sacred person, in God's name,
 Turn me away ; and let the foul'st contempt
 Shut door upon me and so give me up
 To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
 The king, your father, was reputed for
 A prince most prudent, of an excellent
 And unmatch'd wit and judgment. Ferdinand,
 My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
 The wisest prince, that there had reigned by many
 A year before : it is not to be question'd,
 That they had gather'd a wise council to them
 Of every realm that did debate this business,
 Who deemed our marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly
 Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
 Be by my friends in Spain advised ; whose counsel
 I will implore : if not, i' th' name of God
 Your pleasure be fulfill'd !

Wol. You have here, lady,
 (And of your choice,) these reverend fathers ; men
 Of singular integrity and learning,
 Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
 To plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootless
 That longer you desire the court ; as well
 For your own quiet, as to rectify
 What is unsettled in the king.

Campeius. His grace
 Hath spoken well and justly : therefore, madam,
 It's fit this royal session do proceed ;
 And that, without delay, their arguments
 Be now produced and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord Cardinal,
 To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam.

Q. Kath. Sir,
 I am about to weep ; but thinking that
 We are a queen, (or long have dreamed so,) certain,
 The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
 I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble ; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induced by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy ; and make my challenge,
You shall not be my judge ; for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me, —
Which God's dew quench ! — Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul,
Refuse you for my judge : whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess,

You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong:
I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you, or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commision from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,
That I have blown this coal; I do deny it:
The king is present; if it be known to him,
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood? yea as much
As you have done my truth. But, if he know,
That I am free of your report, he knows,
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies, to cure me; and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you: the which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You are meek and humble-
mouthing;

You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility: but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogance, spleen, and pride.
You have by fortune, and his highness' favors,
Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted,
Where powers are your retainers: and your words,
Domestics to you, serve your will, as't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honor, than
Your high profession spiritual: that again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judged by him.

(*She courtesies to the King, and offers to depart.*)

Cam. The queen is obstinate
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be try'd by it; 'tis not well.
She's going away.

K. Hen. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine, Queen of England, come into the
court.

Grif. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you, keep your
way:

When you are call'd, return.—Now the Lord help!
They vex me past my patience!—pray you pass on:
I will not tarry: no, nor ever more,
Upon this business, my appearance make
In any of their courts.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver
Asleep on the ranks of the dead :—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet :—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours,
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the 'oe :—
Under the sod and the de v,
Waiting the judgment day ;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all :—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;
Broidered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the Summer calleth,
 On forest and field of grain,
 With an equal murmur falleth
 The cooling drip of the rain :—
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day ;
 Wet with the rain, the Blue,
 Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
 The generous deed was done ;
 In the storm of the years that are fading,
 No braver battle was won :—
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day ;
 Under the blossoms, the Blue,
 Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
 Or the winding rivers be red ;
 They banish our anger forever
 When they laurel the graves of our dead !
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day ;
 Love and tears for the Blue,
 Tears and love for the Gray.

F. M. FINCH.

WASHINGTON'S GENIUS.

THE history, so sad and so glorious, which chronicles the stern struggle in which our rights and liberties passed through the awful baptism of fire and blood, is eloquent with the deeds of many patriots, warriors, and statesmen ; but these all fall into relations to one prominent and commanding figure, towering above the whole group in unapproachable majesty, whose exalted character, warm and bright with

every public and private virtue, and vital with the essential spirit of wisdom, has burst all sectional and national bounds, and made the name of Washington the property of all mankind.

This illustrious man, at once the world's admiration and enigma, we are taught by a fine instinct to venerate, and by a wrong opinion to misjudge. The might of his character has taken strong hold upon the feelings of great masses of men, but in translating this universal sentiment into an intelligent form, the intellectual element of his wonderful nature is as much depressed as the moral element is exalted, and consequently we are apt to misunderstand both. Mediocrity has a bad trick of idealizing itself in eulogizing him, and drags him down to its own low level while assuming to lift him to the skies.

How many times have we been told that he was not a man of genius, but a person of "excellent common-sense," of "admirable judgment," of "rare virtues;" and by a constant repetition of this odious cant we have nearly succeeded in divorcing comprehension from his sense, insight from his judgment, force from his virtues, and life from the man. Accordingly, in the panegyric of cold spirits, Washington disappears in a cloud of common-places; in the rodomontade of boiling patriots he expires in the agonies of rant.

The sooner this bundle of mediocre talents and moral qualities, which its contrivers have the audacity to call George Washington, is hissed out of existence, the better it will be for the cause of talent and the cause of morals: contempt of that is the beginning of wisdom.

He had no genius, it seems. Oh, no! genius, we must suppose, is the peculiar and shining attribute of some orator, whose tongue can spout patriotic speeches, or some versifier, whose muse can "Hail Columbia," but not of the man who supported states on his arm, and carried America in his brain. The madcap Charles Townsend, the motion of whose pyrotechnic mind was like the whiz of a hundred rockets, is a man of genius; but George Washington, raised up above

the level of even eminent statesmen, and with a nature moving with the still and orderly celerity of a planet round its sun,—he dwindleth, in comparison, into a kind of angelic dunce!

What is genius? Is it worth anything? Is splendid folly the measure of its inspiration? Is wisdom its base and summit,—that which it recedes from, or tends towards? And by what definition do you award the name to the creator of an epic, and deny it to the creator of a country? On what principle is it to be lavished on him who sculptures in perishing marble the image of possible excellence, and withheld from him who built up in himself a transcendent character, indestructible as the obligations of Duty, and beautiful as her rewards?

E. P. WHIPPLE.

THE RIDE OF JENNIE M'NEAL.

PAUL REVERE was a rider bold —
Well has his valorous deed been told ;
Sheridan's ride was a glorious one —
Often it has been dwelt upon ;
But why should men do all the deeds
On which the love of a patriot feeds ?
Hearken to me, while I reveal
The dashing ride of Jennie M'Neal.

On a spot as pretty as might be found
In the dangerous length of the Neutral Ground,
In a cottage, cozy, and all their own,
She and her mother lived alone.
Safe were the two, with their frugal store,
From all of the many who passed their door ;
For Jennie's mother was strange to fears,
And Jennie was large for fifteen years ;

With vim her eyes were glistening,
Her hair was the hue of a blackbird's wing ;
And while the friends who knew her well
The sweetness of her heart could tell,
A gun that hung on the kitchen wall
Looked solemnly quick to heed her call ;
And they who were evil-minded knew
Her nerve was strong and her aim was true.
So all kind words and acts did deal
To generous, black-eyed Jennie M'Neal.

One night, when the sun had crept to bed,
And rain-clouds lingered overhead,
And sent their surly drops for proof
To drum a tune on the cottage roof,
Close after a knock at the outer door
There entered a dozen dragoons or more.
Their red coats, stained by the muddy road,
That they were British soldiers showed ;
The captain his hostess bent to greet,
Saying, " Madam, please give us a bit to eat ;
We will pay you well, and, if may be,
This bright-eyed girl for pouring our tea ;
Then we must dash ten miles ahead,
To catch a rebel colonel abed.
He is visiting home, as doth appear ;
We will make his pleasure cost him dear."
And they fell on the hasty supper with zeal,
Close-watched the while by Jennie M'Neal.

For the gray-haired colonel they hovered near,
Had been her true friend, kind and dear ;
And oft, in her younger days, had he
Right proudly perched her upon his knee,
And told her stories many a one
Concerning the French war lately done.

And oft together the two friends were,
And many the arts he had taught to her ;
She had hunted by his fatherly side,
He had shown her how to fence and ride ;
And once had said, " The time may be,
Your skill and courage may stand by me."
So sorrow for him she could but feel,
Brave, grateful-hearted Jennie M'Neal.

With never a thought or a moment more,
Bare-headed she slipped from the cottage door,
Ran out where the horses were left to feed,
Unhitched and mounted the captain's steed,
And down the hilly and rock-strown way
She urged the fiery horse of gray.
Around her slender and cloakless form
Pattered and moaned the ceaseless storm ;
Secure and tight a gloveless hand
Grasped the reins with stern command ;
And full and black her long hair streamed,
Whenever the ragged lightning gleamed,
And on she rushed for the colonel's weal,
Brave, lioness-hearted Jennie M'Neal.

Hark ! from the hills, a moment mute,
Came a clatter of hoofs in hot pursuit ;
And a cry from the foremost trooper said,
" Halt ! or your blood be on your head ;
She heeded it not, and not in vain
She lashed the horse with the bridle-rein.
So into the night the gray horse strode ;
His shoes hewed fire from the rocky road :
And the high-born courage that never dies
Flashed from his rider's coal-black eyes.
The pebbles flew from the fearful race ;
The rain-drops grasped at her glowing face.
" On, on, brave beast ! " with loud appeal,
Cried eager, resolute Jennie M'Neal.

“ Halt ! ” once more came the voice of dread ;
“ Halt ! or your blood be on your head ! ”
Then, no one answering to the calls,
Sped after her a volley of balls.
They passed her in her rapid flight,
They screamed to her left, they screamed to her right ;
But, rushing still o'er the slippery track,
She sent no token of answer back,
Except a silvery laughter-peal,
Brave, merry-hearted Jennie M’Neal.

So on she rushed, at her own good will,
Through wood and valley, o'er plain and hill ;
The gray horse did his duty well,
Till all at once he stumbled and fell,
 Himself escaping the nets of harm,
But flinging the girl with a broken arm.
Still undismayed by the numbing pain,
She clung to the horse’s bridle-rein,
And gently bidding him to stand,
Petted him with her able hand ;
Then sprung again to the saddle-bow,
And shouted, “ One more trial now ! ”
As if ashamed of the heedless fall,
He gathered his strength once more for all,
And, galloping down a hill-side steep,
Gained on the troopers at every leap ;
No more the high-bred steed did reel,
But ran his best for Jennie M’Neal.

They were a furlong behind, or more,
When the girl burst through the colonel’s door,
Her poor arm helpless hanging with pain,
And she all drabbled and drenched with rain,
But her cheeks as red as fire-brands are,
And her eyes as bright as a blazing star,

And shouted, "Quick! be quick, I say!
They come! they come! Away! away!"
Then sunk on the rude white floor of deal,
Poor, brave, exhausted Jennie M'Neal.

The startled colonel sprung, and pressed
The wife and children to his breast,
And turned away from his fireside bright,
And glided into the stormy night;
Then soon and safely made his way
To where the patriot army lay.
But first he bent in the dim fire-light,
And kissed the forehead broad and white,
And blessed the girl who had ridden so well
To keep him out of a prison-cell.
The girl roused up at the martial din,
Just as the troopers came rushing in,
And laughed, e'en in the midst of a moan,
Saying, "Good sirs, your bird has flown.
'Tis I who have scared him from his nest;
So deal with me now as you think best."
But the grand young captain bowed, and said
"Never you hold a moment's dread.
Of womankind I must crown you queen;
So brave a girl I have never seen.
Wear this gold ring as your valor's due;
And when peace comes I will come for you."
But Jennie's face an arch smile wore,
As she said, "There's a lad in Putnam's corps,
Who told me the same, long time ago;
You two would never agree, I know.
I promised my love to be true as steel,"
Said good, sure-hearted Jennie M'Neal.

WILL CARLETON.

HOTSPUR'S DEFENCE.

My liege, I did deny no prisoners,
But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home ;
He was perfumed like a milliner ;
And 'twixt his finger and thumb he held
A pouncet-box which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took 't away again ; —
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff' ; — and still he smil'd and talk'd ;
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He called them — untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holyday and lady terms
He question'd me ; among the rest demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what ;
He should, or he should not ; — for he made me mad
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds (God save the mark !),
And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise ;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villanous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed

So cowardly ; and but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald, disjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said ;
And I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE RAVEN.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I ponder'd, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber-door.
“ ‘Tis some visitor,” I mutter'd, “ tapping at my chamber-door —

Only this, and nothing more.”

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor,
Eagerly I wish'd the morrow : vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow,— sorrow for the lost
Lenore,—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name
Lenore, —

Nameless here forevermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain,
Thrill'd me—fill'd me with fantastic terrors never felt before ;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,

“ ‘Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door,—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door;
That it is, and nothing more.”

Presently my soul grew stronger: hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came
rapping,

And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber-door,

That I scarce was sure I heard you" — here I open'd wide
the door :

Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,

Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream
before;

But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken' was the whisper'd word,
 " Lenore ! "

This I whisper'd, and an echo murmur'd back the word,
"Lenore!"

Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,

Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window-lattice,

Let me see then what thereat is, and this mystery explore,—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore:—

'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter

In there stepp'd a stately rayen of the saintly days of yore.

Not the least obeisance made he; not a minnte stopp'd or
stay'd he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perch'd above my chamber-
door,—
Perch'd upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door—
Perched and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
“ Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,” I said, “ art
sure no craven;
Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven, wandering from the nightly
shore;
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night’s Plutonian
shore ?”
Quoth the raven, “ Nevermore ! ”

Much I marvel’d this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so
plainly,
Though its answer little meaning — little relevancy bore;
For we can not help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was bless’d with seeing bird above his chamber-
door,—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber-
door,
With such name as “ Nevermore ! ”

But the raven sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he utter’d,— not a feather then he
flutter’d,—
Till I scarcely more than mutter’d, “ Other friends have
flown before,—
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown
before.”
Then the bird said, “ Nevermore ! ”

Startled at the stillness, broken by reply so aptly spoken,
 "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and
 store,
 Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful dis-
 aster
 Follow'd fast and follow'd faster, till his songs one burden
 bore,—
 Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,
 Of—Never—nevermore!"

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
 Straight I wheel'd a cushion'd seat in front of bird, and bust,
 and door.

Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
 Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
 What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird
 of yore—

Meant in croaking "Nevermore!"

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
 To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burn'd into my bosom's
 core;

This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
 On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated
 o'er,

But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamp-light gloating
 o'er,

She shall press—ah! nevermore!

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an un-
 seen censer

Swung by seraphim, whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted
 floor.

"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these
 angels he hath sent thee

Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
 Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost
 Lenore!"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

“ Prophet !” said I, “ thing of evil ! — prophet still, if bird or devil !

Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest toss’d thee here ashore,

Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted — On this home by Horror haunted, — tell me truly I implore, — Is there, — is there balm in Gilead ? — tell me — tell me, I implore ?”

Quoth the raven, “ Nevermore !”

“ Prophet !” said I, “ thing of evil ! — prophet still, if bird or devil !

By that heaven that bends above us — by that God we both adore, ·

Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore ;

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore !”

Quoth the raven, “ Nevermore !”

“ Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend ! ” I shriek’d upstarting —

“ Get thee back into the tempest and the Night’s Plutonian shore !

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken !

Leave my loneliness unbroken ! — quit the bust above my door !

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door !”

Quoth the raven, “ Nevermore !”

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door ; And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon’s that is dreaming,

And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on
the floor ;

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the
floor

Shall be lifted — nevermore !

EDGAR A. POE.

THE NEW CHURCH ORGAN.

THEY'VE got a bran new organ, Sue,
For all their fuss and search ;

They've done just as they said they'd do,
And fetched it into church.

They're bound the critter shall be seen,
And on the preacher's right,

They've hoisted up their new machine
In everybody's sight.

They've got a chorister and choir,
Ag'n my voice and vote ;

For it was never my desire,
To praise the Lord by note !

I've been a sister good an' true,
For five an' thirty year ;

I've done what seemed my part to do,
An' prayed my duty clear ;

I've sung the hymns both slow and quick,
Just as the preacher read ;

And twice, when Deacon Tubbs was sick,
I took the fork an' led !

And now, their bold, new-fangled ways
Is comin' all about ;

And I, right in my latter days,
Am fairly crowded out !

To-day, the preacher, good old dear,
With tears all in his eyes,

Read — “ I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,” —

I al'ays liked that blessed hymn —
I s'pose I al'ays will ;
It somehow gratifies my whim,
In good old Ortonville ;
But when that choir got up to sing,
I couldn't catch a word ;
They sung the most dog-gonedest thing,
A body ever heard !

Some worldly chaps was standin' near,
An' when I seed them grin,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And boldly waded in.
I thought I'd chase their tune along,
An' tried with all my might ;
But though my voice is good an' strong
I couldn't steer it right ;
When they was high, then I was low,
An' also contra'wise ;
And I too fast, or they too slow,
To "mansions in the skies."

An' after every verse, you know
They played a little tune ;
I didn't understand, an' so
I started in too soon.
I pitched it pritty middlin' high,
I fetched a lusty tone,
But oh, alas ! I found that I
Was singing there alone !
They laughed a little, I am told ;
But I had done my best ;
And not a wave of trouble rolled
Across my peaceful breast.

And sister Brown — I could but look —
She sits right front of me ;
She never was no singin' book,
An' never meant to be ;

But then she al'ays tried to do
 The best she could, she said ;
 She understood the time, right through,
 An' kep' it, with her head ;
 But when she tried this mornin', oh,
 I had to laugh, or cough —
 It kep' her head a bobbin' so,
 It e'en a'most came off !

An' Deacon Tubbs, — he all broke down,
 As one might well suppose,
 He took one look at sister Brown,
 And meekly scratched his nose.
 He looked his hymn-book through and through
 And laid it on the seat,
 And then a pensive sigh he drew,
 And looked completely beat.
 An' when they took another bout,
 He didn't even rise,
 But drawed his red bandanner out,
 An' wiped his weepin' eyes.

I've been a sister, good an' true,
 For five an' thirty year ;
 I've done what seemed my part to do,
 An' prayed my duty clear ;
 But death will stop my voice, I know,
 For he is on my track ;
 And some day, I to church will go,
 And never more come back.
 And when the folks get up to sing —
 Whene'er that time shall be —
 I do not want no PATENT thing
 A squealin' over me !

WILL CARLETON.

LAST HOURS OF WEBSTER.

AMONG the many memorable words which fell from the lips of our friend just before they were closed forever, the most remarkable are those which have been quoted by a previous speaker: "I still live." They attest the serene composure of his mind,—the Christian heroism with which he was able to turn his consciousness in upon himself, and explore, step by step, the dark passage (dark to us, but to him, we trust, already lighted from above) which connects this world with the world to come. But I know not what words could have been better chosen to express his relation to the world he was leaving,—"I still live." This poor dust is just returning to the dust from which it was taken, but I feel that I live in the affections of the people to whose services I have consecrated my days. "I still live." The icy hand of death is already laid on my heart, but I shall still live in those words of counsel which I have uttered to my fellow-citizens, and which I now leave them as the last bequest of a dying friend.

In the long and honored career of our lamented friend, there are efforts and triumphs which will hereafter fill one of the brightest pages of our history. But I greatly err if the closing scene,—the height of the religious sublime,—does not, in the judgment of other days, far transcend in interest the brightest exploits of public life. Within that darkened chamber at Marshfield was witnessed a scene of which we shall not readily find the parallel. The serenity with which he stood in the presence of the King of terrors, without trepidation or flutter, for hours and days of expectation; the thoughtfulness for the public business when the sands of life were so nearly run out; the hospitable care for the reception of the friends who came to Marshfield; that affectionate and solemn leave separately taken, name by name, of wife, and children, and kindred, and friends, and

family,—down to the humblest members of the household; the designation of the coming day, then near at hand, when “all that was mortal of Daniel Webster should cease to exist;” the dimly-recalled strains of the funeral poetry of Gray; the last faint flash of the soaring intellect; the feebly-murmured words of Holy Writ repeated from the lips of the good physician, who, when all the resources of human art had been exhausted, had a drop of spiritual balm for the parting soul; the clasped hands; the dying prayers. Oh! my fellow-citizens, this is a consummation over which tears of pious sympathy will be shed ages after the glories of the forum and the senate are forgotten.

“His sufferings ended with the day,
Yet lived he at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away,
In statue-like repose.

“But ere the sun, in all his state,
Illumed the Eastern skies,
He passed through glory’s morning gate,
And walked in Paradise.”

EDWARD EVERETT.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat;
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw;
And, from its station in the hall,
An ancient timepiece says to all,
“Forever — never!
Never — forever!”

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk who, under his cloak,

Crosses himself, and sighs, alas !
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,
 “ Forever — never !
 Never — forever ! ”

By day its voice is low and light ;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep’s fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say at each chamber door,
 “ Forever — never !
 Never — forever ! ”

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe,
 “ Forever — never !
 Never — forever ! ”

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality ;
His great fires up the chimney roared ;
The stranger feasted at his board ;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased, —
 “ Forever — never !
 Never — forever ! ”

There groups of merry children played ;
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed ;
Oh, precious hours ! oh, golden prime
And affluence of love and time !
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told, —
 “ Forever — never !
 Never — forever ! ”

From that chamber, clothed in white,
 The bride came forth on her wedding night ;
 There, in that silent room below,
 The dead lay, in his shroud of snow ;
 And, in the hush that followed the prayer,
 Was heard the old clock on the stair, —

“ Forever — never !
 Never — forever ! ”

All are scattered, now, and fled, —
 Some are married, some are dead ;
 And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
 “ Oh, when shall they all meet again ? ”
 As in the days long since gone by,
 The ancient timepiece makes reply,

“ Forever — never !
 Never — forever ! ”

Never here, forever there,
 Where all parting, pain, and care,
 And death, and time, shall disappear, —
 Forever there, but never here !

The horologe of Eternity
 Sayeth this incessantly,
 “ Forever — never !
 Never — forever ! ”

LONGFELLOW.

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

THE Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.
 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures ; he leadeth
 me beside the still waters.
 He restoreth my soul ; he leadeth me in the paths of
 righteousness for his name’s sake.
 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of

death, I will fear no evil ; for thou art with me ; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies ; thou anointest my head with oil ; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life ; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

BIBLE.

THE WITCH'S DAUGHTER.

IT was the pleasant harvest-time
 When cellar-bins are closely stowed,
 And garrets bend beneath their load,
 And the old swallow-haunted barns —
 Brown-gabled, long, and full of seams
 Through which the moted sunlight streams —
 Are filled with summer's ripened stores,
 Its odorous grass and barley sheaves,
 From their low scaffolds to their eaves.

On Esek Harden's oaken floor,
 With many an autumn threshing worn,
 Lay the heaped ears of unhusked corn,
 And thither came young men and maids,
 Beneath a moon that large and low,
 Lit that sweet eve of long ago.
 They took their places ; some by chance,
 And others by a merry voice
 Or sweet smile guided to their choice.

How pleasantly the rising moon,
 Between the shadow of the mows,
 Looked on them through the great elm-boughs ! —
 On sturdy boyhood, sun-imbrowned,
 On girlhood with its solid curves
 Of healthful strength and painless nerves !

And jests went round, and laughs that made
The house-dog answer with his howl,
And kept astir the barnyard fowl.

But still the sweetest voice was mute
That river-valley ever heard
From lip of maid or throat of bird ;
For Mabel Martin sat apart,
And let the hay-mow's shadow fall
Upon the loveliest face of all.

She sat apart, as one forbid,
Who knew that none would condescend
To own the Witch-wife's child a friend.

The seasons scarce had gone their round,
Since curious thousands thronged to see
Her mother on the gallows-tree.

And mocked the palsied limbs of age,
That faltered on the fatal stairs,
And wan lip trembling with its prayers !

Few questioned of the sorrowing child,
Or, when they saw the mother die,
Dreamed of the daughter's agony.

Poor Mable from her mother's grave
Crept to her desolate hearthstone,
And wrestled with her fate alone.

Sore, tried, and pained, the poor girl kept
Her faith, and trusted that her way,
So dark, would somewhere meet the day.

And still her weary wheel went round,
Day after day, with no relief ;
Small leisure have the poor for grief.

So in the shadow Mable sits ;
Untouched by mirth she sees and hears,
Her smile is sadder than her tears.

But cruel eyes have found her out,
And cruel lips repeat her name,
And taunt her with her mother's shame.

She answered not with railing words,
But drew her apron o'er her face,
And, sobbing, glided from the place.

And only pausing at the door,
Her sad eyes met the troubled gaze
Of one who, in her better days,
Had been her warm and steady friend,
Ere yet her mother's doom had made
Even Esek Harden half afraid.

He felt that mute appeal of tears,
And, starting, with an angry frown
Hushed all the wicked murmurs down.
“Good neighbors mine,” he sternly said,
“This passes harmless mirth or jest,
I brook no insult to my guest.

“She is indeed her mother's child ;
But God's sweet pity ministers
Unto no whiter soul than hers.

Let Goody Martin rest in peace ;
I never knew her harm a fly,
And witch or not, God knows,—not I.
I know who swore her life away ;
And, as God lives, I'd not condemn
An Indian dog on word of them.”

The broadest lands in all the town,
The skill to guide, the power to awe,
Were Harden's ; and his word was law.

None dared withstand him to his face,
But one sly maiden spake aside :
“The little witch is evil-eyed !

Her mother only killed a cow,
Or witched a churn or dairy-pan ;
But she, forsooth, must charm a man !”

Poor Mabel, in her lonely home,
Sat by the window's narrow pane,
White in the moonlight's silver rain.

The river, on its pebbled rim,
 Made music such as childhood knew ;
 The door-yard tree was whispered through
 By voices such as childhood's ear
 Had heard in moonlights long ago ;
 And through the willow boughs below

She saw the rippled waters shine ;
 Beyond in waves of shade and light
 The hills rolled off into the night.
 Sweet sounds and pictures mocking so
 The sadness of her human lot,
 She saw and heard, but heeded not.
 She strove to drown her sense of wrong,
 And, in her old and simple way,
 To teach her bitter heart to pray.

Poor child ! the prayer begun in faith,
 Grew to a low, despairing cry
 Of utter misery : “ Let me die !
 Oh, take me from the scornful eyes,
 And hide me where the cruel speech
 And mocking finger may not reach !

“ I dare not breathe my mother's name :
 A daughter's right I dare not crave
 To weep above her unblest grave !
 Let me not live until my heart,
 With few to pity, and with none
 To love me, hardens into stone.
 O God ! have mercy on thy child,
 Whose faith in thee grows weak and small
 And take me ere I lose it all ! ”

A shadow on the moonlight fell,
 And murmuring wind and wave became
 A voice whose burden was her name.
 Had then God heard her ? Had he sent

His angel down? In flesh and blood
Before her Esek Harden stood!
He laid his hand upon her arm:
“ Dear Mabel, this no more shall be;
Who scoffs at you, must scoff at me.
You know rough Esek Harden well;
And if he seems no suitor gay,
And if his hair is mixed with gray,
The maiden grown shall never find
His heart less warm than when she smiled
Upon his knees, a little child ! ”

Her tears of grief were tears of joy,
As, folded in his strong embrace,
She looked in Esek Harden’s face.
“ O truest friend of all ! ” she said,
“ God bless you for your kindly thought,
And make me worthy of my lot ! ”

He led her through his dewy fields,
To where the swinging lanterns glowed,
And through the doors the huskers showed.
“ Good friends and neighbors ! ” Esek said,
“ I’m weary of this lonely life;
In Mabel see my chosen wife!
“ She greets you kindly, one and all;
The past is past, and all offence
Falls harmless from her innocence.
Henceforth she stands no more alone;
You know what Esek Harden is; —
He brooks no wrong to him or his.”

Now let the merriest tales be told,
And let the sweetest songs be sung,
That ever made the old heart young!
For now the lost has found a home;
And a lone hearth shall brighter burn,
As all the household joys return !

Oh, pleasantly the harvest moon,
 Between the shadow of the mows,
 Looked on them through the great elm-boughs !
 On Mabel's curls of golden hair,
 On Esek's shaggy strength, it fell,
 And the wind whispered, " It is well ! "

J. G. WHITTIER.

SCENE FROM KING HENRY IV.

[KING HENRY IV., HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, AND NORTHUMBERLAND.]

King Henry. Henceforth

Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer : —
 Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
 Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
 As will displease you. My lord Northumberland,
 We license your departure with your son : —
 Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exit KING HENRY.*

Hotspur. And if the devil come and roar for them,
 I will not send them : I will after straight,
 And tell him so ; for I will ease my heart,
 Although it be with hazard of my head.

Northumberland. What ! drunk with choler ? stay, and
 pause awhile ; —

Here comes your uncle.

[*Enter WORCESTER.*

Hot. Speak of Mortimer !

Zounds ! I will speak of him, and let my soul
 Want mercy, if I do not join with him.
 Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,
 And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,
 But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
 As high i' the air as this unthankful king,
 As this ingrate and cankered Bolingbroke.

North. (To WORCESTER.) Brother, the king hath made
your nephew mad.

Worcester. Who struck this heat up, after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urged the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek looked pale,
And on my face he turned an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him. Was he not proclaimed
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?

North. He was: I heard the proclamation;
And then it was when the unhappy king
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon!) did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition:
From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be deposed, and shortly, murdered.

Wor. And for whose death we in the world's wide
mouth
Live scandalized and foully spoken of.

• • • • • • • • • • • •
But now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and advent'rous spirit
As to o'erwalk a current roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in good-night! — or sink or swim,
Send danger from the East unto the West,
So honor cross it from the North to South,
And let them grapple. Oh, the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare!

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By Heaven! methinks it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,

And pluck up drowned honor by the locks,
 So he that doth redeem her thence might wear,
 Without corrival, all her dignities :
 But out upon this half-faced fellowship !

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
 But not the form of what he should attend.
 Good cousin, give me audience for a while,
 And list to me.

Hot. I cry you mercy :

Wor. Those same noble Scots,
 That are your prisoners —

Hot. I'll keep them all,—
 By Heaven ! he shall not have a Scot of them :
 No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not :
 I'll keep them, by this hand !

SHAKESPEARE.

GOOD READING THE GREATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT.

THERE is one accomplishment, in particular, which I would earnestly recommend to you. Cultivate assiduously the ability to read well. I stop to particularize this, because it is a thing so very much neglected, and because it is such an elegant, and charming accomplishment. Where one person is really interested by music, twenty are pleased by good reading. Where one person is capable of becoming a skilful musician, twenty may become good readers. Where there is one occasion suitable for the exercise of musical talent, there are twenty for that of good reading.

The culture of the voice necessary for reading well, gives a delightful charm to the same voice in conversation. Good reading is the natural exponent and vehicle of all good things. It is the most effective of all commentaries upon the works of genius. It seems to bring dead authors to life

again, and makes us sit down familiarly with the great and good of all ages.

Did you ever notice what life and power the Holy Scriptures have when well read? Have you ever heard of the wonderful effects produced by Elizabeth Fry on the criminals of Newgate, by simply reading to them the parable of the Prodigal Son? Princes and peers of the realm, it is said, counted it a privilege to stand in the dismal corridors, among felons and murderers, merely to share with them the privilege of witnessing the marvellous pathos which genius, taste, and culture could infuse into that simple story.

What a fascination there is in really good reading! What a power it gives one! In the hospital, in the chamber of the invalid, in the nursery, in the domestic and in the social circle, among chosen friends and companions, how it enables you to minister to the amusement, the comfort, the pleasure of dear ones, as no other art or accomplishment can. No instrument of man's devising can reach the heart as does that most wonderful instrument, the human voice. It is God's special gift and endowment to his chosen creatures. Fold it not away in a napkin.

If you would double the value of all your other acquisitions, if you would add immeasurably to your own enjoyment and to your power of promoting the enjoyment of others, cultivate, with incessant care, this divine gift. No music below the skies is equal to that of pure, silvery speech from the lips of a man or woman of high culture.

JOHN S. HART.

THE BALLAD OF BABIE BELL.

HAVE you not heard the poets tell
How came the dainty Babie Bell
Into this world of ours?

The gates of heaven were left ajar ;
With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
Wandering out of Paradise,
She saw this planet, like a star,

Hung in the glistening depths of even, —
Its bridges running to and fro,
O'er which the white-winged angels go,
Bearing the holy dead to heaven.

She touched a bridge of flowers, — those feet,
So light they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels !

They fell like dew upon the flowers,
Then all the air grew strangely sweet —
And thus came dainty Babie Bell

Into this world of ours.
She came and brought delicious May,

The swallows built beneath the eaves ;
Like sunlight in and out the leaves,
The robins went the livelong day ;
The lily swung its noiseless bell,

And o'er the porch the trembling vine,
Seemed bursting with its veins of wine.

How sweetly, softly, twilight fell !

Oh, earth was full of singing-birds,
And opening spring-tide flowers,
When the dainty Babie Bell

Came to this world of ours !

O Babie, dainty Babie Bell,
How fair she grew from day to day !
What woman-nature filled her eyes,
What poetry within them lay !

Those deep and tender twilight eyes,
So full of meaning, pure and bright,
As if she yet stood in the light
Of those oped gates of Paradise.
And so we loved her more and more.
Ah, never in our hearts before
Was love so lovely born :
We felt we had a link between
This real world and that unseen —
The land beyond the morn.
And for the love of those dear eyes,
For love of her whom God led forth
(The mother's being ceased on earth
(When Babie came from Paradise), —
For love of Him who smote our lives,
And woke the chords of joy and pain,
We said, Dear Christ — our hearts bent down
Like violets after rain.

And now the orchards, which were white,
And red with blossoms when she came,
Were rich in autumn's mellow prime.
The clustered apples burnt like flame,
The soft-cheeked peaches blushed and fell,
The ivory chestnut burst its shell,
The grapes hung purpling in the grange ;
And time wrought just as rich a change
In little Babie Bell.
Her lissome form more perfect grew,
And in her features we could trace,
In softened curves, her mother's face !
Her angel-nature ripened too.
We thought her lovely when she came
But she was holy, saintly now : —
Around her pale, angelic brow
We saw a slender ring of flame.

God's hand had taken away the seal
 That held the portals of her speech ;
 And oft she said a few strange words
 Whose meaning lay beyond our reach.
 She never was a child to us,
 We never held her being's key,
 We could not teach her holy things ;
 She was Christ's self in purity.

It came upon us by degrees :
 We saw its shadow ere it fell,
 The knowledge that our God had sent
 His messenger for Babie Bell,
 We shuddered with unlanguageed pain,
 And all our hopes were changed to fears,
 And all our thoughts ran into tears

Like sunshine into rain.

We cried aloud in our belief,
 “ Oh, smite us gently, gently, God !
 Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
 And perfect grow through grief.”
 Ah, how we loved her, God can tell ;
 Her heart was folded deep in ours.

Our hearts are broken, Babie Bell !

At last he came, the messenger,
 The messenger from unseen lands :
 And what did dainty Babie Bell ?
 She only crossed her little hands,
 She only looked more meek and fair !
 We parted back her silken hair,
 We wove the roses round her brow, —
 White buds, the summer's drifted snow, —
 Wrapt her from head to foot in flowers ;
 And then went dainty Babie Bell
 Out of this world of ours !

T. B. ALDRICH.

THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS.

THE place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus; the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings; the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon, and the just absolution of Somers; the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment; the hall where Charles had confronted the high court of justice with the placid courage that has half redeemed his fame.

Neither military nor civil pomp were wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by heralds under the garter king-at-arms. The judges, in their vestments of state, attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three-fourths of the upper house, as the upper house then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior baron present led the way,—George Elliott, Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defence of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, earl marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and the sons of the king. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing.

The gray old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art.

There were seated round the queen the fair-haired young

daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the ambassadors of great kings and commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when, before a senate that still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa.

There were seen, side by side, the greatest scholar and the greatest painter of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labors in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition,—a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious, massive, and splendid.

There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith. There, too, was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the St. Cecilia, whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay. There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticised, and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock hangings of Mrs. Montague. And there the ladies, whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone round Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.

The sergeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself that all had feared

him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue.

He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect, a high and intellectual forehead, a brow pensive, but not gloomy, a mouth of inflexible decision, a face pale and worn, but serene,—such was the aspect with which the great proconsul presented himself to his judges.

The charges and the answers of Hastings were first read. The ceremony occupied two whole days, and was rendered less tedious than it would otherwise have been, by the silver voice and just emphasis of Cowper, the clerk of the court, a near relation of the amiable poet.

On the third day Burke rose. Four sittings were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. With an exuberance of thought and a splendor of diction which more than satisfied the highly raised expectation of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India, recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic empire of Britain had originated, and set forth the constitution of the company, and of the English presidencies.

Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of Eastern society as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings, as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law. The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration from the stern and hostile chancellor, and, for a moment, seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out; smelling-bottles were handed round; hysterical sobs

and screams were heard, and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit.

At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded, "Therefore," said he, "hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons' House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honor he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all."

T. B. MACAULAY.

PERORATION OF OPENING SPEECH AGAINST WARREN HASTINGS.

IN the name of the Commons of England, I charge all this villany upon Warren Hastings, in this last moment of my application to you.

My Lords, what is it that we want here to a great act of national justice? Do we want a cause, my Lords? You have the cause of oppressed princes, of undone women of the first rank, of desolated provinces, and of wasted kingdoms.

Do you want a criminal, my Lords? When was there so much iniquity ever laid to the charge of any one? No, my Lords, you must not look to punish any other such delinquent from India. Warren Hastings has not left substance enough in India to nourish such another delinquent.

My Lords, is it a prosecutor you want? You have before you the Commons of Great Britain as prosecutors; and I

believe, my Lords, that the sun, in his beneficent progress round the world, does not behold a more glorious sight than that of men, separated from a remote people by the material bounds and barriers of nature, united by the bond of a social and moral community — all the Commons of England representing, as their own, the indignities and cruelties, that are offered to all the people of India.

Do we want a tribunal ? My Lords, no example of antiquity, nothing in the modern world, nothing in the range of human imagination, can supply us with a tribunal like this. My Lords, here we see virtually, in the mind's eye, that sacred majesty of the Crown, under whose authority you sit and whose power you exercise.

We have here all the branches of the royal family, in a situation between majesty and subjection, between the sovereign and the subject — offering a pledge, in that situation, for the support of the rights of the Crown and the liberties of the people, both which extremities they touch.

My Lords, we have a great hereditary peerage here ; those who have their own honor, the honor of their ancestors, and of their posterity, to guard, and who will justify, as they always have justified, that provision in the Constitution by which justice is made an hereditary office.

My Lords, we have here a new nobility, who have risen, and exalted themselves by various merits, by great civil and military services, which have extended the fame of this country from the rising to the setting sun.

My Lords, you have here, also, the lights of our religion ; you have the bishops of England. My Lords, you have that true image of the primitive Church in its ancient form, in its ancient ordinances, purified from the superstitions and the vices which a long succession of ages will bring upon the best institutions.

My Lords, these are the securities which we have in all the constituent parts of the body of this House. We know them, we reckon, we rest upon them, and commit safely the interests of India and of humanity into your hands.

Therefore, it is with confidence, that, ordered by the Commons,

I impeach Warren Hastings, Esquire, of high crimes and misdemeanors.

I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain, in Parliament assembled, whose parliamentary trust he has betrayed.

I impeach him in the name of all the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonored.

I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights, and liberties he has subverted, whose property he has destroyed, whose country he has laid waste and desolate.

I impeach him in the name, and by virtue of those eternal laws of justice which he has violated.

I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured and oppressed, in both sexes, in every age, rank, situation, and condition of life.

My Lords, the Commons will share in every fate with your Lordships ; there is nothing sinister which can happen to you, in which we shall not be involved ; and, if it should so happen, that we shall be subjected to some of those frightful changes which we have seen ; if it should happen that your Lordships, stripped of all the decorous distinctions of human society, should, by hands at once base and cruel, be led to those scaffolds and machines of murder upon which great kings and glorious queens have shed their blood, amidst the prelates, amidst the nobles, amidst the magistrates, who supported their thrones, — may you in those moments feel that consolation which I am persuaded they felt in the critical moments of their dreadful agony !

My Lords, there is a consolation, and a great consolation it is, which often happens to oppressed virtue and fallen dignity ; it often happens that the very oppressors and persecutors themselves are forced to bear testimony in its favor. The Parliament of Paris had an origin very, very similar to that of the great court before which I stand ; the Parliament

of Paris continued to have a great resemblance to it in its Constitution, even to its fall ; the Parliament of Paris, my Lords,—was ; it is gone ! It has passed away ; it has vanished like a dream ! It fell pierced by the sword of the Compte de Mirabeau. And yet that man, at the time of his inflicting the death-wound of that Parliament, produced at once the shortest and the grandest funeral oration that ever was or could be made upon the departure of a great court of magistracy. When he pronounced the death sentence upon that Parliament, and inflicted the mortal wound, he declared that his motives for doing it were merely political, and that their hands were as pure as those of justice itself, which they administered — a great and glorious exit, my Lords, of a great and glorious body !

My Lords, if you must fall, may you so fall ! But, if you stand, and stand I trust you will, together with the fortunes of this ancient monarchy — together with the ancient laws and liberties of this great and illustrious kingdom, may you stand as unimpeached in honor as in power ; may you stand, not as a substitute for virtue, but as an ornament of virtue, as a security for virtue ; may you stand long, and long stand the terror of tyrants ; may you stand the refuge of afflicted Nations ; may you stand a sacred temple, for the perpetual residence of an inviolable justice !

BURKE.

THE LAUNCHING OF THE SHIP.

ALL is finished, and at length
Has come the bridal day
Of beauty and of strength.
To-day the vessel shall be launched !
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched
And o'er the bay,
Slowly, in all his splendors dight,
The great sun rises to behold the sight.

The ocean old,
Centuries old,
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,
Paces restless to and fro,
Up and down the sands of gold.
His beating heart is not at rest;
And far and wide
With ceaseless flow
His beard of snow
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.

He waits impatient for his bride.
There she stands,
With her foot upon the sands,
Decked with flags and streamers gay,
In honor of her marriage-day,
Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending,
Round her like a veil descending,
Ready to be
The bride of the gray old sea.

Then the Master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand;
And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs.
And see! she stirs!
She starts,—she moves,——she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms.
And lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,

That to the ocean seemed to say,
"Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray;
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms."

How beautiful she is! how fair
She lies within those arms, that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!
Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave, right onward steer;
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,
Oh, gentle, loving, trusting wife,
And safe from all adversity,
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!
For gentleness, and love, and trust,
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;
And in the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives!

Thou, too, sail on, O ship of state!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge, and what a heat,
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope.

Fear not each sudden sound and shock;
'Tis of the wave, and not the rock;

'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
 And not a rent made by the gale.
 In spite of rock and tempest roar,
 In spite of false lights on the shore,
 Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea.
 Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee :
 Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
 Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
 Are all with thee — are all with thee.

LONGFELLOW.

THE CHARCOAL MAN.

THOUGH rudely blows the wintry blast,
 And sifting snows fall white and fast,
 Mark Haley drives along the street,
 Perched high upon his wagon seat ;
 His sombre face the storm defies,
 And thus from morn till eve he cries, —
 “ Charco’ ! charco’ ! ”

While echo faint and far replies, —
 “ Hark, O ! hark, O ! ”

“ Charco’ ! ” — “ Hark, O ! ” — Such cheery sounds
 Attend him on his daily rounds.

The dust begrimes his ancient hat ;
 His coat is darker far than that ;
 ’Tis odd to see his sooty form
 All speckled with the feathery storm ;
 Yet in his honest bosom lies
 Nor spot, nor speck, — though still he cries, —
 “ Charco’ ! charco’ ! ”

And many a roguish lad replies, —
 “ Ark, ho ! ark, ho ! ”

“ Charco’ ! ” — “ Ark, ho ! ” — Such various sounds
 Announce Mark Haley’s morning rounds.

Thus all the cold and wintry day
He labors much for little pay ;
Yet feels no less of happiness
Than many a richer man, I guess,
When through the shades of eve he spies
The light of his own home, and cries, —
“ Charco’ ! charco’ ! ”

And Martha from the door replies, —

“ Mark, ho ! Mark, ho ! ”

“ Charco’ ! ” — “ Mark, ho ! ” — Such joy abounds
When he has closed his daily rounds.

The hearth is warm, the fire is bright
And while his hand, washed clean and white,
Holds Martha’s tender hand once more,
His glowing face bends fondly o’er
The crib wherein his darling lies,
And in a coaxing tone he cries,
“ Charco ! ” charco ! ”

And baby with a laugh replies, —

“ Ah, go ! ah, go ! ”

“ Charco’ ! ” — “ Ah, go ! ” — while at the sounds
The mother’s heart with gladness bounds.

Then honored be the charcoal man !
Though dusky as an African,
’Tis not for you, that chance to be
A little better clad than he,
His honest manhood to despise,
Although from morn till eve he cries, —
“ Charco’ ! charco’ ! ”

While mocking echo still replies, —

“ Hark, O ! hark, O ! ”

“ Charco’ ! ” — “ Hark, O ! ” — Long may the sounds
Proclaim Mark Haley’s daily rounds !

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

THE Kettle began it! Don't tell me what Mrs. Peerybingle said. I know better. Mrs. Peerybingle may leave it on record to the end of time that she couldn't say which of them began it; but I say the Kettle did. I ought to know, I hope! The Kettle began it, full five minutes by the little waxy-faced Dutch clock in the corner, before the Cricket uttered a chirp.

Why, I am not naturally positive. Every one knows that I wouldn't set my own opinion against the opinion of Mrs. Peerybingle, unless I were quite sure, on any account whatever. Nothing should induce me. But this is a question of fact. And the fact is, that the Kettle began it, at least five minutes before the Cricket gave any sign of being in existence. Contradict me, and I'll say ten.

Let me narrate exactly how it happened. I should have proceeded to do so, in my very first word, but for this plain consideration,—if I am to tell a story I must begin at the beginning; and how is it possible to begin at the beginning, without beginning at the Kettle?

It appears as if there were a sort of match, or trial of skill, you must understand, between the Kettle and the Cricket. And this is what led to it, and how it came about.

Mrs. Peerybingle, going out into the raw twilight and clicking over the wet stones in a pair of pattens that worked innumerable rough impressions of the first proposition in Euclid all about the yard,—Mrs. Peerybingle filled the kettle at the water-butt. Presently returning, less the pattens (and a good deal less, for they were tall, and Mrs. Peerybingle was but short), she set the kettle on the fire.

In doing which she lost her temper, or mislaid it for an instant; for the water, being uncomfortably cold, and in that slippy, slushy, sleety sort of state wherein it seems to penetrate through every kind of substance, patten-rings included,

had laid hold of Mrs. Peerybingle's toes, and even splashed her stockings.

Besides, the Kettle was aggravating and obstinate. It wouldn't allow itself to be adjusted on the top bar; it wouldn't hear of accommodating itself kindly to the knobs of coal; it would lean forward with a drunken air, and dribble, a very idiot of a Kettle, on the hearth. It was quarrelsome, and hissed and spluttered morosely at the fire.

To sum up all, the lid, resisting Mrs. Peerybingle's fingers, first of all turned topsy-turvy, and then with an ingenious pertinacity deserving of a better cause, dived sideways in,—down to the very bottom of the Kettle. And the hull of the Royal George has never made half the monstrous resistance to coming out of the water, which the lid of that kettle employed against Mrs. Peerybingle, before she got it up again.

It looked sullen and pig-headed enough, even then; carrying its handle with an air of defiance, and cocking its spout pertly and mockingly at Mrs. Peerybingle, as if it said, "I won't boil. Nothing shall induce me!"

Now it was, you observe, that the Kettle began to spend the evening. Now it was, that the Kettle, growing mellow and musical, began to have irrepressible gurglings in its throat, and to indulge in short vocal snorts, which it checked in the bud, as if it hadn't quite made up its mind yet to be good company. Now it was, that after two or three such vain attempts to stifle its convivial sentiments, it threw off all moroseness, all reserve, and burst into a stream of song so cosey and hilarious, as never maudlin nightingale yet formed the least idea of.

And here, if you like, the Cricket DID chime in with a chirrup, chirrup, chirrup of such magnitude, by way of chorus,—with a voice so astoundingly disproportionate to its size as compared with the Kettle (size! you couldn't see it!) that if it had then and there burst itself like an overcharged gun, if it had fallen a victim on the spot, and chirruped its little body into fifty pieces, it would have seemed a

natural and inevitable consequence, for which it had expressly labored.

There was all the excitement of a race about it. Chirp, chirp, chirp ! Cricket a mile ahead. Hum, hum, hum — m — m ! Kettle making play in the distance, like a great top. Chirp, chirp, chirp ! Cricket round the corner. Hum, hum, hum — m — m ! Kettle sticking to him in his own way ; no idea of giving in. Chirp, chirp, chirp ! Cricket fresher than ever. Hum, hum, hum — m — m ! Kettle slow and steady. Chirp, chirp, chirp ! Cricket going in to finish him. Hum, hum, hum — m — m ! Kettle not to be finished. Until at last, they got so jumbled together, in the hurry-skurry, helter-skelter of the match, that whether the Kettle chirped and the Cricket hummed, or the Cricket chirped and the Kettle hummed, or they both chirped and both hummed, it would have taken a clearer head than yours or mine to decide with anything like certainty.

But of this there is no doubt, that the Kettle and the Cricket, at one and the same moment, and by some power of amalgamation best known to themselves, sent each his fireside song of comfort streaming into a ray of the candle that shone out through the window, and a long way down the lane. And this light, bursting on a certain person who, on the instant, approached towards it through the gloom, expressed the whole thing to him, literally in a twinkling, and cried, Welcome home, old fellow ! Welcome home, my boy !

DICKENS.

THE KEEPING OF THE BRIDGE.

Out spake the Consul roundly :

“ The bridge must straight go down ;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Naught else can save the town.”

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the gate:
" To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods?
" Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul;
With all the speed you may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon straight path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now, who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius, —
A Ramnian proud was he:
" Lo, I will stand on thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."

And out spake strong Herminius, —
Of Titian blood was he:
" I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

" Horatius," quoth the Consul,
" As thou say'st, so let it be."

And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless three.
For Romans, in Ronie's quarrel,
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

The three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose.

But soon Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless three !

Meanwhile the axe and lever
Have manfully been plied,
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all ;
"Back, Lartius ! back, Herminius !
Back, ere the ruin fall !"

Back darted Spurius Lartius ;
Herminius darted back ;
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

But, with a crash like thunder,
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream ;
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

And, like a horse unbroken,
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free,
And battlement, and plank, and pier,
Whirled headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind ;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
“ Down with him ! ” cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
“ Now yield thee ! ” cried Lars Porsena,
“ Now yield thee to our grace.”

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see ;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he ;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home ;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome : —

“ O Tiber ! Father Tiber !
To whom the Romans pray !
A Roman’s life, a Roman’s arms,
Take thou in charge this day ! ”
So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And, with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank ;
But friends and foes, in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank ;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

“Out on him!” quoth false Sextus;
 “Will not the villain drown?
 But for this stay, ere close of day
 We should have sacked the town!”
 “Heaven help him!” quoth Lars Porsena,
 “And bring him safe to shore;
 For such a gallant feat of arms
 Was never seen before.”

But fiercely ran the current,
 Swollen high by months of rain;
 And fast his blood was flowing;
 And he was sore in pain,
 And heavy with his armor,
 And spent with changing blows:
 And oft they thought him sinking,
 But still again he rose.

And now the ground he touches,
 Now on dry earth he stands;
 Now round him throng the Fathers,
 To press his gory hands;
 And now, with shouts and clapping,
 And noise of weeping loud,
 He enters through the River-Gate,
 Borne by the joyous crowd.

T. B. MACAULAY.

AUX ITALIENS.

At Paris it was, at the Opera there;
 And she looked like a queen in a book, that night,
 With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair,
 And the brooch on her breast, so bright.

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,
 The best, to my taste, is the *Trovatore*;
 And Mario can soothe with a tenor note
 The souls in purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow ;
And who was not thrilled in the strangest way,
As we heard him sing, while the gas burned low,
“ *Non ti scordar di me?* ”

The Emperor there, in his box of state,
Looked grave, as if he had just then seen
The red flag wave from the city gate,
Where his eagles in bronze had been.

The Empress, too, had a tear in her eye :
You’d have said that her fancy had gone back again,
For one moment, under the old blue sky,
To the old glad life in Spain.

Well ! there in our front-row box we sat
Together, my bride-betrothed and I ;
My gaze was fixed on my opera hat,
And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent, and both were sad.
Like a queen, she leaned on her full white arm,
With that regal, indolent air she had ;
So confident of her charm !

I have not a doubt she was thinking then
Of her former lord, good soul that he was !
Who died the richest and roundest of men,
The Marquis of Carabas.

I hope that to get to the kingdom of heaven,
Through a needle’s eye he had not to pass ;
I wish him well for the jointure given
To my lady of Carabas.

Meanwhile I was thinking of my first love,
As I had not been thinking of aught for years,
Till over my eyes there began to move
Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress that she wore last time,
When we stood, 'neath the cypress-trees, together,
In that lost land, in that soft clime,
In the crimson evening weather;

Of that muslin dress (for the eve was hot),
And her warm white neck in its golden chain,
And her full, soft hair, just tied in a knot,
And falling loose again;

And the jasmin-flower in her fair young breast;
Oh, the faint, sweet smell of that jasmin-flower!
And the one bird singing alone to his nest,
And the one star over the tower.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife,
And the letter that brought me back my ring,
And it all seemed then, in the waste of life,
Such a very little thing!

For I thought of her grave below the hill
Which the sentinel cypress-tree stands over.
And I thought . . . " were she only living still,
How I could forgive her and love her!"

And I swear, as I thought of her thus, in that hour,
And of how, after all, old things were best,
That I smelt the smell of that jasmin-flower,
Which she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet,
It made me creep, and it made me cold!
Like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet
When a mummy is half unrolled.

And I turned and looked. She was sitting there
In a dim box, over the stage; and drest
In that muslin dress, with that full soft hair,
And that jasmin in her breast!

I was here, and she was there,
And the glittering horseshoe curved between —
From my bride-betrothed, with her raven hair,
And her sumptuous, scornful mien,

To my early love, with her eyes down cast,
And over her primrose face the shade
(In short, from the Future back to the Past),
There was but one step to be made.

To my early love from my future bride
One moment I looked. Then I stole to the door,
I traversed the passage ; and down at her side
I was sitting, a moment more.

My thinking of her, or the music's strain,
Or something which never will be exprest,
Had brought her back from the grave again
With the jasmin in her breast.

She is not dead, and she is not wed !
But she loves me now, and she loved me then !
And the very first word that her sweet lips said,
My heart grew youthful again.

The Marchioness there, of Carabas,
She is weatly, and young, and handsome still,
And but for her well, we'll let that pass —
She may marry whomever she will.

But I will marry my own first love,
With her primrose face ; for old things are best,
And the flower in her bosom, I prize it above
The brooch in my lady's breast.

The world is filled with folly and sin,
And Love must cling where it can, I say ;
For Beauty is easy enough to win,
But one isn't loved every day.

And I think in the lives of most women and men,
 There's a moment when all would go smooth and even,
 If only the dead could find out when
 To come back and be forgiven.

But oh, the smell of that jasmin flower !
 And oh, that music ! and oh, the way
 That voice rang out from the donjon tower
Non ti scordar di me,
Non ti scordar di me !

BULWER-LYTTON.

THE EVE BEFORE WATERLOO.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night ;
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then
 Her Beauty and her Chivalry ; and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;
 A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake agair.,
 And all went merry as a marriage bell ;—
 But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell !

Did ye not hear it?—No : 'twas but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street :
 On with the dance ! let joy be unconfin'd ;
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet ;—
 But, hark ! — that heavy sound breaks in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !
 Arm ! arm ! it is — it is — the cannon's opening roar !

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
 Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness ;

And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs

Which ne'er might be repeated. Who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,

The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,

And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;

And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar,—

And near, the beat of the alarming drum,

Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;—

While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,

Or whispering, with white lips — “ The foe ! they come !
they come ! ”

And wild and high the “ Cameron’s gathering ” rose !

The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn’s hills

Have heard — and heard, too, have her Saxon foes :—

How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,

Savage and shrill ! But with the breath which fills

Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers

With the fierce native daring, which instils

The stirring memory of a thousand years :

And Evan’s, Donald’s fame rings in each clansman’s
ears !

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,

Dewy with Nature’s tear-drops, as they pass,

Grieving — if aught inanimate e’er grieves —

Over the unreturning brave, — alas !

Ere evening to be trodden like the grass

Which now beneath them, but above shall grow,

In its next verdure ; when this fiery mass

Of living valor, rolling on the foe,

And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and
low !

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life ;
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay ;
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife ;
 The morn, the marshalling in arms ; the day,
 Battle's magnificently stern array !
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
 The earth is covered thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover, — heaped and pent,
 Rider and horse, — friend, foe, — in one red burial blent !

BYRON

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

HAD it not rained on the night of the 17th of June, 1815, the future of Europe would have been changed. A few drops of water, more or less, prostrated Napoleon. That Waterloo should be the end of Austerlitz, Providence needed only a little rain ; and an unseasonable cloud, crossing the sky, sufficed for the overthrow of a world !

The battle of Waterloo — and this gave Blücher time to come up — could not be commenced before half-past eleven. Why? Because the ground was soft. It was necessary to wait for it to acquire some little firmness, so that the artillery could manœuvre. Had the ground been dry, and the artillery able to move, the action would have been commenced at six o'clock in the morning. The battle would have been won and finished at two o'clock, three hours before the Prussians turned the scale of fortune.

How much fault is there on the part of Napoleon in the loss of this battle? His plan of battle was, all confess, a masterpiece. To march straight to the centre of the allied line, pierce the enemy, cut them in two, push the British half upon Hal, and the Prussian half upon Tongres, make of Wellington and Blücher two fragments, carry Mont Saint-Jean, seize Brussels, throw the German into the Rhine, and

the Englishman into the sea — all this, for Napoleon, was in this battle. What would follow, anybody can see.

Both generals had carefully studied the plain of Mont Saint-Jean, now called the plain of Waterloo. Already, in the preceding year, Wellington, with the sagacity of pre-science, had examined it as a possible site for a great battle. On this ground, and for this contest, Wellington had the favorable side, Napoleon the unfavorable. The English army was above, the French army below.

Wellington, anxious but impassible, was on horseback, and remained the whole day in the same attitude, a little in front of the old mill of Mont Saint-Jean, which is still standing, under an elm, which an Englishman, an enthusiastic Vandal, has since bought for two hundred francs, cut down, and carried away.

Wellington was frigidly heroic. The balls rained down. His aid-de-camp, Gordon, had just fallen at his side. Lord Hill, showing him a bursting shell, said: "My lord, what are your instructions, and what orders do you leave us, if you allow yourself to be killed?" "To follow my example," answered Wellington. To Clinton he said, laconically, "Hold this spot to the last man!" The day was clearly going badly. Wellington cried to his old companions of Talavera, Vittoria, and Salamanca: "Boys, we must not be beat! What would they say of us in England?"

About four o'clock the English line staggered backward. All at once only the artillery and the sharpshooters were seen on the crest of the plateau; the rest disappeared. The regiments, driven by the shells and bullets of the French, fell back into the valley; the battle-front of the English was slipping away. Wellington gave ground. "Beginning retreat!" cried Napoleon.

At the moment when Wellington drew back, Napoleon started up. He saw the plateau of Mont Saint-Jean suddenly laid bare, and the front of the English army disappear. It rallied, but kept concealed. The emperor half-rose in his

stirrups. The flush of victory passed into his eyes. Wellington hurled back on the forest of Soignies, and destroyed — that was the final overthrow of England by France. The man of Marengo was wiping out Agincourt.

The emperor rose and reflected. Wellington had fallen back. It remained only to complete this repulse by a crushing charge. Napoleon, turning abruptly, sent off a courier at full speed to Paris to announce that the battle was won.

Napoleon was one of those geniuses who rule the thunder. He had found his thunderbolt. He ordered Milhaud's cuirassiers to carry the plateau of Mont Saint-Jean. They were three thousand five hundred. They formed a line of half a mile. They were gigantic men on colossal horses. They were twenty-six squadrons, and they had behind them a strong support.

Aid-de-camp Bernard brought them the emperor's order. Ney drew his sword and placed himself at their head. The enormous squadrons began to move. Then was seen a fearful sight. All this cavalry, with sabres drawn, banners waving, and trumpets sounding, formed in column by division, descended with even movement and as one man — with the precision of a bronze battering-ram opening a breach.

Behind the crest of the plateau, under cover of the masked battery, the English infantry, formed in thirteen squares, two battalions to the square, and upon two lines — seven on the first, and six on the second — with musket to the shoulder, and eye upon their sights, waiting, calm, silent, and immovable.

They could not see the cuirassiers, and the cuirassiers could not see them. They listened to the rising of this tide of men. They heard the increasing sound of three thousand horses, the alternate and measured striking of their hoofs at full trot, the rattling of the cuirasses, the clinking of the sabres, and a sort of fierce roar of the coming host.

There was a moment of fearful silence; then, suddenly, a long line of raised arms brandishing sabres appeared above

the crest, with casques, trumpets, and standards, and three thousand faces, with gray mustaches, crying, “*Vive l’Empereur!*” * All this cavalry debouched on the plateau, and it was like the beginning of an earthquake.

VICTOR HUGO.

THE DEFEAT AT WATERLOO.

ALL at once, tragic to relate, at the left of the English, and on our right, the head of the column of cuirassiers reared with a frightful clamor. Arrived at the culminating point of the crest, unmanageable, full of fury, and bent upon the extermination of the squares and cannons, the cuirassiers saw between themselves and the English a ditch — a grave. It was the sunken road of Ohain.

It was a frightful moment. There was the ravine, unlooked-for, yawning at the very feet of the horses, two fathoms deep between its double slopes. The second rank pushed in the first, the third pushed in the second; the horses reared, threw themselves over, fell upon their backs, and struggled with their feet in the air, piling up and overturning their riders; no power to retreat. The whole column was nothing but a projectile. The force acquired to crush the English crushed the French.

The inexorable ravine could not yield until it was filled; riders and horses rolled in together pell-mell, grinding each other, making common flesh in this dreadful gulf; and when the grave was full of living men, the rest rode over them and passed on. Almost a third of Dubois’s brigade sank into this abyss. Here the loss of the battle began.

A local tradition, which evidently exaggerates, says that two thousand horses and fifteen hundred men were buried in the sunken road of Ohain. This undoubtedly comprised all

* *Vive l’Empereur* (vēv lōng-per-ôr.)

the other bodies thrown into this ravine on the morrow after the battle.

Napoleon, before ordering this charge of Milhaud's cuirassiers, had examined the ground, but could not see this hollow road, which did not make even a wrinkle on the surface of the plateau. Warned, however, and put on his guard by the little white chapel which marks its junction with the Nivelles road, he had, probably on the contingency of an obstacle, put a question to the guide Lacoste. The guide had answered "No." It may almost be said that from this shake of a peasant's head came the catastrophe of Napoleon.

At the same time with the ravine, the artillery was unmasked. Sixty cannon and the thirteen squares thundered and flashed into the cuirassiers. The brave General Delord gave the military salute to the English battery. All the English flying artillery took position in the squares at a gallop. The cuirassiers had not even time to breathe. The disaster of the sunken road had decimated but not discouraged them. They were men who, diminished in numbers, grew greater in heart.

Wathier's column alone had suffered from the disaster. Delord's, which Ney had sent obliquely to the left, as if he had a presentiment of the snare, arrived entire. The cuirassiers hurled themselves upon the English squares. At full gallop, with free rein, their sabres in their teeth and their pistols in their hands, the attack began.

There are moments in battle when the soul hardens a man, even to changing the soldier into a statue, and all his flesh becomes granite. The English battalions, desperately assailed, did not yield an inch. Then it was frightful. All sides of the English squares were attacked at once. A whirlwind of frenzy enveloped them.

This frigid infantry remained impassable. The first rank, with knee on the ground, received the cuirassiers on their bayonets, the second shot them down; behind the second rank, the cannoneers loaded their guns, the front of the

square opened, made way for an eruption of grape, and closed again.

The cuirassiers answered by rushing upon them with crushing force. Their great horses reared, trampled upon the ranks, leaped over the bayonets, and fell, gigantic, in the midst of these four living walls. The balls made gaps in the ranks of the cuirassiers ; the cuirassiers made breaches in the squares. Files of men disappeared, ground down beneath the horses' feet.

The cuirassiers, relatively few in number, lessened by the catastrophe of the ravine, had to contend with almost the whole of the English army ; but they multiplied themselves — each man became equal to ten. Nevertheless, some Hanoverian battalions fell back. Wellington saw it, and remembered his cavalry. Had Napoleon, at that very moment, remembered his infantry, he would have won the battle. This forgetfulness was his great, fatal blunder.

Suddenly the assailing cuirassiers perceived that they were assailed. The English cavalry was upon their back. Before them the squares, behind them Somerset — Somerset, with the fourteen hundred dragoon guards. Somerset had on his right, Domberg, with his German light-horse ; and on his left, Trip, with the Belgian carbineers. The cuirassiers, attacked front, flank, and rear, by infantry and cavalry, were compelled to face in all directions. What was that to them ? They were a whirlwind. Their valor became unspeakable.

The cuirassiers annihilated seven squares out of thirteen, took or spiked sixty pieces of cannon, and took from the English regiments six colors, which three cuirassiers and three chasseurs of the guard carried to the emperor before the farm of La Belle Alliance. The situation of Wellington was growing worse. This strange battle was like a duel between two wounded infuriates, who, while yet fighting and resisting, lose all their blood. Which of the two shall fall first ?

At five o'clock Wellington drew out his watch, and was

heard to murmur these sombre words, "Blücher, or night!" It was about this time that a distant line of bayonets glistened on the heights beyond Fricheumont. Here is the turning point in this colossal drama.

The rest is known: the irruption of a third army; the battle thrown out of joint: eighty-six pieces of artillery suddenly thundering forth; a new battle falling at nightfall upon our dismantled regiments; the whole English line assuming the offensive, and pushing forward; the gigantic gap made in the French army; the English grape and the Prussian grape lending mutual aid; extermination, disaster in front, disaster in flank; the Guard entering into line amid the terrible crumbling.

Feeling that they were going to their death, they cried out, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" There is nothing more touching in history than this death agony bursting forth in acclamations.

Each battalion of the Guard, for this final effort, was commanded by a general. When the tall caps of the grenadiers of the Guard, with their large eagle-plates, appeared, symmetrical, drawn up in line, calm, in the smoke of that conflict, the enemy felt respect for France. They thought they saw twenty victories entering upon the field of battle, with wings extended, and those who were conquerors, thinking themselves conquered, recoiled; but Wellington cried, "Up, Guards, and at them!"

The red regiment of English Guards, lying behind the hedges, rose up. A shower of grape riddled the tri-colored flag fluttering about our eagles; all hurled themselves forward, and the final carnage began. The Imperial Guard felt the army slipping away around them in the gloom and in the vast overthrow of the rout; they heard the "*Sauve qui peut!*"* which had replaced the "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and, with flight behind them, they held on their course, battered more and more, and dying faster and faster at every

* *Sauve qui peut* (sōv kē pūh) (save himself who can.)

step. There were no weak souls or cowards there. The privates of that band were as heroic as their general. Not a man flinched from the suicide.

The rout behind the Guard was dismal. The army fell back rapidly from all sides at once. The cry, "Treachery!" was followed by the cry, "*Sauve qui peut!*" A disbanding army is a thaw. The whole bends, cracks, snaps, floats, rolls, falls, crashes, hurries, plunges. Mysterious disintegration! Napoleon gallops along the fugitives, harangues them, urges, threatens, entreats. The mouths which in the morning were crying "*Vive l'Empereur!*" are now agape. He is hardly recognized.

The Prussian cavalry, just come up, spring forward, fling themselves upon the enemy, saber, cut, hack, kill, exterminate. Teams rush off; the guns are left to the care of themselves; the soldiers of the train unhitch the caissons, and take the horses to escape; wagons upset, with their four wheels in the air, block up the road, and are accessories of massacre.

They crush and they crowd; they trample upon the living and the dead. Arms are broken. A multitude fills roads, paths, bridges, plains, hills, valleys, woods, choked up by the flight of forty thousand men. Cries, despair, knapsacks and muskets cast into the growing rye; passages forced at the point of the sword; no more comrades, no more officers, no more generals; inexpressible dismay.

In the gathering night, on a field near Genappe, Bernard and Bertrand seized by a flap of his coat and stopped a haggard, thoughtful, gloomy man, who, dragged thus far by the current of the rout, had dismounted, passed the bridle of his horse under his arm, and, with bewildered eye, was returning alone toward Waterloo. It was Napoleon, endeavoring to advance again—mighty somnambulist of a vanished dream.

VICTOR HUGO.

THE BELLS.

HEAR the sledges with the bells —

Silver bells —

What a world of merriment their melody foretells !

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,

In the icy air of night !

While the stars that oversprinkle

All the heavens, seem to twinkle

With a crystalline delight ;

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells

From the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells —

From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding-bells,

Golden bells !

What a world of happiness their harmony foretells !

Through the balmy air of night

How they ring out their delight !

From the molten-golden notes,

And all in tune,

What a liquid ditty floats

To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats

On the moon !

Oh, from out the sounding cells,

What a gush of euphony voluminously wells !

How it swells !

How it dwells

On the Future ! how it tells

Of the rapture that impels

To the swinging and the ringing

Of the bells, bells, bells, —

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells !

Hear the loud alarum bells —
Brazen bells !

What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells !

In the startled ear of night

How they scream out their affright !

Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,

In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,

In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire

Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,

And a resolute endeavor,
Now — now to sit or never,

By the side of the pale-faced moon.

Oh, the bells, bells, bells !

What a tale their terror tells
Of despair !

How they clang, and clash, and roar !

What a horror they outpour

On the bosom of the palpitating air !

Yet the ear, it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clangling,
How the danger ebbs and flows ;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,

How the danger sinks and swells,

By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells —

Of the bells —

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —

In the clamor and the clangor of the bells !

Hear the tolling of the bells —
Iron bells !

What a world of solemn thought their monody compels !

In the silence of the night,

How we shiver with affright

At the melancholy menace of their tone !

For every sound that floats

From the rust within their throats

Is a groan.

And the people — ah, the people —

They that dwell up in the steeple,

All alone,

And who tolling, tolling, tolling,

In that muffled monotone,

Feel a glory in so rolling

On the human heart a stone —

They are neither man nor woman —

They are neither brute nor human —

They are Ghouls ;

And their king it is who tolls ;

And he rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls,

A pæan from the bells !

And his merry bosom swells

With the pæan of the bells !

And he dances and he yells ;

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the pæan of the bells —

Of the bells ;

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort Runic rhyme,

To the throbbing of the bells —

Of the bells, bells, bells,

To the sobbing of the bells ;

Keeping time, time, time,

As he knells, knells, knells,

In a happy Runic rhyme,

To the rolling of the bells —

Of the bells, bells, bells —
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells —
Bells, bells, bells,
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

EDGAR A. POE.

A CURTAIN LECTURE OF MRS. CAUDLE.

BAH ! that's the third umbrella gone since Christmas. — What were you to do ? Why, let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I'm very certain there was nothing about him that could spoil. — Take cold, indeed ! He doesn't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he'd have better taken cold than taken our umbrella. — Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle ? I say, do you hear the rain ? And, as I'm alive, if it isn't St. Swithin's day ! Do you hear it against the window ?

Nonsense : you don't impose upon me ; you can't be asleep with such a shower as that ! Do you hear it, I say ? Oh, you do hear it ! — Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks ; and no stirring all the time out of the house. Pooh ! don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle ; don't insult me ! he return the umbrella ! Anybody would think you were born yesterday. As if anybody ever did return an umbrella !

There : do you hear it ? Worse and worse. Cats and dogs, and for six weeks : always six weeks ; and no umbrella ! I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-morrow. They shan't go through such weather ; I am determined. No ; they shall stop at home, and never learn anything, the blessed creatures ! sooner than go and get wet ! And when they grow up, I wonder who they'll have to thank for knowing nothing ; who, indeed, but their father ! People who can't feel for their own children ought never to be fathers.

But I know why you lent the umbrella. Oh, yes, I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow: you knew that, and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate to have me go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle; no, sir; if it comes down in buckets' full, I'll go all the more.

No; and I won't have a cab! Where do you think the money's to come from? You've got nice high notions at that club of yours? A cab, indeed? Cost me sixteen-pence, at least: sixteen-pence! two-and-eight-pence; for there's back again. Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who's to pay for 'em; for I'm sure you can't, if you go on as you do, throwing away your property, and beggaring your children, buying umbrellas!

Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear it? But I don't care; I'll go to mother's to-morrow—I will; and what's more, I'll walk every step of the way; and you know that will give me my death.—Don't call me a foolish woman; it's you that's the foolish man. You know I can't wear clogs; and with no umbrella, the wet's sure to give me a cold—it always does. But what do you care for that? Nothing at all. I may be laid up for all you care, as I dare say I shall; and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will. It will teach you to lend your umbrellas again. I shouldn't wonder if I caught my death: yes, and that's what you lent the umbrella for. Of course!

Nice clothes I get, too, traipsing through weather like this! My gown and bonnet will be spoiled quite.—I needn't wear 'em then. Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I shall wear 'em. No, sir; I am not going out a dowdy to please you or anybody else. Gracious knows! it isn't often that I step over the threshold; indeed, I might as well be a slave at once: better, I should say; but when I do go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go as a lady. Oh, that rain! if it isn't enough to break in the windows.

Ugh! I look forward with dread to to-morrow! How

I am to go to mother's, I am sure I can't tell, but if I die, I'll do it.—No, sir; I won't borrow an umbrella: no; and you shan't buy one. (*With great emphasis.*) Mr. Caudle, if you bring home another umbrella I'll throw it into the street.

Ha! and it was only last week I had a new nozzle put to that umbrella. I'm sure if I'd have known as much as I do now, it might have gone without one. Paying for new nozzles for other people to laugh at you! Oh, it's all very well for you; you can go to sleep. You've no thought of your poor patient wife, and your own dear children; you think of nothing but lending umbrellas!

Men, indeed! Call themselves lords of the creation! pretty lords, when they can't even take care of an umbrella!

I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me, but that's what you want: then you may go to your club, and do as you like; and then nicely my poor dear children will be used; but then, sir, then you'll be happy.—Oh, don't tell me! I know you will: else you'd never have lent the umbrella!

The children, dear things! they'll be sopping wet; for they shan't stay at home; they shan't lose their learning; it's all their father will leave them, I'm sure.—But they shall go to school. Don't tell me they needn't: you are so aggravating, Caudle, you'd spoil the temper of an angel; they shall go to school! mark that: and if they get their deaths of cold, it's not my fault; I didn't lend the umbrella.

“Here,” says Caudle, in his manuscript, “I fell asleep, and dreamed that the sky was turned into green calico, with whalebone ribs: that, in fact, the whole world revolved under a tremendous umbrella!”

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

GALILEO.

THERE is much in every way in the city of Florence to excite the curiosity, kindle the imagination, and gratify the taste ; but among all its fascinations, addressed to the sense, the memory, and the heart, there was none to which I more frequently gave a meditative hour, during a year's residence, than to the spot where Galileo Galilei sleeps beneath the marble floor of Santa Croce ; no building on which I gazed with greater reverence than I did upon that modest mansion at Arcetri : villa once, and prison, in which that venerable sage, by the command of the Inquisition, passed the sad, closing years of his life.

Of all the wonders of ancient and modern art, statues and paintings, jewels and manuscripts, the admiration and delight of ages, there is nothing I beheld with more affectionate awe than that poor little spy-glass, through which the human eye first pierced the clouds of visual error, which from the creation of the world had involved the system of the universe.

There are occasions in life in which a great mind lives years of rapt enjoyment in a moment. I can fancy the emotions of Galileo, when, first raising the newly constructed telescope to the heavens, he saw fulfilled the grand prophecy of Copernicus, and beheld the planet Venus crescent like the moon.

It was such another moment as that, when the immortal printers of Mentz and Strasburg received the first copy of the Bible into their hands, the work of their divine art ; like that, when Columbus, through the gray dawn of the 12th of October, 1492, beheld the shores of San Salvador ; like that, when the law of gravitation first revealed itself to the intellect of Newton ; like that, when Franklin saw, by the stiffening fibres of the hempen cord of his kite, that he held the lightning in his grasp ; like that, when Leverrier received back from Berlin the tidings that the predicted planet was found.

Yes, noble Galileo, thou art right, "It does move." Bigots may make thee recant it, but it moves, nevertheless. Yes, the earth moves, and the planets move, and the mighty waters move, and the great sweeping tides of air move, and the empires of men move, and the world of thought moves, ever onward and upward, to higher facts and bolder theories. The Inquisition may seal thy lips, but they can no more stop the progress of the great truth propounded by Copernicus, and demonstrated by thee, than they can stop the revolving earth.

Close, now, venerable sage, that sightless, tearful eye ; it has seen what man never before saw ; it has seen enough. Hang up that poor little spy-glass ; it has done its work. Not Herschel nor Rosse have, comparatively, done more. Franciscans and Dominicans deride thy discoveries now, but the time will come when, from two hundred observatories in Europe and America, the glorious artillery of science shall nightly assault the skies ; but they shall gain no conquests in those glittering fields before which thine shall be forgotten.

Rest in peace, great Columbus of the heavens — like him scorned, persecuted, broken-hearted ! — in other ages, in distant hemispheres, when the votaries of science, with solemn acts of consecration, shall dedicate their stately edifices to the cause of knowledge and truth, thy name shall be mentioned with honor.

EDWARD EVERETT.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

WITH deep affection
And recollection,
I often think of those Shandon bells,
Whose sound so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.

On this I ponder
 Where'er I wander
 And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee, —
 With thy bells of Shandon,
 That sound so grand, on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
 Full many a clime in,
 Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine ;
 While at a glib rate,
 Brass tongues would vibrate ;
 But all their music spoke naught like thine.

For memory, dwelling
 On each proud swelling
 Of thy belfry, knelling its bol'l notes free,
 Made the bells of Shandon
 Sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
 Old Adrian's Mole in,
 Their thunder rolling from the Vatican ;
 And cymbals glorious
 Swinging uproarious
 In the gorgeous turret of Notre Dame ;

But thy sounds were sweeter
 Than the dome of Peter
 Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly.
 Oh! the bells of Shandon
 Sound far more grand, on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow ;
 While, on tower and kiosk — O —
 In Saint Sophia the Turkman gets,
 And loud in air
 Calls men to prayer,
 From the tapering summits of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom
I freely grant them ;
But there's anthem more dear to me :
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand, on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

FRANCIS MAHONY.

THE DIVER.

“ OH, where is the knight or the squire so bold,
As to dive to the howling Charybdis below :
I cast into the whirlpool a goblet of gold,
And o'er it already the dark waters flow :
Whoever to me may the goblet bring,
Shall have for his guerdon that gift of his king.”

He spoke, and the cup from the terrible steep,
That, rugged and hoary, hung over the verge
Of the endless and measureless world of the deep,
Swirled into the maelstrom that maddened the surge.
“ And where is the diver so stout to go —
I ask ye again — to the deep below ? ”

And the knights and the squires that gathered around,
Stood silent — and fixed on the ocean their eyes ;
They looked on the dismal and savage profound,
And the peril chilled back every thought of the prize.
And thrice spoke the monarch — “ The cup to win,
Is there never a wight who will venture in ? ”

And all as before heard in silence the king —
Till a youth, with an aspect unfearing but gentle,
'Mid the tremulous squires, stepped out from the ring,
Unbuckling his girdle and doffing his mantle ;
And the murmuring crowd, as they parted asunder,
On the stately boy cast their looks of wonder.

As he strode to the marge of the summit, and gave
One glance on the gulf of that merciless main,
Lo ! the wave that forever devours the wave,
Casts roaringly up the Charybdis again ;
And, as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,
Rushes foamingly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
As when fire is with water commixed and contending ;
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending.
And it never will rest, nor from travail be free,
Like a sea that is laboring the birth of a sea.

And at last there lay open the desolate realm !
Through the breakers that whitened the waste of the swell,
Dark — dark yawned a cleft in the midst of the whelm,
The path to the heart of that fathomless hell.
Round and round whirled the waves — deep and deeper still
driven,
Like a gorge through the mountainous main thunder-riven.

The youth gave his trust to his Maker ! Before
That path through the riven abyss closed again —
Hark ! a shriek from the crowd rang aloft from the shore,
And behold ! he is whirled in the grasp of the main !
And o'er him the breakers mysteriously rolled,
And the giant-mouth closed on the swimmer so bold.

O'er the surface grim silence lay dark and profound,
But the deep from below murmured hollow and fell ;
And the crowd, as it shuddered, lamented aloud —
“ Gallant youth — noble heart — fare-thee-well, fare-thee-
well ! ”

And still ever deepening that wail as of woe,
More hollow the gulf sent its howl from below.

If thou should'st in those waters thy diadem fling,
And cry, “ Who may find it shall win it, and wear ; ”

God wot, though the prize were the crown of a king —

 A crown at such hazards were valued too dear ;

For never did lips of the living reveal,

What the deeps that howl yonder in terror conceal.

Oh ! many a ship, to that breast grappled fast,

 Has gone down to the fearful and fathomless grave,

Again, crashed together the keel and the mast,

 To be seen, tossed aloft in the glee of the wave.

Like the growth of a storm ever louder and clearer,

Grows the roar of the gulf rising nearer and nearer.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,

 As when fire is with water commixed and contending ;

And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,

 And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending.

And, as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,

Rushes roaringly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And, lo ! from the heart of that far floating gloom,

 What gleams on the darkness so swanlike and white ?

Lo ! an arm and a neck, glancing up from the tomb ! —

 They battle — the man's with the element's might.

It is he — it is he ! — in his left hand behold,

As a sign — as a joy ! — shines the goblet of gold

And he breathed deep, and he breathed long,

 And he greeted the heavenly light of the day.

They gaze on each other — they shout as they throng —

 “ He lives — lo, the ocean has rendered its prey ! ”

And safe from the whirlpool, and free from the grave,

Comes back to the daylight the soul of the brave.

And he comes with the crowd in their clamor and glee ;

 And the goblet his daring has won from the water

He lifts to the king as he sinks on his knee ;

 And the king from her maidens has beckoned his daughter.

She pours to the boy the bright wine which they bring, —

And thus spake the diver — “ Long life to the king !

“ Happy they whom the rose-hues of daylight rejoice,
 The air and the sky that to mortals are given !
 May the horror below nevermore find a voice,
 Nor man stretch too far the wide mercy of Heaven !
 Nevermore — nevermore may he lift from the mirror,
 The veil which is woven with Night and with Terror !

“ Quick brightening like lightning — it tore me along,
 Down, down, till the gush of a torrent at play
 In the rocks of its wilderness caught me — and strong
 As the wings of an eagle it whirled me away.
 Vain, vain were my struggles — the circle had won me ;
 Round and round in its dance the wild element spun me.

“ And I called on my God, and my God heard my prayer,
 In the strength of my need, in the gasp of my breath,
 And showed me a crag that rose up from the lair,
 And I clung to it, trembling — and baffled the death !
 And, safe in the perils around me, behold
 On the spikes of the coral the goblet of gold.

“ Below, at the foot of that precipice drear,
 Spread the gloomy, and purple, and pathless obscure !
 A silence of horror that slept on the ear,
 That the eye more appalled might the horror endure !
 Salamander — snake — dragon — vast reptiles that dwell
 In the deep — coiled about the grim jaws of their hell.

“ Dark crawled — glided dark the unspeakable swarms,
 Clumped together in masses, misshapen and vast ;
 Here clung and here bristled the fashionless forms —
 Here the dark moving bulk of the hammer-fish passed ;
 And with teeth grinning white, and a menacing motion,
 Went the terrible shark — the hyena of ocean.

“ There I hung, and the awe gathered icily o'er me,
 So far from the earth where man's help there was none !

The one human thing, with the goblins before me —

Alone — in a loneliness so ghastly — alone !

Fathom-deep from man's eye in the speechless profound,
With the death of the main and the monsters around.

“ Methought, as I gazed through the darkness, that now

A hundred-limbed creature caught sight of its prey,
And darted — O God ! from the far-flaming bough

Of the coral, I swept on the horrible way ;

And it seized me, the wave with its wrath and its roar,
It seized me to save, — King, the danger is o'er ! ”

On the youth gazed the monarch, and marvelled — quoth he,

“ Bold diver, the goblet I promised is thine,

And this ring will I give, a fresh guerdon to thee, —

Never jewels more precious shone up from the mine,
If thou'l bring me fresh tidings, and venture again,
To say what lies hid in the innermost main ! ”

Then outspake the daughter in tender emotion,

“ Ah ! father, my father, what more can there rest ?

Enough of this sport with the pitiless ocean —

He has served thee as none would, thyself hast confest.

If nothing can slack thy wild thirst of desire,

Be your knights not, at least, put to shame by the squire ! ”

The king seized the goblet — he swung it on high,

And whirling, it fell in the roar of the tide ;

“ But bring back that goblet again to my eye,

And I'll hold thee the dearest that rides by my side ;

And thine arms shall embrace as thy bride, I decree,

The maiden whose pity now pleadeth for thee.”

In his heart, as he listened, there leaped the wild joy —

And the hope and the love through his eyes spoke in fire —

On that bloom, on that blush, gazed, delighted, the boy ;

The maiden she faints at the feet of her sire !

Here the guerdon divine, there the danger beneath ;

He resolves ! — To the strife with the life and the death !

They hear the loud surges sweep back in their swell ;
Their coming the thunder-sound heralds along !
Fond eyes are yet tracking the spot where he fell —
They come, the wild waters, in tumult and throng,
Rearing up to the cliff — roaring back as before ;
But no wave ever brings the lost youth to the shore.

SCHILLER.

CRIME ITS OWN DETECTER.

AGAINST the prisoner at the bar, as an individual, I cannot have the slightest prejudice. I would not do him the smallest injury or injustice. But I do not affect to be indifferent to the discovery and the punishment of this deep guilt. I cheerfully share in the opprobrium, how much soever it may be, which is cast on those who feel and manifest an anxious concern that all who had a part in planning, or a hand in executing, this deed of midnight assassination, may be brought to answer for their enormous crime at the bar of public justice.

Gentlemen, it is a most extraordinary case. In some respects, it has hardly a precedent anywhere ; certainly none in our New-England history. This bloody drama exhibited no suddenly excited, ungovernable rage. The actors in it were not surprised by any lion-like temptation springing upon their virtue, and overcoming it before resistance could begin. Nor did they do the deed to glut savage vengeance, or satiate long-settled and deadly hate. It was a cool, calculating, money-making murder. It was all “hire and salary, not revenge.” It was the weighing of money against life ; the counting out of so many pieces of silver against so many ounces of blood.

An aged man, without an enemy in the world, in his own house, and in his own bed, is made the victim of a butcherly murder for mere pay. Truly here is a new lesson for painters

and poets ! Whoever shall hereafter draw the portrait of a murderer, if he will show it as it has been exhibited in one example, where such example was last to have been looked for, in the very bosom of our New-England society, let him not give it the grim visage of Moloch, the brow knitted by revenge, the face black with settled hate, and the bloodshot eye emitting livid fires of malice.

Let him draw, rather, a decorous, smooth-faced, bloodless demon ; a picture in repose, rather than in action ; not so much an example of human nature in its depravity and in its paroxysms of crime, as an infernal nature, a fiend, in the ordinary display and development of his character.

The deed was executed with a degree of self-possession and steadiness equal to the wickedness with which it was planned. The circumstances, now clearly in evidence, spread out the whole scene before us. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet — the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace.

The assassin enters, through the window already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half lighted by the moon ; he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber ; of this he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges ; and he enters, and beholds his victim before him. The room was uncommonly open to the admission of light.

The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given ! and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death ! It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work, and he yet plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon.

He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his

aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! he feels it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished — the deed is done! He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder; no eye has seen him; no ear has heard him; the secret is his own, and he is safe!

Ah, gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake! Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe! Not to speak of that Eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds everything as in the splendor of noon; such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by man. True it is, generally speaking, that “murder will out.”

True it is, that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of Heaven, by shedding man’s blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery; especially, in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime, the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret.

It is false to itself — or, rather, it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself; it labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant; it finds itself preyed on by a torment, which it dares not acknowledge to God or man. A vulture is devouring it, and it asks no sympathy or assistance either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will.

He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master ; it betrays his discretion ; it breaks down his courage ; it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstances to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed : it will be confessed. There is no refuge from confession but suicide ; and suicide is confession !

DANIEL WEBSTER.

ODE FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

FROM harmony, from heavenly harmony,

This universal frame began ! —

When nature underneath a heap

Of jarring atoms lay,

And could not heave her head,

The tuneful voice was heard from high,

“ Arise ye more than dead ! ”

Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,

In order to their stations leap,

And Music's power obey.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,

This universal frame began ;

From harmony to harmony,

Through all the compass of the notes it ran,

The diapason closing full in man.

What passion cannot music raise and quell ?

When Jubal struck the chorded shell,

His listening brethren stood around.

And, wondering, on their faces fell

To worship that celestial sound.

Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
 Within the hollow of that shell,
 That spoke so sweetly and so well.
 What passion cannot music raise and quell?

The trumpet's loud clangor
 Excites us to arms,
 With shrill notes of anger,
 And mortal alarms.

The double, double, double beat
 Of the thundering drum,
 Cries, "Hark! the foes come;
 Charge, charge! 'tis too late to retreat."

The soft complaining flute
 In dying notes discovers
 The woes of hapless lovers,
 Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
 Their jealous pangs, and desperation,
 Fury, frantic indignation,
 Depths of pain and height of passion,
 For the fair disdainful dame.

But, O! what art can teach,
 What human voice can reach,
 The sacred organ's praise!
 Notes inspiring holy love,
 Notes that wing their heavenly ways
 To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race;
 And trees uprooted left their place,
 Sequacious of the lyre;
 But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher;
 When to her organ vocal breath was given,
 An angel heard, and straight appeared,
 Mistaking earth for heaven.

THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SHAY."

HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it — Ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened, without delay —
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits —
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five,
Georgius Secundus was then alive —
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now, in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always, somewhere, a weakest spot —
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace — lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will —
Above or below, or within or without —
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise breaks down, but doesn't wear out.

But the Deacon swore — (as Deacons do,
With an "I dew vum" or an "I tell yeou") —
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun' ;
It should be so built that it couldn't break daown : —

“ Fur,” said the Deacon, “ it’s mighty plain
Thut the weakes’ place mus’ stan’ the strain,
'N' the way t’ fix it, uz I maintain,

Is only jest

To make that place uz strong uz the rest.”

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That couldn’t be split, nor bent, nor broke —
That was for spokes, and floor and sills ;
He sent for lancewood, to make the thills ;
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees ;
The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these ;
The hubs from logs from the “ Settler’s ellum ” —
Last of its timber — they couldn’t sell ’em —
Never an axe had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips ;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue ;
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide ;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide,
Found in the pit where the tanner died.
That was the way he “ put her through.”
“ There ! ” said the Deacon, “ naow she’ll dew ! ”

Do ! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less !
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren — where were they ?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay,
As fresh as on Lisbon earthquake-day !

Eighteen hundred — it came, and found
The Deacon’s masterpiece strong and sound.

Eighteen hundred, increased by ten—
 “ Hahnsum kerridge ” they called it then.
 Eighteen hundred and twenty came—
 Running as usual—much the same.
 Thirty and forty at last arrive ;
 And then came fifty— and fifty-five.

Little of all we value here
 Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
 Without both feeling and looking queer.
 In fact, there’s nothing that keeps its youth,
 So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
 (This is a moral that runs at large :
 Take it. — You’re welcome. — No extra charge.)

First of November— the Earthquake-day.
 There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
 A general flavor of mild decay—
 But nothing local, as one may say.
 There couldn’t be — for the Deacon’s art
 Had made it so like in every part
 That there wasn’t a chance for one to start.

For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
 And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
 And the panels just as strong as the floor,
 And the whipple-tree neither less nor more,
 And the back crossbar as strong as the fore,
 And spring, and axle, and hub encore.
 And yet, as a whole, it is past a doubt
 In another hour it will be worn out !

First of November, 'Fifty-five !
 This morning the parson takes a drive.
 Now, small boys, get out of the way !
 Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
 Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
 “ Huddup ! ” said the parson. — O, I went they.

The parson was working his Sunday text —
Had got to fifthly, and stopped perplexed
At what the — Moses — was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
— First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill —
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock —
Just the hour of the Earthquake-shock !

What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground !
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce.
How it went to pieces all at once —
All at once, and nothing first —
Just as bubbles do when they burst.
End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is Logic. That's all I say.

O. W. HOLMES.

IRISH ALIENS AND ENGLISH VICTORIES.

I SHOULD be surprised, indeed, if, while you are doing us wrong, you did not profess your solicitude to do us justice. From the day on which Strongbow set his foot upon the shore of Ireland, Englishmen were never wanting in protestations of their deep anxiety to do us justice; — even Strafford, the deserter of the people's cause, — the renegade Wentworth, who gave evidence in Ireland of the spirit of instinctive tyranny which predominated in his character, — even Strafford, while he trampled upon our rights, and trod upon the heart of the country, protested his solicitude to do justice to Ireland ! What marvel is it, then, that gentlemen

opposite should deal in such vehement protestations? There is, however, one man of great abilities,— not a member of this House, but whose talents and whose boldness have placed him in the topmost place in his party,— who, disdaining all imposture, and thinking it the best course to appeal directly to the religious and national antipathies of the people of this country,— abandoning all reserve, and flinging off the slender veil by which his political associates affect to cover, although they cannot hide, their motives,— distinctly and audaciously tells the Irish people that they are not entitled to the same privileges as Englishmen; and pronounces them, in any particular which could enter his minute enumeration of the circumstances by which fellow-citizenship is created, in race, identity, and religion to be aliens— to be aliens in race— to be aliens in country— to be aliens in religion! Aliens! Good God! was Arthur, Duke of Wellington, in the House of Lords,— and did he not start up and exclaim, “Hold! I have seen the aliens do their duty!”

The Duke of Wellington is not a man of an excitable temperament. His mind is of a cast too martial to be easily moved; but, notwithstanding his habitual inflexibility, I cannot help thinking that, when he heard his Roman Catholic countrymen (for we are his countrymen) designated by a phrase as offensive as the abundant vocabulary of his eloquent confederate could supply,— I cannot help thinking that he ought to have recollected the many fields of fight in which we have been contributors to his renown. “The battles, sieges, fortunes, that he has passed,” ought to have come back upon him. He ought to have remembered that, from the earliest achievement in which he displayed that military genius which has placed him foremost in the annals of modern warfare, down to that last and surpassing combat which has made his name imperishable,— from Assaye to Waterloo,— the Irish soldiers, with whom your armies are filled, were the inseparable auxiliaries to the glory with which his unparalleled successes have been crowned. Whose

were the arms that drove your bayonets at Vimiera through the phalanxes that never reeled to the shock of war before? What desperate valor climbed the steeps and filled the moats at Badajos? All his victories should have rushed and crowded back upon his memory,— Vimiera, Badajos, Salamanca, Albuera, Toulouse, and, last of all, the greatest —

Tell me,— for you were there,— I appeal to the gallant soldier before me, from whose opinions I differ, but who bears, I know, a generous heart in an intrepid breast;— tell me,— for you must needs remember,— on that day when the destinies of mankind were trembling in the balance,— while death fell in showers when the artillery of France was levelled with a precision of the most deadly science,— when her legions, incited by the voice and inspired by the example of their mighty leader, rushed again and again to the onset,— tell me if, for an instant, when to hesitate for an instant was to be lost, the “aliens” blenched? And when, at length, the moment for the last and decided movement had arrived, and the valor which had so long been wisely checked was, at last, let loose,— when, with words familiar but immortal, the great captain commanded the great assault,— tell me if Catholic Ireland with less heroic valor than the natives of this your own glorious country precipitated herself upon the foe? The blood of England, Scotland, and of Ireland, flowed in the same stream, and drenched the same field. When the chill morning dawned, their dead lay cold and stark together;— in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited; the green corn of spring is now breaking from their commingled dust; the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril, in the glory shall we not be permitted to participate; and shall we be told as a requital, that we are estranged from the noble country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured out?

R. L. SHEIL.

THE TEAR OF REPENTANCE.

ONE morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate ;
And as she listened to the springs
Of life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings
Through the half-open portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place !

“ How happy,” exclaimed this child of air,
“ Are the holy spirits who wander there,
’Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall !
Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
One blossom of heaven outbloom them all ! ”

The glorious angel who was keeping
The gates of light, beheld her weeping ;
And, as he nearer drew and listened,
A tear within his eyelids glistened.—
“ Nymph of a fair but erring line ! ”
Gently he said, “ one hope is thine.
’Tis written in the book of fate,
The Peri yet may be forgiven,
Who brings to this eternal gate
The gift that is most dear to Heaven !
Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin ;
’Tis sweet to let the pardoned in ! ”

Rapidly as comets run
To the embraces of the sun,
Down the blue vault the Peri flies,
And, lighted earthward by a glance
That just then broke from morning’s eyes,
Hung hovering o’er our world’s expanse.

Over the vale of Baalbec winging,
 The Peri sees a child at play,
 Among the rosy wild-flowers singing,
 As rosy and as wild as they ;
 Chasing with eager hands and eyes,
 The beautiful blue damsel-flies
 That fluttered round the jasmine stems,
 Like winged flowers or flying gems :
 And near the boy, who, tired with play,
 Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
 She saw a wearied man dismount
 From his hot steed, and on the brink
 Of a small temple's rustic fount
 Impatient fling him down to drink.

Then swift his haggard brow he turned
 To the fair child, who fearless sat.—
 Though never yet hath day-beam burned
 Upon a brow more fierce than that—
 Sullenly fierce — a mixture dire,
 Like thunder-clouds of gloom and fire,
 In which the Peri's eye could read
 Dark tales of many a ruthless deed.

Yet tranquil now that man of crime
 (As if the balmy evening time
 Softened his spirit) looked and lay,
 Watching the rosy infant's play ;
 Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
 Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance
 Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,
 As torches that have burnt all night
 Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark ! the vesper call to prayer,
 As slow the orb of daylight sets,
 Is rising sweetly on the air
 From Syria's thousand minarets !

The boy has started from the bed
Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod

Kneels, with his forehead to the south,
Lisping th' eternal name of God

From purity's own cherub mouth ;
And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,
Like a stray babe of paradise,
Just lighted on that flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again !

And how felt he, the wretched man
Reclining there — while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife
That marked the dark flood of his life,
Nor found one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace ? —
“ There was a time,” he said, in mild,
Heart-humbled tones, “ thou blessed child !
When young, and haply pure as thou,
I looked and prayed like thee ; but now —
He hung his head ; each nobler aim

And hope and feeling which had slept
From boyhood's hour, that instant came
Fresh o'er him, and he wept — he wept !

And now : behold him kneeling there,
By the child's side in humble prayer,
While the same sunbeam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through heaven
The triumph of a soul forgiven !

'Twas when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they lingered yet,
There fell a light more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star —

Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
Dewed that repentant sinner's cheek :
To mortal eye this light might seem
A northern flash or meteor beam ;
But well th' enraptured Peri knew
'Twas a bright smile the angel threw
From heaven's gate, to hail that tear —
Her harbinger of glory near !
"Joy ! joy !" she cried ; " my task is done —
The gates are passed, and heaven is won ! "

THOMAS MOORE.

X

PATRIOTISM.

BEREFT of patriotism, the heart of a nation will be cold and cramped and sordid ; the arts will have no enduring impulse, and commerce no invigorating soul ; society will degenerate, and the mean and vicious triumph. Patriotism is not a wild and glittering passion, but a glorious reality. The virtue that gave to Paganism its dazzling lustre, to Barbarism its redeeming trait, to Christianity its heroic form, is not dead. It still lives to console, to sanctify humanity. It has its altar in every clime ; its worship and festivities.

On the heathered hills of Scotland the sword of Wallace is yet a bright tradition. The genius of France, in the brilliant literature of the day, pays its high homage to the piety and heroism of the young Maid of Orleans. In her new Senate-Hall, England bids her sculptor place, among the effigies of her greatest sons, the images of Hampden and of Russell. In the gay and graceful capital of Belgium, the daring hand of Geefs has reared a monument full of glorious meaning to the three hundred martyrs of the revolution. X

By the soft blue waters of Lake Lucerne stands the chapel of William Tell. On the anniversary of his revolt and victory, across those waters, as they glitter in the July sun, skim

the light boats of the allied Cantons, from the prows hang the banners of the Republic, and as they near the sacred spot, the daughters of Lucerne chant the hymns of their old poetic land. Then bursts forth the glad Te Deum, and Heaven again hears the voice of that wild chivalry of the mountains, which five centuries since pierced the white eagle of Vienna, and flung it bleeding on the rocks of Uri.

At Innspruck, in the black aisle of the old Cathedral, the peasant of the Tyrol kneels before the statue of Andreas Hofer. In the defiles and valleys of the Tyrol who forgets the day on which he fell within the walls of Mantua? It is a festive day all through his quiet, noble land.

In that old Cathedral his inspiring memory is recalled amid the pageantries of the altar: his image appears in every house: his victories and virtues are proclaimed in the songs of the people: and when the sun goes down, a chain of fires, in the deep red light of which the eagle spreads his wings and holds his giddy revelry, proclaims the glory of the chief whose blood has made his native land a sainted spot in Europe.

T. F. MEAGHER.

MIDSUMMER.

AROUND this lovely valley rise
The purple hills of Paradise.
Oh, softly on yon banks of haze
Her rosy face the Summer lays!
Becalmed along the azure sky,
The argosies of Cloudland lie,
Whose shores, with many a shining rift,
Far off their pearl-white peaks uplift.

Through all the long midsummer day
The meadow-sides are sweet with hay.
I seek the coolest sheltered seat,
Just where the field and forest meet,—

Where grow the pine-trees tall and bland,
The ancient oaks austere and grand,
And fringy roots and pebbles fret
The ripples of the rivulet.

I watch the mowers, as they go
Through the tall grass, a white-sleeved row.
With even stroke their scythes they swing,
In tune their merry whetstones ring.
Behind, the nimble youngsters run,
And toss the thick swaths in the sun.
The cattle graze, while, warm and still,
Slopes the broad pasture, basks the hill,
And bright, where summer breezes break,
The green wheat crinkles like a lake.

The butterfly and humble-bee
Come to the pleasant woods with me ;
Quickly before me runs the quail,
Her chickens skulk behind the rail ;
High up the lone wood-pigeon sits,
And the woodpecker pecks and flits,
Sweet woodland music sinks and swells,
The brooklet rings its tinkling bells,
The swarming insects drone and hum,
The partridge beats his throbbing drum.
The squirrel leaps among the boughs,
And chatters in his leafy house,
The oriole flashes by ; and, look !
Into the mirror of the brook,
Where the vain bluebird trims his coat,
Two tiny feathers fall and float.

As silently, as tenderly,
The down of peace descends on me.
Oh, this is peace ! I have no need
Of friend to talk, of book to read :

A dear Companion here abides ;
Close to my thrilling heart He hides :
The holy silence is his voice :
I lie and listen, and rejoice.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

THE MINUTE MEN OF '76.

TWO HUNDRED years ago, Mary Shepherd, a girl of fifteen, was watching the savages on the hills of Concord, while her brothers threshed in the barn. Suddenly the Indians appeared, slew the brothers, and carried her away. In the night, while the savages slept, she untied a stolen horse, slipped a saddle from under the head of one of her captors, mounted, fled, swam the Nashua River, and rode through the forest, home. Mary Shepherd was the true ancestor of the Minute Man of the Revolution. The Minute Man of the Revolution ! And who was he ? He was the husband and father, who left the plough in the furrow, the hammer on the bench, and, kissing wife and children, marched to die or to be free ! The Minute Man of the Revolution ! He was the old, the middle-aged, the young. He was Captain Miles, of Acton, who reproved his men for jesting on the march ! He was Deacon Josiah Haines, of Sudbury, eighty years old, who marched with his company to South Bridge, at Concord, then joined in that hot pursuit to Lexington, and fell as gloriously as Warren at Bunker Hill. He was James Hayward, of Acton, twenty-two years old, foremost in that deadly race from Charlestown to Concord, who raised his piece at the same moment with a British soldier, each exclaiming, " You are a dead man." The Briton dropped, shot through the heart. Hayward fell, mortally wounded. " Father," said he, " I started with forty balls ; I have three left. I never did such a day's work before. Tell mother not to mourn too much ; and tell her whom I love more than my mother that I am not sorry I turned out." This was the Minute Man of the Revolution !

The rural citizen, trained in the common school, the town-meeting, who carried a bayonet that thought, and whose gun loaded with a principle, brought down, not a man, but a system. With brain and heart and conscience all alive, he opposed every hostile order of British counsel. The cold Grenville, the brilliant Townsend, the reckless Hillsborough, derided, declaimed, denounced, laid unjust taxes, and sent troops to collect them; and the plain Boston Puritan laid his finger on the vital point of the tremendous controversy, and held to it inexorably. Intrenched in his own honesty, the king's gold could not buy him; enthroned in the love of his fellow-citizens, the king's writ could not take him; and when, on the morning at Lexington, the king's troops marched to seize him, his sublime faith saw, beyond the clouds of the moment, the rising sun of the America we behold, and careless of himself, mindful only of his country, he exultingly exclaimed, "Oh, what a glorious morning!" He felt that a blow would soon be struck that would break the heart of British tyranny. His judgment, his conscience, told him the hour had come. Unconsciously, his heart beat time to the music of the slave's epitaph:

"God wills us free,
Man wills us slaves.
I will as God wills,
God's will be done."

Do you remember, in that disastrous siege in India, when the little Scotch girl raised her head from her pallet in the hospital, and said to the sickening hearts of the English, "I hear the bagpipes; the Campbells are coming"? And they said, "No, Jessie; it is delirium." "No, I know it; I heard it far off." And in an hour the pibroch burst upon their glad ears, and the banner of St. George floated in triumph over their heads.

And so, at Lexington Square, the Minute Man of the Revolution heard the first notes of the jubilee which, to-day, rises from the hearts and fills the minds of a free people.

G. W. CURTIS.

LABOR AND GENIUS.

THE prevailing idea with young people has been, the incompatibility of labor and genius; and, therefore, from the fear of being thought dull, they have thought it necessary to remain ignorant. I have seen, at school and at college, a great many young men completely destroyed by having been so unfortunate as to produce an excellent copy of verses. Their genius being now established, all that remained for them to do was to act up to the dignity of the character; and as this dignity consisted in reading nothing new, in forgetting what they had already read, and in pretending to be acquainted with all subjects by a sort of off-hand exertion of talents, they soon collapsed into the most frivolous and insignificant of men.

It would be an extremely profitable thing to draw up a short and well-authenticated account of the habits of study of the most celebrated writers with whose style of literary industry we happen to be most acquainted. It would go very far to destroy the absurd and pernicious association of genius and idleness, by showing that the greatest poets, orators, statesmen, and historians — men of the most brilliant and imposing talents — have actually labored as hard as the makers of dictionaries and the arrangers of indexes; and that the most obvious reason why they have been superior to other men is, that they have taken more pains than other men.

Gibbon was in his study every morning, winter and summer, at six o'clock: Burke was the most laborious and indefatigable of human beings: Leibnitz was never out of his library: Pascal killed himself by study: Cicero narrowly escaped death from the same cause: Milton was at his books with as much regularity as a merchant or an attorney; he had mastered all the knowledge of his time: so had Homer. Raphael lived but thirty-seven years; and in that short space carried the art of painting so far beyond what

it had before reached, that he appears to stand alone as a model to his successors.

There are instances to the contrary ; but, generally speaking, the life of all truly great men has been a life of intense and incessant labor. They have commonly passed the first half of life in the gross darkness of indigent humility — overlooked, mistaken, contemned by weaker men, — thinking while others slept, reading while others rioted, feeling something within them that told them they should not always be kept down among the dregs of the world ; and then, when their time was come, and some little accident had given them their first occasion, they have burst out into the light and glory of public life, rich with the spoils of time, and mighty in all the labors and struggles of the mind.

Then do the multitude cry out, “A miracle of genius !” Yes, he is a miracle of genius, because he is a miracle of labor ; because, instead of trusting to the resources of his own single mind, he has ransacked a thousand minds ; because he makes use of the accumulated wisdom of ages, and takes, as his point of departure, the very last line and boundary to which science has advanced ; because it has ever been the object of his life to assist every intellectual gift of nature, however munificent, and however splendid, with every resource that art could suggest, and every attention diligence could bestow.

But, while I am descanting upon the conduct of the understanding, and the best mode of acquiring knowledge, some men may be disposed to ask, “Why conduct my understanding with such endless care ? and what is the use of so much knowledge ?” What is the use of so much knowledge ? What is the use of so much life ? What are we to do with the seventy years of existence allotted to us ? and how are we to live them out to the last ?

I solemnly declare that, but for the love of knowledge, I should consider the life of the meanest hedger and ditcher as preferable to that of the greatest and richest man in

existence ; for the fire of our minds is like the fire which the Persians burn on the mountains : it flames night and day, and is immortal, and not to be quenched ! Upon something it must act and feed — upon the pure spirit of knowledge, or upon the foul dregs of polluting passions.

Therefore, when I say, in conducting your understanding, love knowledge with a great love, with a vehement love, with a love coeval with life, what do I say but love innocence, love virtue, love purity of conduct, love that which, if you are rich and great, will vindicate the blind fortune which has made you so, and make men call it justice ; love that which, if you are poor, will render your poverty respectable, and make the proudest feel it unjust to laugh at the meanness of your fortunes ; love that which will comfort you, adorn you, and never quit you, — which will open to you the kingdom of thought, and all the boundless regions of conception, as an asylum against the cruelty, the injustice, and the pain that may be your lot in the outer world, — that which will make your motives habitually great and honorable, and light up in an instant a thousand noble disdains at the very thought of meanness and of fraud.

Therefore, if any young man has embarked his life in pursuit of knowledge, let him go on without doubting or fearing the event ; let him not be intimidated by the cheerless beginnings of knowledge, by the darkness from which she springs, by the difficulties which hover around her, by the wretched habitations in which she dwells, by the want and sorrow which sometimes journey in her train ; but let him ever follow her as the Angel that guards him, and as the Genius of his life. She will bring him out at last into the light of day, and exhibit him to the world comprehensive in acquirements, fertile in resources, rich in imagination, strong in reasoning, prudent and powerful above his fellows in all the relations and in all the offices of life.

SYDNEY SMITH.

THE FACE AGAINST THE PANE.

MABEL, little Mabel,
With her face against the pane,
Looks out across the night
And sees the beacon-light
A-trembling in the rain.
She hears the sea-bird screech,
And the breakers on the beach
Making moan, making moan ;
And the wind about the eaves
Of the cottage sobs and grieves, —
And the willow-tree is blown
To and fro, to and fro,
Till it seems like some old crone
Standing out there all alone with her woe,
Wringing, as she stands,
Her gaunt and palsied hands ;
While Mabel, timid Mabel,
With her face against the pane
Looks out across the night
And sees the beacon-light
A-trembling in the rain.

Set the table, maiden Mabel,
And make the cabin warm ;
Your little fisher lover
Is out there in the storm ;
And your father — You are weeping.
O Mabel, timid Mabel,
Go spread the supper-table,
And set the tea a-steeping ;
Your lover's heart is brave,
His boat is stanch and tight,
And your father knows

The perilous reef
That makes the water white.
But Mabel, Mabel darling,
With her face against the pane,
Looks out across the night
At the beacon in the rain.

The heavens are veined with fire !
And the thunder, how it rolls !
In the lullings of the storm
The solemn church-bell tolls
 For lost souls ;
But no sexton sounds the knell ;
In that belfry, old and high,
Unseen fingers sway the bell,
As the wind goes tearing by !
How it tolls for the souls
Of the sailors on the sea !
God pity them ! God pity them !
Wherever they may be.
God pity wives and sweethearts
Who wait and wait in vain,
And pity little Mabel,
With her face against the pane !

A boom ! the light-house gun ;
How its echo rolls and rolls !
'Tis to warn home-bound ships
 Off the shoals.
See, a rocket cleaves the sky —
From the fort, a shaft of light !
See, it fades, and fading leaves
Golden furrows on the night !
What makes Mabel's cheek so pale ?
What makes Mabel's lips so white ?
Did she see the helpless sail

That, tossing here and there
Like a feather in the air,
Went down and out of sight,
Down, down, and out of sight?
Oh, watch no more, no more,
With face against the pane ;
You cannot see the men that drown,
By the beacon in the rain !

From a shoal of richest rubies
Breaks the morning clear and cold,
And the angel on the village spire,
Frost-touched, is bright as gold.
Four ancient fishermen,
In the pleasant autumn air,
Come toiling up the sands,
With something in their hands —
Two bodies stark and white,
Ah ! so ghastly in the light,
With sea-weed in their hair

Oh, ancient fishermen,
Go up to yonder cot !
You'll find a little child
With face against the pane,
Who looks towards the beach,
And looking sees it not.
She will never watch again,
Never watch and wake at night ;
For those pretty, saintly eyes
Look beyond the stormy skies,
And they see the beacon-light.

T. B. ALDRICH.

LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

THE foundation of a monument to the memory of the early friends of American independence we have now laid. With solemnities suited to the occasion, with prayers to Almighty God for his blessing, and in the midst of this cloud of witnesses, we have begun the work. We trust it will be prosecuted, and that, springing from a broad foundation, rising high in massive solidity and unadorned grandeur, it may remain as long as Heaven permits the works of man to last, a fit emblem both of the events in memory of which it is raised, and of the gratitude of those who have raised it. We know, indeed, that the record of illustrious actions is most safely deposited in the universal remembrance of mankind. We know that if we could cause this structure to ascend, not only till it reached the skies, but till it pierced them, its broad surfaces could still contain but part of that which, in an age of knowledge, hath already been spread over the earth, and which history charges itself with making known to all future times.

We know that no inscriptions on entablatures less broad than the earth itself can carry information of the events we commemorate where it has not already gone, and that no structure which shall not outlive the duration of fetters and knowledge among men can prolong the memorial. But our object is, by this edifice, to show our deep sense of the value and importance of the achievements of our ancestors; and, by presenting this work of gratitude to the eye, to keep alive similar sentiments, and to foster a constant regard for the principles of the Revolution.

Human beings are composed, not of reason only, but of imagination also, and sentiment; and that is neither wasted nor misapplied which is appropriated to giving right direction to sentiments, and opening proper springs of feeling in

the heart. Let it not be supposed that our object is to perpetuate national hostility, or even to cherish a mere military spirit. It is higher, purer, nobler.

We consecrate our work to the spirit of national independence, and we wish that the light of peace may rest upon it forever. We rear a memorial of our conviction of that unmeasured benefit which has been conferred on our own land, and of the happy influences which have been produced, by the same events, on the general interests of mankind.

We come, as Americans, to mark a spot which must forever be dear to us and our posterity. We wish that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eye hither, may behold that the place is not undistinguished where the first great battle of the Revolution was fought. We wish that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event to every class and every age. We wish that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection, from maternal lips, and that weary and withered age may behold it, and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests.

We wish that labor may look up here and be proud in the midst of its toil. We wish that, in those days of disaster, which, as they come upon all nations, must be expected to come upon us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward, and be assured that the foundations of our national power are still strong.

We wish that this column, rising towards heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute, also, to produce in all minds a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude.

We wish, finally, that the last object to the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden his who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country.

Let it rise! let it rise, till it meet the Sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave ;
But no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth ;
But no man heard the tramping,
Or saw the train go forth.
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun, —

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves,
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept.
Silently down from the mountain-crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Bethpeor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie,
Looked on the wondrous sight.
Perchance the lion, stalking,
Still shuns the hallowed spot ;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

Lo ! when the warrior dieth,
 His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed, and muffled drum,
 Follow the funeral car.
They show the banners taken,
 They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
 While peals the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
 Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
 With costly marble dressed,
In the great minster transept,
 Where lights like glories fall,
And the choir sings, and the organ rings
 Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
 That ever buckled sword ;
This the most gifted poet
 That ever breathed a word ;
And never earth's philosopher
 Traced, with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
 As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor ?
 The hill-side for his pall ;
To lie in state while angels wait,
 With stars for tapers tall ;
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
 Over his bier to wave ;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
 To lay him in the grave, —

In that deep grave, without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again, — O wondrous thought! —
Before the judgment-day;
And stand, with glory wrapped around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life,
With the incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!
O dark Bethpeor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace, —
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him He loved so well.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

OPENING SOLILOQUY OF RICHARD THIRD.

Gloster. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds, that lower'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarms changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front;
And now, — instead of mounting barbed steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries, —
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, — that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;

I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,
 To strut before a wanton ambling nymph ;
 I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
 Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
 And that so lamely and unfashionable,
 That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them ; —
 Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
 Have no delight to pass away the time ;
 Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
 And descant on mine own deformity :
 And therefore — since I cannot prove a lover,
 To entertain these fair well-spoken days —
 I am determined to prove a villain,
 And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
 Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
 By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
 To set my brother Clarence and the king
 In deadly hate, the one against the other :
 And if King Edward be as true and just
 As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
 This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up ;
 About a prophecy, which says — that G
 Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
 Dive, thoughts, down to my soul ! here Clarence comes.

SHAKESPEARE.

DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

OUT of the clover and blue-eyed grass,
 He turned them into the river-lane ;
 One after another he let them pass,
 Then fastened the meadow bars again.

Under the willows and over the hill,
He patiently followed their sober pace ;
The merry whistle for once was still,
And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy ! and his father had said,
He never could let his youngest go ;
Two already were lying dead
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,
And the frogs were loud in the meadow-swamp,
Over his shoulder he slung his gun,
And stealthily followed the footpath damp, —

Across the clover and through the wheat,
With resolute heart and purpose grim,
Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet
And the blind bats flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,
And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom ;
And now, when the cows came back at night,
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm
That three were lying where two had lain ;
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cool and late ;
He went for the cows when the work was done ;
But down the lane, as he opened the gate,
He saw them coming one by one, —

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,
Shaking their horns in the evening wind,
Cropping the buttercups out of the grass —
But who was it following close behind ?

Loosely swang in the idle air
 The empty sleeve of army blue ;
 And worn and pale, from the crisping hair,
 Looked out a face that the father knew ; —

For Southern prisons will sometimes yawn,
 And yield their dead unto life again ;
 And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn
 In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes ;
 For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb,
 And under the silent evening skies
 Together they followed the cattle home.

KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

“BAY BILLY.”

’TWAS the last fight at Fredericksburg —
 Perhaps the day you reck,
 Our boys, the Twenty-second Maine,
 Kept Early’s men in check ;
 Just where Wade Hampton boomed away
 The fight went neck and neck.

All day we held the weaker wing,
 And held it with a will ;
 Five several stubborn times we charged
 The battery on the hill,
 And five times beaten back, re-formed,
 And kept our columns still.

At last from out the centre fight
 Spurred up a General’s Aid.
 “ That battery must silenced be ! ”
 He cried, as past he sped.
 Our Colonel simply touched his cap,
 And then, with measured tread,

To lead the crouching line once more
The grand old fellow came.
No wounded man but raised his head
And strove to gasp his name,
And those who could not speak nor stir,
“God blessed him” just the same.

For he was all the world to us,
That hero gray and grim;
Right well he knew that fearful slope
We'd climb with none but him.
Though while his white head led the way
We'd charge hell's portals in.

This time we were not half-way up,
When, 'midst the storm of shell,
Our leader, with his sword upraised,
Beneath our bay'nets fell.
And, as we bore him back, the foe
Set up a joyous yell.

Our hearts went with him. Back we swept,
And when the bugle said
“Up, charge again!” no man was there
But hung his dogged head.
“We've no one left to lead us now”
The sullen soldiers said.

Just then, before the laggard line,
The Colonel's horse we spied —
Bay Billy, with his trappings on,
His nostril swelling wide,
As though still on his gallant back
The master sat astride.

Right royally he took the place
That was of old his wont,
And with a neigh, that seemed to say

Above the battle's brunt,
"How can the Twenty-second charge
If I am not in front?"

Like statues we stood rooted there,
And gazed a little space;
Above that floating mane we missed
The dear familiar face;
But we saw Bay Billy's eye of fire,
And it gave us heart of grace.

No bugle-call could rouse us all
As that brave sight had done;
Down all the battered line we felt
A lightning impulse run;
Up, up the hill we followed Bill,
And captured every gun!

And when upon the conquered height
Died out the battle's hum,
Vainly 'mid living and the dead
We sought our leader dumb;
It seemed as if a spectre steed
To win that day had come.

At last the morning broke. The lark
Sang in the merry skies
As if to e'en the sleepers there
It bade awake, and rise!
Though naught but that last trump of all
Could ope their heavy eyes.

And then once more, with banners gay,
Stretched out the long brigade;
Trimly upon the furrowed field
The troops stood on parade,
And bravely 'mid the ranks were closed
The gaps the fight had made.

Not half the Twenty-second's men
Were in their place that morn,
And Corp'ral Dick, who yester-noon
Stood six brave fellows on,
Now touched my elbow in the ranks,
For all between were gone.

Ah ! who forgets that dreary hour
When, as with misty eyes,
To call the old familiar roll
The solemn Sergeant tries —
One feels that thumping of the heart
As no prompt voice replies.

And as in falt'ring tone and slow
The last few names were said,
Across the fields some missing horse
Toiled up with weary tread.
It caught the Sergeant's eye, and quick
Bay Billy's name was read.

Yes ! there the old bay hero stood,
All safe from battle's harms,
And ere an order could be heard,
Or the bugle's quick alarms,
Down all the front, from end to end,
The troops presented arms !

Not all the shoulder-straps on earth
Could still our mighty cheer.
And ever from that famous day,
When rang the roll-call clear,
Bay Billy's name was read, and then
The whole line answered "Here!"

FRANK H. GASSAWAY.

TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN.

THE Puritans are the patriarchs of liberty ; they opened a new world on the earth ; they opened a new path for the human conscience ; they created a new society. Yet, when England tried to subdue them and they conquered, the republic triumphed and Slavery remained. Washington could only emancipate his slaves. Franklin said that the Virginians could not invoke the name of God, retaining Slavery. Jay said that all the prayers America sent up to Heaven for the preservation of liberty while slavery continued, were mere blasphemies. Mason mourned over the payment his descendants must make for this great crime of their fathers. Jefferson traced the line where the black wave of Slavery should be stayed.

Nevertheless, Slavery increased continually. I beg that you will pause a moment to consider the man who cleansed this terrible stain which obscured the stars of the American banner. I beg that you will pause a moment, for his immortal name has been invoked for the perpetuation of Slavery. Ah ! the past century has not, the century to come will not have, a figure so grand, because as evil disappears so disappears heroism also.

I have often contemplated and described his life. Born in a cabin of Kentucky, of parents who could hardly read ; born a new Moses in the solitude of the desert, where are forged all great and obstinate thoughts, monotonous like the desert, and, like the desert, sublime ; growing up among those primeval forests, which, with their fragrance, send a cloud of incense, and, with their murmurs, a cloud of prayers to heaven ; a boatman at eight years in the impetuous current of the Ohio, and at seventeen in the vast and tranquil waters of the Mississippi ; later, a woodman, with axe and arm felling the immemorial trees, to open a way to unexplored regions for his tribe of wandering workers ; reading

no other book than the Bible, the book of great sorrows and great hopes, dictated often by prophets to the sound of fetters they dragged through Nineveh and Babylon; a child of Nature, in a word, by one of those miracles only comprehensible among free peoples, he fought for the country, and was raised by his fellow-citizens to the Congress at Washington, and by the nation to the Presidency of the Republic; and when the evil grew more virulent, when those States were dissolved, when the slaveholders uttered their war cry and the slaves their groans of despair — the wood-cutter, the boatman, the son of the great West, the descendant of Quakers, humblest of the humble before his conscience, greatest of the great before history, ascends the Capitol, the greatest moral height of our time, and strong and serene with his conscience and his thought; before him a veteran army, hostile Europe behind him, England favoring the South, France encouraging reaction in Mexico, in his hands the riven country; he arms two millions of men, gathers a half million of horses, sends his artillery 1200 miles in a week, from the banks of the Potomac to the shores of Tennessee; fights more than six hundred battles; renews before Richmond the deeds of Alexander, of Cæsar; and, after having emancipated 3,000,000 slaves, that nothing might be wanting, he dies in the very moment of victory — like Christ, like Socrates, like all redeemers, at the foot of his work. His work! Sublime achievement! over which humanity shall eternally shed its tears, and God his benedictions!

EMILIO CASTELAR.

INDEPENDENCE BELL — JULY 4, 1776.

THERE was a tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down;

People gathering at corners,
 Where they whispered each to each,
 And the sweat stood on their temples,
 With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
 Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
 So they beat against the State House,
 So they surged against the door ;
 And the mingling of their voices
 Made a harmony profound,
 Till the quiet street of chestnuts
 Was all turbulent with sound.

“ Will they do it ? ” “ Dare they do it ? ”
 “ Who is speaking ? ” “ What’s the news ? ”
 “ What of Adams ? ” “ What of Sherman ? ”
 “ Oh, God grant they won’t refuse ! ”
 “ Make some way, there ! ” “ Let me nearer ! ”
 “ I am stifling ! ” “ Stifle, then ;
 When a nation’s life’s at hazard
 We’ve no time to think of men ! ”

So they beat against the portal —
 Man and woman, maid and child ;
 And the July sun in heaven
 On the scene looked down and smiled ;
 The same sun that saw the Spartan
 Shed his patriot blood in vain,
 Now beheld the soul of freedom
 All unconquered rise again.

Aloft in that high steeple
 Sat the bellman, old and gray ;
 He was weary of the tyrant,
 And his iron-sceptred sway ;

So he sat with one hand ready
On the clapper of the bell,
When his eye should catch the signal,
Very happy news to tell.

See ! see ! the dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Looks forth to give the sign !
With his small hands upward lifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark ! with deep, clear intonation,
Breaks his young voice on the air.

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
List the boy's strong joyous cry !
" Ring ! " he shouts aloud ; " Ring ! Grandpa !
Ring ! Oh, ring for Liberty ! "
And straightway, at the signal,
The old bellman lifts his hand,
And sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

How they shouted ! What rejoicing !
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calm-gliding Delaware !
How the bonfires and the torches
Illumed the night's repose,
And from the flames, like Phœnix,
Fair Liberty arose !

That old bell now is silent,
And hushed its iron tongue,
But the spirit it awakened
Still lives — forever young.

And while we greet the sunlight
On the Fourth of each July,
We'll ne'er forget the bellman,
Who, 'twixt the earth and sky,
Rung out our Independence !
Which, please God, shall never die !

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of
woman's tears ;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebb'd
away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier falter'd as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native
land ;
Take a message, and a token, to some distant friends of
mine,
For I was born at Bingen — at Bingen on the Rhine.

" Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and
crowd around
To hear my mournful story in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was
done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun.
And 'midst the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars,
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many
scars :
But some were young — and suddenly beheld life's morn de-
cline,
And one had come from Bingen — fair Bingen on the Rhine !

“ Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,

And I was aye a truant bird, that thought his home a cage :
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child

My heart leap'd forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild ;

And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my father's sword,

And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine,

On the cottage wall at Bingen — calm Bingen on the Rhine !

“ Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,

When the troops are marching home again, with glad and gallant tread ;

But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,

For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to die.

And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame ;

And to hang the old sword in its place, (my father's sword,
and mine,)

For the honor of old Bingen — dear Bingen on the Rhine !

“ There's another — not a sister ; in the happy days gone by,
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in
her eye

Too innocent for coquetry, — too fond for idle scorning, —
Oh ! friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes
heaviest mourning ;

Tell her the last night of my life (for ere the moon be risen
My body will be out of pain — my soul be out of prison)

I dream'd I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight
shine

On the vine-clad hills of Bingen — fair Bingen on the Rhine !

“ I saw the Blue Rhine sweep along — I heard, or seem’d to hear,
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear ;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still ;
And her glad blue eyes were on me as we passed with friendly talk
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk,
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine :
But we’ll meet no more at Bingen — loved Bingen on the Rhine ! ”

His voice grew faint, and hoarser, — his grasp was childish weak, —
His eyes put on a dying look, — he sigh’d, and ceased¹ to speak :
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled, —
The soldier of the Legion, in a foreign land, — was dead !
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strown ;
Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seem’d to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen — fair Bingen on the Rhine :

MRS. NORTON.

SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS.

IT had been a day of triumph in Capua. Lentulus, returning with victorious eagles, had amused the populace with the sports of the amphitheatre to an extent hitherto unknown even in that luxurious city. The shouts of revelry

had died away ; the roar of the lion had ceased ; the last loiterer had retired from the banquet, and the lights in the palace of the victor were extinguished. The moon, piercing the tissue of fleecy clouds, silvered the dewdrop on the corselet of the Roman sentinel, and tipped the dark waters of Volturnus with wavy, tremulous light. It was a night of holy calm, when the zephyr sways the young spring leaves, and whispers among the hollow reeds its dreamy music. No sound was heard but the last sob of some weary wave, telling its story to the smooth pebbles of the beach, and then all was still as the breast when the spirit has departed.

In the deep recesses of the amphitheatre a band of gladiators were crowded together,—their muscles still knotted with the agony of conflict, the foam upon their lips, and the scowl of battle yet lingering upon their brows,—when Spartacus, rising in the midst of that grim assemblage, thus addressed them :—

“ Ye call me chief, and ye do well to call him chief who, for twelve long years, has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast that the broad Empire of Rome could furnish, and yet never has lowered his arm. And if there be one among you who can say that, ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him step forth and say it. If there be three in all your throng dare face me on the bloody sand, let them come on !

“ Yet, I was not always thus, a hired butcher, a savage chief of savage men. My father was a reverent man, who feared great Jupiter, and brought to the rural deities his offerings of fruits and flowers. He dwelt among the vine-clad rocks and olive groves at the foot of Helicon. My early life ran quiet as the brook by which I sported. I was taught to prune the vine, to tend the flock ; and then, at noon, I gathered my sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherd’s flute. I had a friend, the son of our neighbor ; we led our flocks to the same pasture, and shared together our rustic meal.

“ One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were

all seated beneath the myrtle that shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra, and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war meant; but my cheeks burned. I knew not why; and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, till my mother, parting the hair from off my brow, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars.

“ That very night the Romans landed on our shore, and the clash of steel was heard within our quiet vale. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the iron hoof of the war-horse; the bleeding body of my father flung amid the blazing rafters of our dwelling. To-day I killed a man in the arena, and when I broke his helmet clasps, behold! he was my friend! He knew me,—smiled faintly,—gasped,—and died; the same sweet smile that I had marked upon his face when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled some lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph. I told the prætor he was my friend, noble and brave, and I begged his body, that I might burn it upon the funeral-pile, and mourn over him. Ay, on my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that boon, while all the Roman maids and matrons, and those holy virgins they call vestals, and the rabble, shouted in mockery, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome’s fiercest gladiator turn pale, and tremble like a very child before that piece of bleeding clay; but the prætor drew back as if I were pollution, and sternly said, ‘ Let the carrion rot! There are no noble men but Romans!’ And he, deprived of funeral rites, must wander, a hapless ghost, beside the waters of that sluggish river, and look—and look—and look in vain to the bright Elysian Fields where dwell his ancestors and noble kindred. And so must you, and so must I, die like dogs!

“ O Rome! Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me! Ay, thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd-lad,

who never knew a harsher sound than a flute-note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint; taught him to drive the sword through rugged brass and plaited mail, and warm it in the marrow of his foe! to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a smooth-cheeked boy upon a laughing girl. And he shall pay thee back till thy yellow Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled!

“Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are! the strength of brass in your toughened sinews; but to-morrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet odors from his curly locks, shall come, and with his lily fingers pat your brawny shoulders, and bet his sesterces upon your blood! Hark! Hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he tasted meat; but to-morrow he shall break his fast upon your flesh; and ye shall be a dainty meal for him.

“If ye are brutes, then stand here like fat oxen waiting for the butcher's knife; if ye are men, follow me! strike down yon sentinel, and gain the mountain-passes, and there do bloody work as did your sires at old Thermopylæ! Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that ye do crouch and cower like base-born slaves beneath your master's lash? O comrades! warriors! Thracians! if we must fight, let us fight for ourselves; if we must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppressors; if we must die, let us die under the open sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle.”

KELLOGG.

THE VAGABONDS.

WE are two travellers, Roger and I.

Roger's my dog:—come here, you scamp!
Jump for the gentlemen,—mind your eye!
Over the table,—look out for the lamp!—

The rogue is growing a little old ;
Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,
And slept out-doors when nights were cold,
And ate and drank — and starved together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you !
A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow !)
The paw he holds up there's been frozen),
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle,
(This out-door business is bad for strings),
Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,
And Roger and I set up for kings !

No, thank ye, Sir, — I never drink ;
Roger and I are exceedingly moral, —
Aren't we, Roger? — see him wink ! —
Well, something hot, then, — we won't quarrel.
He's thirsty, too, — see him nod his head ?
What a pity, Sir, that dogs can't talk !
He understands every word that's said, —
And he knows good milk from water-and-chalk.

The truth is, Sir, now I reflect,
I've been so sadly given to grog,
I wonder I've not lost the respect
(Here's to you, Sir !) even of my dog.
But he sticks by, through thick and thin ;
And this old coat, with its empty pockets,
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living
Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,
To such a miserable thankless master !

No, sir! — see him wag his tail and grin!
By George! it makes my old eyes water!
That is, there's something in this gin
That chokes a fellow. But no matter!

We'll have some music, if you're willing,
And Roger (hem! what a plague a cough is, Sir!)
Shall march a little. — Start, you villain!
Stand straight! 'Bout face! Salute your officer!
Put up that paw! Dress! Take your rifle!
(Some dogs have arms, you see!) Now hold your
Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle,
To aid a poor old patriot soldier!

March! Halt! Now show how the rebel shakes,
When he stands up to hear his sentence.
Now tell us how many drams it takes
To honor a jolly new acquaintance.
Five yelps, — that's five; he's mighty knowing!
The night's before us, fill the glasses! —
Quick, Sir! I'm ill, — my brain is going! —
Some brandy, — thank you, — there! — it passes!

Why not reform? That's easily said;
But I've gone through such wretched treatment,
Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
And scarce remembering what meat meant,
That my poor stomach's past reform;
And there are times when, mad with thinking,
I'd sell out heaven for something warm
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?
At your age, Sir, home, fortune, friends,
A dear girl's love, — but I took to drink; —
The same old story; you know how it ends.

If you could have seen these classic features, —

You needn't laugh, Sir ; they were not then
Such a burning libel on God's creatures :

I was one of your handsome men !

If you had seen her, so fair and young,

Whose head was happy on his breast !

If you could have heard the songs I sung

When the wine went round, you wouldn't have guessed
That ever I, Sir, should be straying

From door to door, with fiddle and dog,
Ragged and penniless, and playing

To you to-night for a glass of grog !

She's married since, — a parson's wife :

'Twas better for her that we should part, —
Better the soberest, prosiest life

Than a blasted home and a broken heart.

I have seen her? Once : I was weak and spent

On the dusty road, a carriage stopped :
But little she dreamed, as on she went,

Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped !

You've set me talking, Sir ; I'm sorry ;

It makes me wild to think of the change !

What do you care for a beggar's story ?

Is it amusing ? you find it strange ?

I had a mother so proud of me !

'Twas well she died before — Do you know
If the happy spirits in heaven can see

The ruin and wretchedness here below ?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden

This pain ; then Roger and I will start.

I wonder has he such a lumpish, leaden,

Aching thing, in place of a heart ?

He is sad sometimes, and would weep, if he could,
No doubt, remembering things that were,—
A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,
And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now ; that glass was warming,—
You rascal ! limber your lazy feet !
We must be fiddling and performing
For supper and bed, or starve on the street.—
Not a very gay life to lead, you think ?
But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink ;—
The sooner, the better for Roger and me !

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CARDINAL WOLSEY, ON BEING CAST OFF BY KING HENRY VIII.

NAY, then, farewell,
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness ;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting : I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.
So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness !

This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope ; to-morrow, blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him :
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost ;
And, when he thinks — good, easy man — full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory ;

But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
 Weary and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.

Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye !
 I feel my heart new open'd. Oh, how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes favors !
 There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and his ruin,
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have,
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.

SHAKESPEARE.

WOLSEY TO CROMWELL.

CROMWELL, I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me,
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
 Let's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;
 And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull, cold marble, where no mention
 Of me must more be heard of, — say I taught thee, —
 Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.

Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition !
 By that sin fell the angels : how can man, then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't ?
 Love thyself last ; cherish those hearts that hate thee, —
 Corruption wins not more than honesty ;
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,

To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's: then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And, —— Prithee, lead me in:
There, take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. Oh, Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not, in mine age,
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

SHAKESPEARE.

PORTIA'S SPEECH ON MERCY.

THE quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath; it is twice bless'd,—
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render

The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
 To mitigate the justice of thy plea ;
 Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
 Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

SHAKESPEARE.

FROM THE ANCIENT MARINER.

THE fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
 The furrow followed free ;
 We were the first that ever burst
 Into that silent sea.

Down dropped the breeze, the sails dropped down,
 'Twas sad as sad could be ;
 And we did speak only to break
 The silence of the sea !

All in a hot and copper sky,
 The bloody Sun, at noon,
 Right up above the mast did stand,
 No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
 We stuck, nor breath nor motion :
 As idle as a painted ship
 Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, everywhere,
 And all the boards did shrink .
 Water, water, everywhere,
 Nor any drop to drink,

The very deep did rot :— O Christ !
 That ever this should be !
 Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
 Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fire danced at night ;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

THERE passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time ! a weary time !
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky !

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist ;
It moved, and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist !
And still it neared and neared ;
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail ;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood !
I bit my arm, I sucked my blood,
And cried, A sail, a sail !

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call :
Gramercy ! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

See ! see ! (I cried,) she tacks no more !
Hither to work us weal
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel !

The western wave was all aflame,
The day was well nigh done !
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad, bright sun ;

And straight the sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's mother send us grace !)
As if through a dungeon-grate it peered
With broad and burning face.

Alas ! (thought I, and my heart beat loud,)
How fast she nears, and nears !
Are those her sails that glance in the sun
Like restless gossameres ?

Are those her ribs through which the sun
Did peer, as through a grate ?
And is that woman all her crew ?
Is that a Death ? and are there two ?
Is Death that Woman's mate ?

Her lips were red, her locks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold ;
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thickens man's blood with cold.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice ;
“ The game is done ! I've won, I've won ! ”
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The sun's rim dips ! the stars rush out !
 At one stride comes the dark ;
 With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
 Off shot the spectre bark.

We listened and looked sideways up !
 Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
 My life-blood seemed to sip !
 The stars were dim, and thick the night,
 The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white ;
 From the sails the dew did drip —
 Till clomb above the eastern bar
 The horned moon, with one bright star
 Within the nether tip.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

LOCHINVAR'S RIDE.

O YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the West !
 Through all the wide border his steed was the best ;
 And save his good broadsword he weapons had none ;
 He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
 There was never a knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone ;
 He swam the Eske River where ford there was none ;
 But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
 The bride had consented, — the gallant came late ;
 For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
 Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all.
 Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword, —
 For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word, —
 "O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar ?"

“ I long wooed your daughter ; — my suit you denied ;
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide ;
 And now I am come, with this lost love of mine
 To lead but one measure, — drink one cup of wine.
 There be maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,
 That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.”

The bride kissed the goblet ; the knight took it up ;
 He quaffed off’ the wine, and he threw down the cup ;
 She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
 With a smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye ;
 He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar ; —
 “ Now tread we a measure ! ” said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;
 While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,
 And the maidens whispered, “ ‘Twere better, by far,
 To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.”

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
 When they reached the hall-door, where the charger stood
 near ;
 So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung ; —
 “ She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur ;
 They’ll have fleet steeds that follow ! ” quoth young Lochin-
 var.

There was mounting ‘mong Græmes of the Netherby clan ;
 Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran ;
 There was racing and chasing on Cannobie lea,
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne’er did they see.
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war ;
 Have ye e’er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar ?

WALTER SCOTT.

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